This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

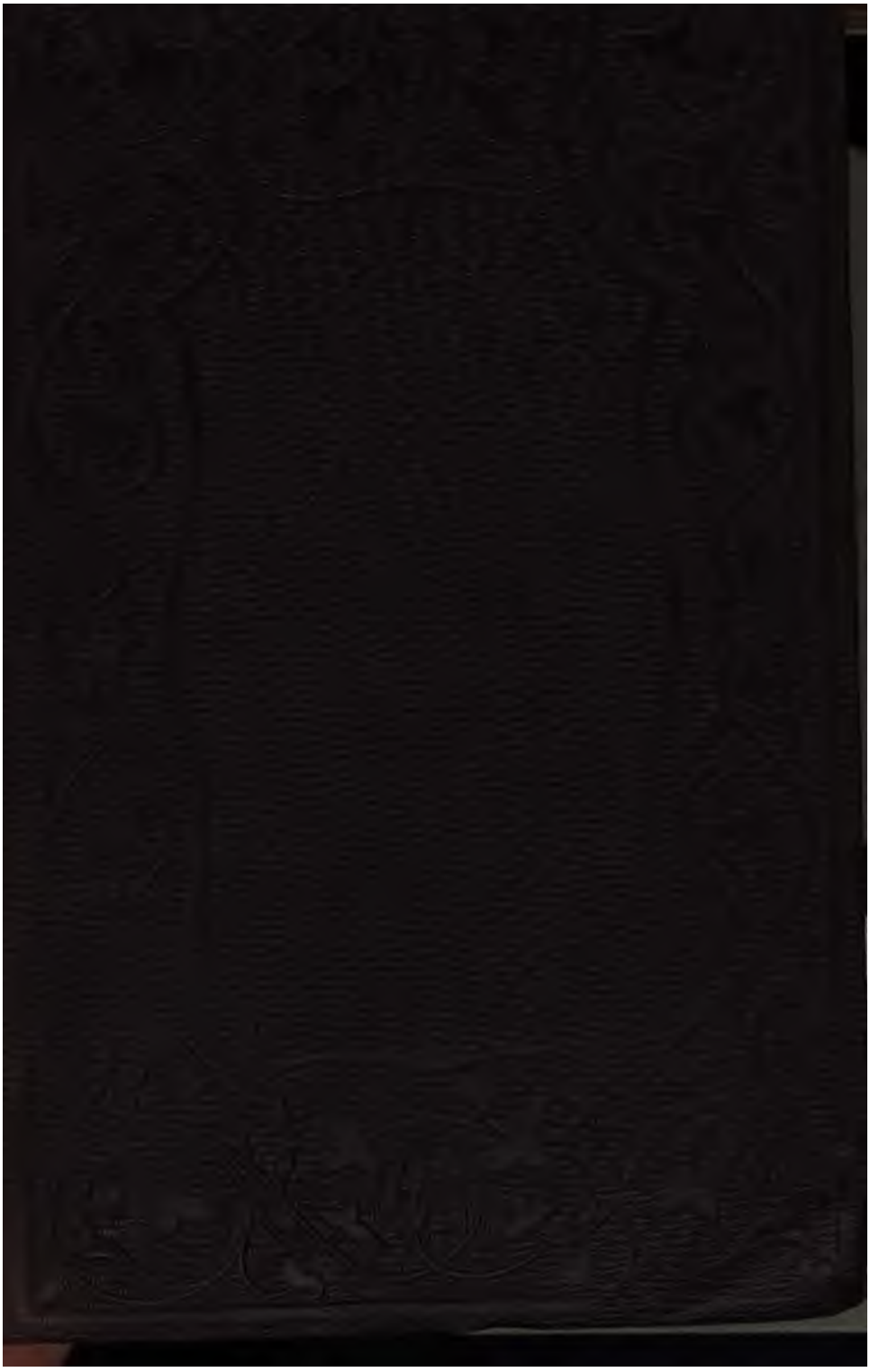
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



600032856U

# MILITARY LIFE

IN

# ALGERIA.

BY

THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1853.

237. b. 41.

LONDON:
M. S. MYERS, PRINTER,
22, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

# MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.

## GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

### I.

Arriving by sea, Algiers gives one the idea of a city lying asleep along a hill side—calm and careless amidst the fresh fields which surround it; but on drawing nearer and penetrating within its whitened walls, you soon discover that beneath this apparent listlessness there is a stir and life altogether European. The die is cast, and Algiers the Mussulman is daily fading away to make room for the French city. From the terrace of a house in which we had been received with warm-hearted hospitality, we were never weary of gazing at the

bustling crowd, not an individual of whom was seen walking; everybody ran. A strange medley of many various faces and costumes; here a European just landed and all bewildered amidst the mob; now and then the Biskris passing at a rapid and measured pace, and carrying a heavy burden hanging to a long pole; anon the Arab in his burnous, the Turk under his cumbrous turban, the Jew with sombre garments and wily glance, or the oil carrier with his goat-skin vessels; and through the thick of the rout, legions of donkeys with their negro drivers, light cars drawn by two or three horses, baggage mules in a long string, bearing provisions for the military stores; equestrians galloping in spite of police regulations; a colonist with white broad-brimmed hat, or perhaps an officer in brilliant uniform, believing himself privileged to do anything in the town which he protects. In short, the scene presented all the disorder, the confusion, the bustle of an ant-hill; all around were signs of activity, energy, and hope, that just and productive hope which accompanies labour.

While the lower city is thus delivered over to *French Fury*, the silence and repose, the calmness and gravity of the Mussulman have

taken refuge in the upper quarters. I should advise no one to venture alone amid those narrow crooked streets, through which it is difficult for two people to walk abreast. He would infallibly lose himself in this labyrinth, which seems peopled only by shadows. From time to time a white phantom glides by your side, a door noiselessly opens, you turn your head, and the mysterious apparition has vanished. One would imagine, that from the summit of the Casbah, the memory of the Deys still spread terror among their subjects of yore, though it is long since the flag of France first waved over these walls.

In 1843 its shadow was spreading day by day wider over the country; every day a fresh step was made towards its conquest, and the scene of war receded still further from the walls of the city. We were in haste to find ourselves among the camps. What to us was Algiers? Its immoveable houses could not balance in our eyes the attractions of the bivouac never two days the same. Accordingly we counted every hour that must elapse ere we could join General Changarnier, and begin our expeditions into the interior of the country. At last the day of departure arrived, and before we were

well awake, we were all on the road to Blidah, the General's place of residence.

The road from Algiers to Blidah in 1842 and 1843,* was along the street of Babel-Oued, whence it turned to the right near the tomb of Omar Pacha, and sloping up the mountain side, ascended to the *Tagarin.*† Here the traveller beheld at his feet the little village of *Mustapha* with its vast cavalry quarters, the entire bay, the Kabyle mountains, and those fresh looking oases standing out in contrast against the sandy sea shore. But this picture soon vanished, and for some hours the hillocks of the Sahel covered with dwarf palms bounded the horizon. At last the heights of Ouled Mandil were reached, and from this point the whole of the Mitidja bay lay unfolded to the view. About five leagues in breadth the Mitidja extends to the foot of the mountains, rising parallel with the hills of the Sahel, stretching from east to west, from the bay of Algiers to the extremity of the plain. Mastic and olive trees clothe the sides of the mountain, and greyish rocks bristle up at its summit in the midst of pines and green oaks. Near the sea, to the east, the traveller descries the Fondouk straight before him;

* Since then the road has been made in another direction.

† A Turkish building in the city not far from the Casbah.

in the plain are the shades of Bouffarik; to the right at the base of the mountain Blidah with its orange groves, and beyond the cutting of the Ariffa and the gorge of Mouzaia, famed as the scene of so many brilliant conflicts which will remain engraved on the pages of our military history; further still are Oued-Ger, and Bou Roumi, on both of which the blood of our soldiers has flowed; in the centre is Oued Laleg the grave of one of the Emir's regular battalions; lastly the lake of Alloula, and the valley leading to Cherchell; to the west in the furthest horizon, near the territory of the famous Hadjoutes, the terror of the outlying districts of Algiers, the Chanouan raising aloft its gigantic peak within a few paces of the tomb *de la Chrétienne.** When its summit is wreathed with clouds, let the husbandman prepare for rain, as it will not fail coming

* An immense heap of stones on the hills of the Sahel, between Chauonan and the cutting at Magafran. Tradition relates, that once many centuries ago a Christian woman was buried there, and a considerable treasure deposited at her feet. Its entrance can only be pointed out by a cow on condition of pronouncing certain mysterious words. A pasha of Algiers however, wishing to obtain possession of the treasure, ordered the tomb to be demolished, but at the first stroke of the pickaxe a swarm of bees sallied forth and put the workmen to flight.

down. At this time (March 1843) the rain had already fallen in abundance, the verdure on the plain glittered beneath the rays of the sun, and our horses merrily shook their heads as they sniffed in the perfume of the tall grass while we descended the side of Ouled Mandil.

An hour after, we entered Bouffarik, built on an unhealthy spot, where, according to the Arab saying, the crows themselves cannot exist. Bouffarik, in spite of its insalubrity, which has already frequently swept away its population, enjoys, owing to its central position, a certain degree of popularity. Thanks to the works which have been undertaken, it is hoped that the terrible fevers to which it is exposed will disappear. Fortunately we were merely passing through the incipient town, though not without stopping, according to an established usage, at the celebrated café of *la mère Gaspard*. La Mère Gaspard is an Amazon, begrimed in the smoke of many a combat. Landing in 1830, she constantly followed the army, selling her rum and tobacco, until the establishment at Bouffarik. The spot pleased her, and she was tired of following those indefatigable columns; giving up her gipsy life, she took a house, and her tavern soon rose high in renown, so much so, that at the end of a few years

she was the possessor of lands and a splendid hotel and café. The place was adorned with paintings, marble statues, mirrors, and more especially by a number of fine engravings after Horace Vernet. These engravings were placed there by the hand of the celebrated artist himself. Horace Vernet, dying with thirst, drew up one day at the house of La Mère Gaspard. Drink was offered him, and at the self-same time the purchase of certain meadow lands. He swallowed the drink and bought the meadows; but while signing the bargain, he perceived that the walls were covered with wretched lithograph copies of his pictures. Like a good neighbour, he promised to send her the engravings, and kept his promise. La Mère Gaspard, proud of the fact, never misses an opportunity of relating this grand history. Is it merely a trait of gipsy vanity? Perhaps; but I was told the story at Bouffarik, and in my turn I tell it again.

One cannot, alas! remain for ever at the café of La Mère Gaspard, and so we proceeded on our road to Blidah. Before reaching Beni Mered, we saw the column erected to Serjeant Blandan and his brave comrades. On the 11th of April, 1840, the Algiers post started from Bouffarik, escorted by a brigadier and four chasseurs d'Afrique. Ser-

jeant Blandan with fifteen men, on their road to join their corps, travelled in company with them. They were quietly pursuing their way, without having perceived a single Arab, when suddenly from the ravine before Beni Mered four hundred horsemen sallied out upon them. Their chief galloped up to the serjeant, and summoned him in a loud voice to surrender. A musket shot was his only answer; and forming themselves into a square, our soldiers prepared to resist the enemy. One by one the Arab bullets laid them low, the survivors closing their ranks without losing courage. "Defend yourselves to the last," cried the serjeant, as he received a shot; "face the enemy!" and with these words he fell at the feet of his companions. Out of twenty-two men, five were left still shielding with their bodies the trust confided to them, when the sound of horses galloping at full speed, gave them fresh spirit. Soon a number of horsemen burst out of a cloud of dust, and falling upon the Arabs, put them to flight; they were Joseph de Breteuil and his chasseurs. He was at Bouffarik having his horses led to the water, when the shots were heard. On the instant, giving his men only time to take their sabres, M. de Breteuil started off at full gallop, followed by his chasseurs, accoutred as chance might favour. He was the

first to rush into the fray, and by his quickness and energy was enabled to save these martyrs to the laws of military honour. The rescuer was accordingly included in the glorious recompense awarded them: the same royal ordinance made M. de Breteuil and the five companions of Blandan members of the Legion of Honour.

The road to Blidah passes through the former site of an orange grove, which General Duvivier had for military reasons cut down. During two years, these trees served as fuel for the troops; what yet remains is still beautiful enough to lend a charm to Blidah as a place of residence. It was here, as I before said, that General Changarnier had for the moment taken up his abode. We had scarcely arrived at Blidah, when we set out in search of the head quarters. We were at a loss to find our way through the streets; and but for the eagerly obliging services of an Arab, who on the general's name being mentioned walked before us, and led us to the house of the *Changarlo*, as he called him, we should never have succeeded in finding this modest abode. Humble indeed was the house inhabited by General Changarnier in the Arab town. A sentinel stood at the door, perfectly buried in this labyrinth of streets, squares, and causeways. It was truly a singular

dwelling for the glorious chief of so extensive a province. The General was not at home; he had gone to inspect some works in course of construction, and would not return before an hour; but his aide-de-camp, Captain Pourcet, graciously offered us hospitality in his name. Nothing could be simpler than this house, consisting of two sets of apartments. The outside door opened upon a small vaulted passage, supporting a pavilion in which the General slept; this was the only apartment on the first floor. Passing through the passage, you were led into a courtyard, surrounded by a narrow gallery. To the left was a long room like the Moorish apartments, the floor of which was paved with tiles bearing the ordnance mark. It contained a few tables of white deal, covered with maps and papers, and a bed screened by a curtain. This was the apartment of Captain Pourcet, and was used also as an office. Immediately opposite was the dining-room, and to the right and left were two apartments, which might barely be called furnished, destined for the reception of visitors. In the other compartment, also on the ground floor, was a room the windows of which opened upon the shade of a large thickly-leaved fig tree growing in the centre of the courtyard, for the greater delectation of the pigeons in the

neighbourhood. Pigeons and travellers alike found a welcome in this hospitable abode. At Blidah, as well as beneath his tent, the hospitality of General Changarnier had indeed passed into a proverb, even among the Arabs. It did not take up much time to make a complete survey of this Spartan habitation, and we were about to retire for a little rest when the General came in. His reception was kind and gracious, and he greeted us as guests, who had become his personal friends from the moment they had crossed the threshold. To our great delight, the General was on the eve of setting out on the expeditions in which we were to accompany him; and from the moment of our arrival at Blidah, we had only to prepare for our early departure.

The war at that time (1843) had continued four years in the province of Algiers; but from the beginning of the preceding year, it had entered upon its second period. Effectively in 1839, when the assassination of a superior officer, the massacre of two small columns, and numerous acts of pillage and destruction, signalised the resumption of hostilities, we had to contend with an enemy who had habitually taken advantage of intervals of peace to organise his resources and concentrate in one spot all the forces of the country. It was neces-

sary to break up this nucleus and disorganise this new source of influence, before the tribes could be brought one by one to recognise our power. This was the work of two years. The brilliant campaigns of 1840 may have been forgotten, but then was established the budding renown of those names which were in future to become the glory of Africa; the pass of Mouzaia and its conflicts, Medeah and Milianah occupied by our troops, and the advance of our columns in every direction crushing all obstacles, deterred by neither danger nor fatigue. At the close of 1841, the Emir, retreating before our arms, transferred the theatre of war into the province of Oran, the focus of his power. This was the commencement of the war with the tribes; overwhelmed by a number of successful *coups de main* during the winter of 1841-2, the tribes of the Untidja were the first to sue for *aman*. In June 1842, the columns of Oran and of Algiers joined each other in the valley of the Cheliff; and in the autumn the troops of Algeria advanced in turn into the province of Oran, bringing with them the contingents of the allied tribes. Submissions were received on all sides, though of doubtful sincerity; but pursuing its task without remission and without rest, the army continued unceasingly to make fresh advances, when in the

winter of 1843 Abd-el-Kader, by a rapid movement, kindled rebellion among the Kabyles of the Beni-Menacers, the wild inhabitants of those frightful mountains dividing Cherchell from Milianah, and reconstituted a centre of resistance in Ouar-Senis, between the Cheliff and the lesser desert. To overcome this rebellion of the Bein-Menacers, and two months later, to penetrate into Ouar-Senis and punish its population, was the task with which General Changarnier was charged. Notwithstanding the difficulties arising from the season, and the dangers of the operation, such was the confidence of the troops in him, that the danger was never thought of; and when he led the way, success never seemed doubtful.

The very next day after our arrival at Blidah the troops were to commence marching. Accordingly, nothing but noise and confusion reigned in the town, of which solitude and tranquillity are the habitual characteristics. The shops were crowded with soldiers purchasing their little provisions of sugar, coffee, tobacco, or cigars, according as their purses contained the humble penny allowance,* or the aristocratic silver piece. The

* The reader knows that after retaining a certain amount for food, from the pay, five sous are distributed, every five days, among the soldiers as pocket money.

fatigue parties were betaking themselves, under the command of officers, to the military stores, and in the evening the taverns were filled with men merrily celebrating the departure with copious libations, until the sounding of the retreat, the soldier's curfew, cleared off the belated topers, and restored the town to its stern tranquillity. The next morning every one in the best spirits, in perfect order, and admirable trim, their knapsacks and eight days provisions on their backs, set out on their march to Milianah. Fatigue or danger was of little matter to them; they were all old troopers, hardened by long years of service, and moreover, as they had it in their own familiar language, *with Changarnier there's always a smell of mutton in the wind.* Avec le Changarnier, cela sent toujours le mouton.*

We were to join them on the road, and the following day at three in the morning, our mules set out in advance. It is difficult to form an idea of all these poor animals carry. First two large

* The success of the numerous razzias made by General Changarnier had made this phrase proverbial among the troops. On the 13th of June, 1849, the 6th battalion of Chasseurs, who had long served under the General, in Africa, on being ordered to charge the insurgents, started off laughing and repeating, to the great astonishment of the National Guard, the old African by-word, "*Cela sent le mouton.*"

canteens are hooked on to their pack saddles, by iron rings, then on the top of these are heaped barley, forage, camp bags, chickens, cans, bowls, and every species of article forming the baggage of the traveller, who has only himself to look to on the journey. All this is packed together, fastened with long cords, and makes a tolerably steadfast heap, unless some accident causes the entire load to overturn, amidst the well-rounded oaths of the drivers cursing the *ministre** and his awkwardness.

From Blidah we were to proceed to Milianah. We took an easterly direction, skirting the mountains south of the plain. Two leagues from Blidah we forded the Chiffa; the waters were very high, and the torrent was not less than a hundred metres across. We accordingly took

* The baggage mules are never otherwise designated in Africa. If you inquire why, the soldier will tell you that the mules are charged with the affairs of the state, or else that the telegraph is under their orders, pointing to their ears, which are always moving, Once a real minister, M. De Salvaudy, I believe, came to visit the eastern province, and was conducted from Philipperille to Constantine, by the troops escorting the baggage. Coming to a hill he heard the word *ministre* on all sides, accompanied by energetic oaths. Astonished at this, he inquired what was meant, and was the first to laugh at the explanation given.

care to fix upon a guiding point on the opposite bank; for if you allow your eye to follow the current of the stream, you are seized with giddiness and topple off your horse. Having cleared this obstacle, the road was easy, and we soon reached Bou Roumi, where we halted an hour previous to climbing the hills separating the plain from the valley of the Oued Ger.

The staff was small, the General having only two officers with him: an aide de camp, Captain Pourcet, who for five years had never quitted him an instant, and an orderly officer, M. Carayon Latour, a charming person, cheerful, always ready to laugh or to fight, without care or reproach, one of those loyal straightforward characters, as rare as they are precious. This was not much of a staff, but thanks to their activity, it was enough. Up night and day, they fulfilled every task required. Not an order, not a duty met with the slightest delay. According to his invariable custom, the General rode in front, thoughtful and silent, at a walking pace, mounted on his favourite horse. *Couscouss* was a brave little horse, strong backed, thickset, and with a haughty and resounding step. In battle he was a perfect fire-eater, and plunged into the midst of danger. The orderly who was grooming him, said to me, one

day; speaking of the horse and of his master, "It's devil ride devil." I am inclined to think the orderly was right.

The road through the valley of Oued Ger was not followed when the communications between Milianah and Blidah were interrupted; its steep counterforts covered with mastics and green oaks, presented difficulties too great to encounter. The route taken by our columns, longer but safer, was along the crests of the mountains, and terminated, like the former, at the Marabout of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader, where we were to bivouac for the night. At three o'clock, after having crossed the Oued Ger eighteen times, we joined the troops who had started the day before, and our tents were pitched beneath the century-old olive trees, which the axe of the French soldier has yet spared. During the night the sky became obscured with clouds, and the rain was falling in abundance, when the drums beat. Fortunately, however, the weather cleared up while we were crossing the valley of the Oued-Adélia, the loamy soil of which is so trying, both to the men and horses. From the valley of the Oued Ger, the route followed a southerly direction. We had now to make choice between two roads; one ascending towards Milianah, by the slopes of the Gontas, and the valley of the Cheliff, the

other passing through the country of the Righas, and reaching the town on the north side, by the declivities of the Zaccar. The latter was the shorter and was the one we took, and arriving in spite of the rain and the loam, on the plateaux of the Righas, we perceived, on the opposite side of an immense wooded ravine, Milianah, built upon a perpendicular rock, and surrounded with gardens and green fields. The territory which lay unfolded before us, was inhabited by a valiant tribe. Long condemned to exile, it cherished the remembrance of its native mountains, until the day when regaining its liberty it was enabled by its energy and courage to return to the land of its forefathers. In 1780, the tribe of the Righas were at variance with the *Maghzen* of Algiers. From a difference of opinion to the whistle of a bullet, the interval with Arabs is short. The Righas fought bravely. Two Aghas and forty horsemen, with stirrups of gold, were left upon the field. The whole of the Turkish forces were brought into action. Too feeble to resist such numbers, the Righas were compelled to surrender at discretion. They were brought by the Pasha's commands to Mostaganem, where they remained until the downfall of the Turkish dominion. In 1830, after fifty years exile, the entire tribe set out to return to their

mountains, but the country was then plunged in anarchy, and all fell upon the emigrants as on their natural prey. The Righas advanced in this wise, surrounding themselves with a circle of musketry, carrying off their wounded and burying their dead, until they reached the land on which their ancestors had dwelt. The territory of this tribe, long our enemies, but allied to us in 1842, extends to the walls of Milianah.

An hour after leaving the fountain of the Aspens, where the history of the tribe of the Righas was related to us, we entered Milianah by the northern gate. The guard turned out and the drums beat to announce the arrival of the commandant of the province.

## II.

*Zaccar* signifies *one who refuses that which will not allow itself to be climbed*; the Arabs have given this name to the long ridge of rocks overlooking Milianah from the north. Built on a plateau at the foot of the mountain the town advances like a promontory above the last declivities stretching out for the distance of a league to the valley of the Cheliff. From the sides of the Zaccar, and from the side of Milianah itself, spring a number of copious streams, spreading coolness over all around. Around the city stretches an expanse of gardens renowned in all Algeria; ivy, mosses of every description, and a thousand plants with long winding stems encirle the white-walled and red-roofed houses with a wreath of verdure. From afar the deluded eye beholds a prospect all of smiles, but on a nearer approach you find only whited sepulchres.

A principal street drawn out by the French,

and in which are all the shops of the sutlers, traverses the town, and terminates at the entrance to the Arab quarter near the minaret of a ruined mosque. To the chant of the muezgin calling the faithful to prayer, succeeded the noisy ringing of the French clarions sounding the military signals. Milianah was in fact at the time of our visit in 1843 nothing but a vast camp. An advanced post until 1841, this town had become since then in conjunction with Medeah, the basis of our operations in the province of Algiers. From the top of the minaret surrounding the old mosque, the importance of this position could be appreciated, for the view extended over the whole country which it commands; the chain of heights which separate it from Medeah, the valley of the Cheliff running east and west, and beyond the rock of Ouar Senis, overlooking the Kabyle mountains, which we had to bring to submission: it was an imposing picture.

After surveying the distant horizon, returning to the town, the eye beheld at the foot of the walls a spot marked by sad recollections—the cemetery which in 1840 received an entire garrison. Of all the points which we have occupied in Africa, Milianah is perhaps the town in which our soldiers have had to endure the severest trials.

Many a scene of despair has been enacted on this narrow plateau; but all who survived never relate their sufferings without mentioning the name of General Changarnier, who was twice their saviour. In June, 1840, the army was with Marshal Valée before the walls of Medeah. Milianah, which had been only a short time occupied by our columns, had to be revictualled. The generals were not agreed in opinion; the undertaking appeared at that moment too difficult and the troops too fatigued. Colonel Changarnier alone believed the thing possible; and the Marshal confided without hesitation the conduct of the expedition to one who had with the 2me leger just taken so brilliant a share in the storming of the Col de Mouzaia. The next day the Colonel started. Concealing his march from the observation of the enemy, he advanced twenty-four leagues in thirty hours. Four days afterwards he returned; the complete success of the expedition had justified the confidence of the old Marshal, and Colonel Changarnier received the congratulations of the whole army.

The hot season having begun, the troops had returned to their cantonments. The governor calculated that the assistance thus left in the station, would enable the garrison to wear on till

the revictualling at the end of autumn; but he had not foreseen the sickness with which they were visited, nor the depredations of the vermin penetrating into the dilapidated storehouses, and destroying part of their resources. The oxen were dead. It was impossible to pass beyond the ramparts; there was no more meat, and famine was beginning to declare itself. Pressed by hunger, the soldiers ate whatever they could pick up, devouring even grass and mallows. This unwholesome food acting upon the brain, inclined them to nostalgia and subsequent suicide. Out of twelve hundred men, seven hundred and fifty had already perished, four hundred were in the hospital, and the remainder in little better condition. Scarcely had the small remnant of the able men strength to hold their muskets. The officers were obliged themselves to perform watch on the ramparts, and every day the sad fatal hour seemed to be advancing, when the town would be taken for want of hands to defend it. No letters, no intelligence of any kind reached them; their spies had been killed. At last a despatch from the commander reached its destination, and information was received at Algiers of the fearful situation of the garrison. Colonel Changarnier, who since the first victualling of Milianah, had

become a General, had by fresh successes, increased his reputation for skill and daring. Accordingly, to him Marshal Valée again resorted to save the garrison. Only two thousand men could be disposed of. With these inadequate resources he had to advance through a country replete with extreme difficulties, in the teeth of the Emir, Abd-el-Kader, whose power at that time had barely yet been shaken. The General betrayed no hesitation. The more dangerous the enterprise, the greater glory in success. Should he fail, it would at any rate be with the consciousness of not having shrunk before the accomplishment of a duty. Accordingly he set out with this handful of men, and proclaiming that an expedition to revictual Medea was about to be made, succeeded in withdrawing his march from the observation of the enemy; and finally making his way through all the surrounding multitudes, reached the unfortunate garrison in time to save the small number of survivors.

All these events were already of a remote date, when we arrived at Milianah, and in 1843 five thousand first-rate troops awaited in that town the orders of General Changarnier. From the time of his arrival, the General's days were spent in continual activity. His conferences with the

commanding officers, his despatches, and more especially the imformation to be collected on the very difficult country in which our operations were to be made, left him not a moment's leisure. Every day, Ben-Tifour, the Agha of the Beni-Menacers, came to the General's, accompanied by members of the tribe, and there for hours together, by dint of questioning, and repeating the same inquiry ten times over, the chief of the province succeeded in obtaining exact notions as to the nature of the country, the lines of march, the water, and the bivouacs. This went on during the whole week; while at the same time information and intelligence were exchanged with Cherchell by means of spies. The cost of some of these dispatches amounted to five hundred francs, for the bearers of them staked their lives in the undertaking. At last, after mature reflection, the plan of the campaign was determined on, and committed to writing, and the necessary instructions were given, with that clearness and precision which leaves no room for doubt or misapprehension. This indeed was a distinguishing feature in the character of General Changarnier. Obedience, when he commanded, was always easy, for the duties required were never doubtful.

While the General's days and nights were spent in study, we had installed ourselves in a room of the *palace* of Milianah. The palace was composed of three rooms; one was reserved for the General, the other was a dining room, and we bivouaced in the society of rats and mice. In the daytime, we went to the officers' club—a charming pavilion erected in the midst of a garden. Streams of water running between the flower-beds, imparted a coolness to the air amidst these spreading shades. This club, in the absence of any such apartment, formed the common mess room of the garrison. Near to it stands the café, and not far from it a library, in which may be found books of a good and solid class. A council of administration elected from among the officers of the garrison, and presided over by the commander, governs the establishment. Thus in the towns of Africa, as on board vessels bound on a long voyage, every means are provided for relieving the tedium of solitude. Sometimes there was a play in the evening. A play at Milianah! Certainly; and a very amusing play it was, at which we all laughed with free and genuine mirth. Every one had his part; a corporal played the *amoureuse*, a grenadier the *père noble*, and a voltigeur the *soubrette*. The vivandiers lent their gowns and caps, to the

highest delight of everybody. I have still present to my memory the performance at Milianah of *le Corporal et la Payse.* The Dejazet of the place, the sprightly *Artémise*, excited the laughter of the whole audience, including General Changarnier himself, who was frequently present at these performances, in his box lined with stained paper. It is scarcely credible to what a degree these plays and diversions—which some may look upon as empty trifles—contribute to keep up the moral courage of the troops, and drive away those gloomy thoughts which in Africa are so often the forerunners of nostalgia and death.

The orders dispatched to Cherchell had reached their destination, and the troops were about to commence marching. Eight days, according to the calculations of the General, would suffice to bring the operations to a successful issue. Seven columns were engaged in their execution, each having its task appointed beforehand, each its line of march exactly indicated. Every anticipation was realized, thanks to the fine weather which favoured us, and despite the fearful difficulties of the country intersected with enemies and obstructed by precipices and mountainous ridges. The columns stretched out their lengths like snakes. One by one the soldiers descended into the

deep hollows, emerging again up the sides of the ridges, along paths two feet in breadth, overhanging giddy precipices. In these ravines, where the sappers and miners were often obliged to cut out a road for the infantry, fearful accidents occurred. I shall never forget an unfortunate chasseur who was following one of these paths, when the horse immediately before his suddenly halted. The animal took fright and shied: on its right was the precipice; it fell, and the great white horse turned three times in the air, striking its head on the sharp point of a rock beneath. As to the chasseur, he was unhorsed at the first start, and we saw him roll into the abyss. A party was dispatched after his body, but by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, the water in a creek of the river broke his fall. The chasseur was not dead, and he escaped with three months' confinement in the hospital.

We frequently marched for hours together before we came to mountains which seemed quite close; but the General's information was so exact, the march of his columns so skilfully directed, that on the day fixed upon, without any part of the population having been allowed to escape, the troops were all assembled at the appointed rendezvous. Each of the columns had

successfully accomplished its task, breaking down every resistance it encountered, and the chiefs of the Beni-Menacers had come to the General's bivouac to sue for *aman*.

By this important movement the greater portion of the troops became available for the spring campaign; and the General, fearing lest he should be overtaken by bad weather, was anxious to quit the country without delay. Accordingly the terms of submission having been quickly discussed and settled, we again set out in the direction of Milianah. A three days' march brought us back into the town, but we only halted a few hours there. Marshal Bugeaud had summoned the General back to Blidah in order to agree with him as to the operations of the spring campaign, soon about to open. At the conclusion of this conference we were to return and take up our quarters at Milianah, to await the commencement of the approaching hostilities. To establish a station in the valley of the Cheliff, forming another link between the provinces of Algiers and Oran; to win over to us the population of this valley; to subject the mountain tribes of Ouar Senis, and finally to pursue the *smala* to the high plateaux of Serssous, and destroy that moveable arsenal of the Emir's, was the plan of the campaign of the

spring of 1843. Marshal Bugeaud was to establish the post of Orleansville. The difficulties of the mountains of Ouar Senis fell as by right to the share of General Changarnier. Lastly, the *smala* was assigned to the Duc d'Aumale, commanding at Medeah.

In order to convey the materials necessary for the establishment of Orleansville, the use of *prolonges* was necessary; and to use these prolonges it was requisite that a road should be made across the Goutas leading into the valley of the Cheliff. Accordingly the troops of Milianah spread themselves in echelons along the valley of the Oued Ger—for these twenty leagues of road had to be completed in a fortnight. This valley, awhile so peaceful, now rang with the joyous songs of the soldier-workmen and the clatter of their pickaxes. At intervals of two leagues little camps were established, and the road sprang into existence as if by magic, winding in long zigzags up the sides of the Goutas, and diving down again into the valley of the Cheliff.

Returning to Milianah we made use of the newly constructed road. The chiefs of Djendel, Bou-Allam and his brother, Bagidadi, of the illustrious family of the Ouled-Ben-Cherifa, came to greet the General as we were descending the last

declivities of the mountain. Bou-Allam, formerly agha of the Emir's irregular cavalry, was a daring fellow, with an eye as black as his moustache, and an energetic countenance, and who governed the country far more by the strength of his arm than by the ancient renown of his illustrious blood. He was long our inveterate enemy, and was mixed up in every enterprise against us. He was seen everywhere, followed by his son, a child of marvellous beauty, the sole object of his affection. The hardened soldier could never part from him, and was ever in alarm for his safety when he was not near. One day, however, he returned to his tent alone; a French bullet had killed the child. From that time war became disgustful and he meditated submission. One night (it was in 1842) Bou-Allam betook himself to the bivouac of General Changarnier, offering to bring about the submission of seven tribes if the General would lend him his assistance. We showed our acknowledgment of this important service by allowing him to continue in the command which he shared with his one-eyed brother, Bagrdadi.

The two Arab chiefs, followed by a brilliant suite of horsemen, journeyed with us towards Milianah. We crossed the valley of the Cheliff, marching over the identical ground on which the

red regulars and immense masses of cavalry encountered our troops in 1841. "They were so thickly crowded," said an Arab to me, "that they appeared like the ears of wheat in a corn field swayed by the wind." And now on the field of this tough contest we beheld only numerous flocks, going to drink in the Cheliff, and there resounded in the valley, instead of the clamour of fighting horsemen, the cries of the Arab women greeting the General's presence with the honouring "*ion! ion!*" At Oued Boutan, the new hakem of the town of Milianah, Omar Pasha, of the illustrious family of the pasha of that name, awaited our arrival. We met here with a fresh proof of the deep traces left in this country of the Turkish dominion. After a lapse of thirteen years the memory of the Turks is still so vivid among the people that the son of the Pasha Omar is treated with as much respect by all the chiefs as in the days when the power of his family was still unbroken.

One hour after this meeting the escort alighted at Milianah. What is a man to do who has to spend a fortnight at Milianah? Take patience, and repeat with the Arabs, *It was written.* Written indeed it was, fully and fairly written in the numerous despatches which General Chan-

garnier exchanged with Marshal Bugeaud. We were obliged to wait until the Algiers column had passed Milianah ere we could commence marching. Fortunately as a compensation to our sufferings we were informed that the former Khalifat of Abd-el-Kader at Milianah, Si-Embarek, had organized a vigorous resistance among the Kabyles of Ouar Senis. The name was still held in veneration at Milianah; even our friends pronounced it with terror. The Arabs, indeed, are strongly imbued with respect for the past, and tradition, handing down the memory of former days, encircles the men of the present day in their eyes with a halo of the marvellous. If a family has been illustrious in the country all bow down before it. Milianah appears for ages past to have possessed the privilege attached to the influence of a name, by which sometimes an entire province is ruled. The Ouled-Ben-Yousefs, celebrated for their wise and prudent spirit, were natives of Milianah—which was likewise the abode of the Emir's faithful servant, Embarek, ere he established himself at Coléah. Finally, it was within but a few years that the Omars had retired to the same town. These three equally illustrious families have imparted a kind of prestige to Milianah. The two first, those of Ben-Yousef and

Embarek, were handed down from marabouts of celebrity. The stories current in the country relative to these families will more easily convey an idea of the singular influence exercised by these traditions, the authority of which is still so largely acknowledged among the Arabs. As to the history of Omar, it forms a curious chapter in the annals of Turkish policy, and affords an interesting illustration of the adventurous lives led by the rulers of the country previous to 1830.

The memoirs of the Ben-Yousefs, which are rather of a religious than a military character, still live among the people of this country. All will tell you of Si-Mohamed-ben-Yousef, the traveller who, four hundred years ago, came to end his days at Milianah. His high renown for wisdom and virtue quickly spread throughout the country, and from all quarters people flocked to him for his prayers or his advice. In exchange, each thought himself bound to offer him a present, and thus the man of heaven soon became possessed of all the riches of the earth, a reward, doubtless, for his virtues. Heaven had granted him the power of working miracles; he divined the truth, expressing it in rhymed sentences, which are still repeated among the tribes. At his death a magnificent sepulchre was erected over his remains,

and the veneration with which the ancestor was regarded is shown at the present day towards the lords of Milianah: the Ben-Yousefs born only to the family of the Embareks, the marabouts of Coléah, the most zealous servants of whom were among the tribe of the Hachems, not far from the town.

As in the case of the Ben-Yousefs also, a religious story hangs over their origin.

In 1580, a man of the tribe of the Hachems of the west, called Sidi-Embarek, left his tribe with two servants, and came to Milianah. At Milianah, as he was poor, he sent away his servants, who travelled down along the banks of the Cheliff, and founded the tribe of Hachems, which is still extant in the neighbourhood. As to Sidi-Embarek, he betook himself to Coléah, and there engaged himself as a *rhames*,* under one Ismaël; but Sidi-Embarek, instead of working, spent his time in sleep. Meanwhile, marvellous to relate, his yoke of oxen ploughed of their own accord, and with so good a will, that at the end of the day, they had done more work than all the others together. This prodigy was repeated to Ismaël, who willing to assure himself of the fact by the

* A kind of farmer, paying a rent of one-fifth in kind.

testimony of his own eyes, one day hid himself near the spot, and saw Embarek stretched under a tree while his oxen were ploughing.* Ismaël, falling immediately upon his knees, cried to him: "Thou art the elect of God, it is I who am thy servant, and thou my master." Then immediately conducting him home, he treated him with the most profound respect. His reputation for holiness was soon spread afar, and from all parts the people came to solicit his prayers and bring him offerings. His wealth shortly became considerable, but his influence was greater still, and he was respected by the tribes themselves. The descendants of this holy personage were long looked upon as under the especial protection of Heaven, and in such skilful hands their power had continued considerable.

At the time of the war with the French, Ben Allall, chief of the Embareks, a revered marabout and illustrious warrior, was appointed by Abd-el-Kader Khalifat at Milianah, and his first exercise of power was to destroy the influence which the Omars had for many years past succeeded in wielding over the tribes.

The annals of the family of the Omars, are

* Tradition adds, moreover, that the partridges even approached Si-Embarek in order to pick the vermin off him.

more curious still than those of the Ben-Yousefs and Si-Embareks. Their history* is connected with the making of one of those Turkish fortunes which, according to the Arab saying, are achieved by the strength of the arm, and the noble devotion of a woman, whose heroic courage twice restored the fallen greatness of her family, has in these later times invested it afresh with a character of grandeur.

The most celebrated of this family was one of that class of soldiers, each of whom on entering the army might say to himself:—"If it be written, I shall become a Pasha! Mehemet Ali, the same who became viceroy, having put in at Mételin on his way to Egypt, met Omar,† whose brother had for some years held a high post under the Pasha of Algiers. Mehemet Ali and Omar formed a friendship together, and set out in company to seek their fortunes, but no sooner had Omar reached Egypt than he received a letter from his brother Mohamed requiring his presence. The newly made friends parted, though not without a mutual oath that he

* We owe our knowledge of the particulars of this history to the kindness of M. Roche, our consul at Tangiers, who was good enough to impart to me some of the results of his interesting investigations. I was myself well acquainted with the son of Omar here alluded to.

† He was born in 1775.

who first succeeded should share his fortune with the other. At Oran where his brother had become the bey's Khalifat, Omar's handsome figure, his eye whose glance none could withstand, his long black moustachios, and his striking beauty, procured him the office of *chaous*.* Shortly afterwards, the daughter of a Turk of Milianah, by name Jemna, whom all cited as a marvel, became his wife. But Omar's prosperity was not lasting. His brother Mohamed, whose influence with the Pasha gave umbrage to the bey of Oran, was thrown into prison, and the bey ordered his execution. Omar was likewise dragged into his brother's dungeon. When the executioner entered, he was about to spring forward to defend his brother, but his brother restraining him said, "My hour of death is come, my child. It is not given to man to resist the power of the Highest; I charge thee only to pray every day that he may choose thee as the avenger of my death, and remember that thou art the husband of my wife and the father of my children." Thenceforth to compass this vengeance became the sole object of Omar's

* The *chaous* is the chief's right-hand man, the executor of his will, and of the punishment he inflicts, being also the executioner. His office is in high consideration among the Arabs.

thoughts, and when at the command of the Pasha he was sent back to Algiers, the brother of Mohamed sought to raise himself only that he might hasten the hour of retaliation. Omar was soon appointed Cadi of the Arabs,* and his wife Jemna, who had been prevented from leaving Oran with him, succeeded through a thousand perils in joining him, under the safe-guard of her father Si Hassan and a faithful follower Baba Djelloull.

The people of Tunis having advanced upon Algiers, battle was given; and the Turks, beset by the enemy, were already beginning to give way, when Omar at the head of thirty horsemen rushed boldly to the charge, and exciting all to follow him, decided the victory. On their return, the whole army demanded him for their Agha. In the mean time Mehemet Ali had likewise achieved the elevation of his fortunes. The massacre of the Mamelukes consolidated his power, and a magnificent tent presented to his old friend bore witness to the remembrance in which he faithfully held him.

The new Agha governed the country in *peace and welfare*, caused stone bridges to be built

* A tribe in the vicinity of Algiers. The Cadi is appointed by the state, and is in the position of a mayor.

over the Isser and the Cheliff, was affable to the rich and compassionate towards the poor. As the Arab Chronicle expressed it, victory everywhere accompanied Omar. His name made his enemies tremble and he had soon the blessings of all, when the bey of Oran, inveterate still against the brother of Mohamed and fearing his newly acquired power, persuaded the Pasha of Algiers, that Omar was bent on seizing the reins of government. An intercepted letter gave Omar timely warning, and hastening to the barracks he assembled the army. "It is you," he said, "who have raised me, in you alone do I recognise the right to pull me down. To your hands I now resign myself, from you I will accept my doom or by you be delivered from my enemies." Excited to fury the army rushed into the palace of the Pasha, stabbed him, and would have appointed Omar in his place. He refused and the *Khrasnadji** was elected. Omar was now all powerful and he could work the accomplishment of his vengeance. The Bey of Oran having risen in rebellion, he marched upon him, and having gained possession of his enemy, ordered him to be flayed alive. In the province of Oran the execrated bey, *bey-el-messeloug*, is still spoken of.

* The treasurer.

In 1816, the Pasha, apprehensive of the Couloughis, wished to have them all massacred, and confided his project to Omar, who far from participating in it, caused the Pasha to be stifled in his bath. This time he was constrained to accept the pashalik. When sending his gift to the Porte, he entrusted Si Hassan and his soon Mohamed with rich presents for Mehemet Ali, who was appointed Pasha almost at the same time. During two years Omar made head against every calamity, the plague, the locusts, and Lord Exmouth's bombardment; but poor Jemna's peace was gone, for she heard that all deys died a violent death. While in the pains of labour (1818,) she heard a discharge of artillery; seized with fear, she wished to see Omar, and contrary to usage, sent for him through her faithful follower, old Baba Djelloull; but the old man returned in a short time and returned alone. Jemna at once knew all and fell back senseless. At the same instant the door was besieged with loud and repeated howling—it was the chaous of the new dey, who came to seize the riches of Omar.

On returning to her senses, Jemna sent to seek hospitality of an old friend of her husband. Stripping off her rich garments, she clad herself in

humbler garb, wrapped her two children in the haiks of her negroes, bade adieu to the hundred slaves who waited on her in the palace, and went out, followed by her two children, her father, Baba Djelloull, and the two negresses who had brought her up; then locking the gates of the courtyard, she handed the key to Baba Djelloull, charging him to take it to the Pasha, and say: "The wife of Omar quits the palace of her husband poorer than she entered it; she takes with her none of the riches which have tempted the cupidity of his assassin. Those riches will be the reward of his crime; but let him make haste to enjoy the power and fortune he has gained, for God will not allow his hour to be long." She then took leave for ever of the magnificent palace in which for ten years she had lived secluded, never once quitting it during the whole period. Although it is difficult to estimate all the wealth which Omar had amassed during these ten years, one or two particulars will suffice to give an idea of the magnificence with which Turks are surrounded as soon as they have reached power. The palace of Omar contained three hundred negresses, one hundred negroes, ten Georgian women, twenty Abyssinian, forty thorough-bred horses, and ten mares of the desert. One apart-

ment in the palace was ornamented throughout with gold and silver, set with precious stones; another was filled with coffers containing gold and silver coins, brocaded stuffs of silk and gold. Every week Jemna wore a new suit of apparel; and in each chest containing the new dress was a complete parure of diamonds, consisting of a diadem, an aigrette, a pair of ear-rings, a necklace of fifteen rows of pearl, two clasps, two bracelets, twelve rings, two circlets for the ankles, and a sarma of gold tissues studded with jewels.

All this splendour had now vanished, and poor Jemna had scarcely reached the hospitable abode of her friend, when she was again seized with the pains of childbirth, and brought into the world a son, whom she named Omar, in memory of his father. Forty-eight hours after this fatal day, the new dey, Ali Pasha, sent his Prime Minister to the widow of his predecessor. It was through the bars of a window in the apartment occupied by Jemna, that the minister informed her of the purport of his mission. "Ali Pasha (God send him victory) sends his greeting and benediction to the widow of the ex-pasha Omar. Calm thy grief, saith the illustrious sovereign, thy husband has died the death of a pasha, his hour was appointed: may God be mer-

ciful to him. But children are left thee; thy days are few; thou hast spent them amidst wealth and splendour; the most High hath yet more in store for thee perhaps; beware lest they be spent in misery and degradation. Thy lot, and that of thy children are in thy hands. Thou wert the Pasha's wife, say but one word and thou art the Pasha's wife still. There is the key of the palace, no new foot hath yet entered it; return and restore to it its most precious ornament, and thy new lord will double thy riches and the number of thy slaves." "O God of clemency and mercy," she exclaimed, "why didst thou not command thy angel Asrael to summon together at thy feet the soul of Jemna with that of Omar? To expiate what crime hast thou ordained that I should hear these insulting proposals from the murderer of my husband? But thy will be done! As to thee, vile slave of a still viler master, depart instantly from the house in which I have found a refuge, for the air I breathe is poisoned by thy breath. Begone, cowardly assassin, and tell thy lord that the widow of Omar Pasha will live and die the widow of Omar Pasha; that his allurements are vain, for the things of this world are as nothing to her whose happiness is all in Heaven, and that his threats are emptier still, for he is but

a perishable creature doing the will of his Creator."

For more than a week the new Pasha employed every means to seduce Jemna from her resolve. She remained inexorable. Avarice, the ruling passion of this prince, at last overruled every other sentiment, and he took possession of Omar's riches. He could not gloat long enough on this accumulation of gold and precious stones, and it was under the mollifying influence of all these treasures that he allowed the family of Omar to retire to Milianah, where the father of Jemna possessed some property.

Ali Pasha was assassinated a few months afterwards, and Hadj-Mohamed succeeded him. This was the first Pasha who took up his abode at the Casbah, braving the mysterious inscription foretelling the arrival of the Christians under a Pasha whose residence should be at the Casbah. Hassan Pasha, formerly *iman* to Omar, took the place of Hadj-Mohamed, who died of the plague. No sooner was he elected than he showed that his heart was not ungrateful. Jemna received magnificent presents, and the Bey of Oran was ordered to pay a tribute and make presents to the widow of Omar every time she came to Algiers for the *dennech*. His favours did not

end here; he attached Mohamed, the eldest son of Omar, to his person, and as the second son was too young, he kept him in the first instance in the palace, and then sent him to Mételin and to Egypt, to see his uncles and Mehemet Ali, who wished for him. At the end of two years he returned loaded with presents from Mehemet Ali. Hassan made him marry the daughter of one of the most venerated marabouts of Milianah. The family of Omar enjoyed at that period all the prerogatives of high functionaries without incuring their risks. Fortune had once more descended upon them, and Jemna's cares were exchanged for joy in the midst of her children, when came the year 1830, bringing with it the downfall of the Turkish rule, and the revolt of all the tribes which had so long bent beneath the yoke. Through its alliances with revered marabouts, the family of Omar was for a time respected; but Mohamed, its chief, who had been guilty of many acts of tyranny, was obliged to fly, leaving in Milianah his mother, his two wives, and his brother Omar, then fourteen years old. Old Baba Djelloull and the Ouled-Si-Ahmed-ben-Yousefs were their protectors.

During the first six years of the French occupation, young Omar, the son of Omar Pasha, had

grown up in the midst of warfare continually existing between the inhabitants of the towns and the Arabs of the tribes. The most complete anarchy had succeeded the severe rule of the Turks; the strong devoured the weak; all communication was interrupted; and civil war raged throughout Algeria. The courage and the riches of Omar had won him a number of partizans, and in 1836 he was still in the foremost rank. At about this period, the storm began to gather which shortly afterwards burst upon this unfortunate family.

Mohamed-ben-Omar, who had retired among the French, had invariably refused to hold any command for fear of compromising his family; but in 1836, when Marshal Clausel proposed that he should accompany him to Milianah, he accepted the offer. Circumstances became altered, and Marshal Clausel proceeded to Medeah, where he installed a Turkish Bey. Shortly afterwards the Emir El-Hadj-Abd-el-Kader, who at the time of his first expedition to the east, had established important connections in that part of the old regency, and, under all circumstances, was always assured of aid and sympathy, suddenly appeared at Medeah, seized the Bey whom we had left there, threw sixty of the principal *Coulouglis* of the town

into irons, and exacted a heavy fine from Omar, the son of Omar Pasha, whom he accused of holding communication with his brother Mohamed, who had entered into the service of the French. The following letter, written by Omar towards the end of 1837, will afford an accurate notion of the situation of the *Coulouglis* at that epoch:—

"When in order to punish the Turks for their injustice, their cruelty and rapacity, God, whose precepts they had forgotten, sent the French upon the coast of Sidi Ferruch; when, by the will of Him who alone confers victory, the Mussulman armies fled disgracefully before the Christians; when, finally, Algiers the impregnable, fell, in spite of two thousand cannons, into the hands of the infidel, all hope of happiness was for ever snatched away from every Turk, and every descendant of a Turk inhabiting Algeria. Better had it been, a hundredfold, for them to have perished on the plains of Sidi Ferruch and Staoueli: they would have won glory here below and glory above; but it was written otherwise.

"Our day is over, the day of the marabouts and of the shepherds is come. The French have lifted the yoke from the bull and they have taught him to fight. His fury has increased two-fold since his horns have dipped in blood, and he has

turned his fury first upon his master. Wherever they stood alone, the Turks and the Coulouglis have been threatened; wherever they have been united they have defended themselves, and again struck terror among their former slaves; but from the day when all power was vested in the hands of one, from the day when the French alliance made Abd-el-Kader a veritable Sultan, our ruin was certain. The Coulouglis of Tlemcen, of Medeah, of Mostaganem, of Mazagran, of Mazouna, are all enslaved or banished; none remain but those of Milianah; our turn cannot long be delayed. I especially have more reason for fear than any other, for my influence is dreaded by the Emir; he covets my fortune, and he has found a pretext in my brother's sojourn with the French.

"Were I alone I should abandon all my possessions, leave my wife with her father, go to Algiers, drag my brother thence, and seek hospitality of Mehemet Ali, my father's old friend; but I have a beloved mother, the faithful widow of Omar Pasha; she alone binds me to this accursed country. I could have saved my family and my wealth; but I was happy then; I commanded like a Pasha, I was intoxicated with the flatteries of those who flattered at my expense.

Those who are now my enemies made a thousand protestations of devotion to me, and dissuaded me from my design. I did not then foresee, as I do now, the storm which threatens us."

These presentiments were soon after realised. In the month of January, 1838, Omar was loaded with chains and brought on foot to Medeah, where the Emir then was. On coming into his presence the prisoner inquired the cause of his arrest. "Be thankful to God," said the Emir, "that my heart is compassionate, but for that compassion, thy head had fallen in expiation of thy crimes and those of thy brother. Not content with having oppressed the Musselmans, when thy unjust fathers governed the country; not content with having amassed riches by the spoil of the Arabs, you have forgotten your religion, you have lived in debauchery. One of you went among the Christians that he might return to enslave his country, while the other prepared the way for the infidels. According to the text of the Holy Book your heads should fall and your goods become forfeit to the *beytik*; as I have said, thy life shall be safe on condition that thou deliver up all thy possessions, and the possessions of those that belong to thee; the slightest omission and thou art lost. Inform thy mother of my com-

mands; woe to thee and to her if she attempt to elude them."

Omar wrote to his mother, and the horseman bearing the Emir's orders proceeded at once to Milianah. Despite the remonstrances of the marabouts related to Omar, despite the supplications of his followers, the shrieks of despair of the mother, in contempt even of the strictest laws of Islamism, they penetrated into the houses occupied by the family; nothing was allowed to escape their infamous search. The women were brutally stript of their jewels in which they were decked, and exposed without a veil to the gaze and maltreatment of the Arabs, once their abject slaves. Two of the Emir's secretaries made out an inventory of the articles found, while the greedy eyes of the troopers peered every where for new treasures. The jewellery and gold coin found in the house of Omar, was estimated at 400,000 francs. At the sight of these riches, which he needed in order to send Miloud-Ben-Arach as ambassador to Paris, the Emir was seized with astonishment; but Si-Embarek, the personal enemy of Omar, was not yet contented. He pretended that Jemna had withheld a treasure, of which she alone, and a negress devoted to her, knew the place of concealment, and he sent a letter from Mohamed-

Ben-Omar, found among the papers of Jemna, in which Mohamed-Ben-Omar asked for his father's ring, in order to purchase with the price of it a country house in Algiers. Excited by the desire to increase his resources, and unscrupulous as to what means he employed, the Emir granted Jemna permission to see her son held captive in Medeah. The poor mother, believing that the Emir's heart was touched with compassion, set out with all haste the same evening from Milianah, and arrived in Medeah the next morning in the confidence that her son was about to be restored to her sight. She was brought before the Emir. Her imposing stature, the prestige of her name and of her misfortunes, impressed upon the countenances of those present an expression of respect and composure. All were silent, awaiting with attention the issue of the interview. Abd-el-Kader first broke the silence: "Thy two sons have incurred the penalty of death; one because he has become a Christian by dwelling among Christians; the other, because he has entered into negociations with the infidels. Their lives, their wives, their children, and all they possess, all have become, by law, the property of the State. Nevertheless, thou canst save the life of him who is my prisoner. The ring of the

Pasha, their father, which we know thou hast still in thy possession, must be delivered to us, and thou must reveal the place where thou hast concealed this treasure unjustly acquired."

"Oh! my Omar! why didst thou not die in coming into the world!" exclaimed the unhappy Jemna. "Alas! should I not have foreseen the wretched lot in store for thee, since thy birth was the signal of thy father's death! But thou, son of Maheddin, dost thou forget then that thy mother yet lives? dost thou forget that thou hast wives? dost thou forget that thou hast children? Fearest thou not that God may take away the power which, for a while, he has placed in thy hands, and that He may punish thee in that which is dearest to thee, the abuse thou hast made of it? Behold me, son of Maheddin: yesterday I was the wife of the Pasha, before whom thy father and all the inhabitants of the kingdom of Algiers trembled; yesterday men sued for my protection; to-day I implore the pity of one who was my subject. Reflect then on the uncertainty of all things here. Think of Zara thy mother, of Aicha thy daughter, and take pity on a poor woman who implores thee for her child. Take heed ere thou bring down upon thee a mother's curses, for they are fraught with misfortune.

Thou demandest the ring of Omar Pasha; it is the only token left me of his memory; but take it. Restore me my son; for this jewel would I restore all the treasures of the world did I possess them; but I have now nothing."

At the same time Jemna threw down the ring which she had kept concealed in her bosom.* At a signal from Abd-el-Kader, Jemna was led away. The next minute the cries of a woman were heard: a barbarous order had been given, but the Emir's steward and the *bach chaous*, were men of a timid and merciful nature: instead of putting the widow of Omar Pasha to the torture, they had given three hundred blows to the negress, who, according to the information furnished by Si-Embarek, knew where the treasure was concealed. It was a useless piece of cruelty, for she knew nothing. A great number of chiefs interceded, and at last obtained the liberation of Omar and his mother, on condition, however, that the whole of their property should be sold. What cared Jemna? she beheld her son once more, and at his sight all her misfortunes seemed to fade away. Her trials, alas! were not yet over! Negroes, negresses, horses, mules, furniture,

* This jewel was valued at 25,000 boudjous. The boudjou is worth 1 fr. 80 centimes.

apparel, all were sold in obedience to the Emir's order; and the wives of the elder son Omar Mohamed, were forcibly married to followers of Khalifat Embarek. Reduced to the last stage of destitution, the widow of Omar was driven to seek a shelter from her faithful servant, old Baba Djelloull, who died a few days after these fresh misfortunes. Omar, who had retired with his mother, was just recovered from a frightful disease, contracted in his dungeon, when a new calamity finally overwhelmed them. In the month of June, 1838, all the Coulouglis were commanded by the Emir to leave Milianah, and betake themselves to Tagdempt. In vain did the chiefs of the Hachems, of the Cheliff, and those of Djendel sue for an exemption in favour of Omar and his mother, offering a pledge of 10,000 boudjous. This step, far from serving their cause, was injurious to it. Depart they must. The mournful band of exiles left Milianah escorted by a body of Abd-el-Kader's horsemen. An expression of mutual grief was on all their faces, but mingled with calmness and resignation. Persons of the highest families covered with rags marched on without uttering a complaint; no sound was heard except the cries of the young children, overcome by the heat of the sun. The greater

her misfortunes, the more animated was Jemna's courage. Cheering by the example of her great heart her companions in misfortune, encouraging her son, she was still the widow of Omar Pasha. Not allowing herself to be cast down, she bore her grief with calmness and resignation, ever rejecting with contempt the offers of marriage made her by the Emir's chiefs. At the destruction of Tagdempt, Omar obtained permission to retire with his mother among the Beni Menacers. He was, however, enjoined to serve in the regular cavalry, under the Khalifat of Milianah: he yielded; but the Emir, who now beheld the decline of his power, was forced to retreat before our arms, and Omar was at last permitted, after so many changes of fortune, to return to Milianah. He met with a kind reception from the French. His house was restored to him, as well as part of his property, and shortly afterwards, at the request of the commandant, he was appointed *hakem*.

Such is the singular history of the Omars. When Marshal Bugeaud, who had heard the narrative, was passing through Milianah, he wished to see the mother of Omar, and give her a public mark of esteem. We accompanied him on the visit which he paid her, surrounded by

his entire staff. The marshal was ushered into a small apartment, which retained no trace of by-gone splendour. Directly he entered, a woman enveloped in a large veil advanced with majestic deportment, supported by Omar. "Thou may'st remove thy veil, mother," said Omar; "there are no eyes here but those of friends, who see only in thee the wife of a Pasha, and the mother of one of the most faithful servants of France." With a gesture replete with dignity, Jemna let drop her veil. We could not but admire the noble countenance before us, over which time and grief, in leaving their stamp upon it, seemed to have shed a fresh charm. Filled with emotion, Jemna for a long time was unable to speak. Fortified at last by the kind address of the marshal, she lifted up her beautiful eyes, bathed in tears, and said, "I have been unfortunate; but I believe the hand of the Lord still stretches its protection over me as before, since it has brought me into thy presence. Oh French sultan, I know that thy heart is kind, as thy arm is powerful. I have faith in thee. I ask nothing for myself; I am old, and shall soon go to join my husband, who was a sultan as thou art; but I place my son under thy protection; treat him as thine own son; he

is of noble blood, and will prove worthy of thy benefits. Every day my prayers will ascend towards God, that thou mayest be happy, thee and thine; and every day I will ask Him to grant that I may see Abd-el-Kader, and those that belong to him, come to ask pardon at thy feet."

The marshal, touched with her emotion, replied to her in kind and cheering words, promising to watch over her son; and we retired, filled with respect, a feeling so seldom inspired by Musselman. A few hours afterwards, Jemna and her misfortunes were forgotten, in the midst of the preparations for our departure. At last we were restored to liberty. Marshal Bugeaud was to set out the next day with his column, and we, with General Changarnier, were about to pursue the Kabyles into their most inaccessible haunts.

## III.

The tract of country known by the name of Ouar Senis, extends over a length of about fifteen leagues between the valley of the Cheliff, to the north, and the lesser desert, to the south. It presents a vast assemblage of mountains, rising in succession upwards to the rocky crest in the centre, and forming a perfect network of precipices, ravines, and gigantic peaks, fifteen hundred metres in length; overlooking, from a height of six hundred feet, the plateau in which it stands, and protected by precipitous sides, this rocky crest, running east and west, is accessible only by paths, which at the utmost are practicable only to goats; and on the latter side, beyond a gorge which serves as a road, rises a rocky peak, with a dome-shaped top, loftier still than the indented crest. It is easy to conceive the difficulty of traversing a country in which narrow paths, overhung by a succession of peaks, and thickly-wooded plateaux,

wind round the mountain sides, of only sufficient width for one man. These dangerous tracts are inhabited by wild and warlike Kabyles, sprung from the old Ber-ber stock, which has always retained the spirit of resistance against all established power; the Beni Eyndels, the Beni-bou-Douans, the Beni Rhalias, the Beni-bou-Atabs, the Beni-bou-Kanous, the Beni-bou-Chaibs, &c., tribes governed by republican forms, paying obedience only to a djemâa, elected by the whole people, always torn with internal dissensions, though united against a common foe. These tribes had already been encountered by our soldiers. The first time was at the Oued Foddha, of glorious memory. Subsequently in the month of November, 1842, they were forced to submit to our columns a second time, marching through the territory; but their submission was not of long duration, and at the appearance of Abd-el-Kader towards the month of January, 1843, they again took up arms. Sidi-Embarek was at that time in Ouar Senis with his regular battalions, using his endeavours to kindle the spirit of resistance among the mountaineers.

Three columns were to act in this country under the command of Changarnier. Each had its precise instructions, and the general rendez-

vous was fixed at the *Medina of the Beni-bou-Douans*, a Kabyle village, or rather large burgh, in the midst of the mountains. As for us, we were bound for the *Cathedral*, as the soldiers called the rocky ridge and its dome-shaped peak, in company with the troops commanded by the General himself.

On the 10th of May, with a splendid sun above us, light of heart and full of spirits, we emerged through the gates of Milianah, and descended the narrow path leading in a westerly direction to the valley of the Cheliff. One hundred and fifty horses accompanied us, for it was intended to attempt on the following day the surprise of a Kabyle village on the right bank, where Beikani and his family, the most considerable among the important tribe of the Beni Menacers, was reported to have sought refuge. No sooner had we entered the valley than the trumpets sounded a halt, to give time for the column to take close order. When all were collected into a body, we proceeded on our march. We were on friendly ground, over which the eye stretched to a wide distance. Accordingly, though the soldiers' muskets were loaded, we marched in security, the General at the head, followed by the cavalry, then the infantry, preceded by a company of sappers and miners, with mules carrying their implements.

This company was ordered to go on at its own pace, without troubling themselves about the cavalry or the General either. Behind them came a party of infantry; then the mountain artillery, with their small pieces carried by sturdy mules; the field hospital, with its red flag; lastly the baggage of the various troops, pack-horses, mules and asses, under the superintendence of non-commissioned officers, and followed by a numerous body of infantry, closing the rear, with a number of mules at the extreme end carrying litters, in case of illness or accidents. From time to time, the officers of the General made sure that the column was advancing in due order; and at the end of every hour, the chief of the staff commanded a halt. The infantry were then allowed ten minutes to rest themselves from the fearful weight of their baggage, augmented by the addition of eight days' provisions. On long marches, there is a halt of an hour and a half midway on the journey; and the soldiers *eat* their coffee, or rather their *coffee soup*. I can employ no other term to designate the cans filled with coffee and broken biscuit, from which each helps himself in turn. Such is the usual order of march with the troops in Africa.

Thus did we proceed along the valley of the

Cheliff, amidst splendid corn fields, smoking and chatting, laughing and singing, or silent and thoughtful, according as our mood was sad or joyous; fortunately, however, sadness was not much in our line. We were talking about everything and everyone, illustrious names and glories unrecorded, adventures in love and war, when at last, and it was no more than just, horses came in for their turn. We all declared unanimously that the deepest respect was due to those speechless heroes, who have so often contributed to the glory of their masters, when M. de Carazon Latour began to sing us the following lamentation sung by the soldiers over a horse of General Changarnier, which was killed in battle. The illustrious animal in question could certainly have had nothing to envy in the lot of Marlborough, the celebrated ditty on whom has furnished the burthen of this bivouacing song:

Le pauvre Max (1) est mort!
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Le pauvre Max est mort,
Mort et pas enterré! (*Ter.*)

* This Max was a large German horse, a great favourite with the soldiers. It had been often wounded, and the General was on its back when he received the shot in the wood of Olives, near the hill of Mouzaia, in 1841.

Il était v'nu d'All'magne,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Il était v'nu d'All'magne,
Pour aller en Alger. (*Ter.*)

Comme il y débarquait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Comme il y débarquait,
Le général le vit. (*Ter.*)

Cet animal me plaît,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Cet animal me plaît,
J'en ferai mon ami. (*Ter.*)

Il l'a dit, il l'a fait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Il l'a dit, il l'a fait:
*Changar* est un luron. (*Ter.*)

Depuis lors, ont couru,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Depuis lors ont couru
Toujours en avant. (*Ter.*)

Quand la bête hennissait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Qaund la bête hennissait
Tous les clairons sonnaient. (*Ter.*)

Le général parlait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Le général parlait :
Tous les clairons couraient. (*Ter.*)

C'te grand' bête galopait
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
C'te grand' bête galopait :
Les Kabyles se sauvaient. (*Ter.*)

Quand la bête galopait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Quand la bête galopait,
Le général riait. (*Ter.*)

Fallait les voir z'alors,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Fallait les voir z'alors
Comme ils se rengorgeaient. (*Ter.*)

L'tapage l'z amusait,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
L'tapage l'z amusait,
Voir même qu'ils en rêvaient. (*Ter.*)

Max reçut maintes balles,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Max reçut maintes balles,
Et l' général aussi (*Tir.*)

A la fin, c'te pauv' bête,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
A la fin, c'te pauv' bête
A trépassé sous lui ! (*Ter.*)

I stop here, and the reader should be thankful, for there are seventy-five stanzas to the song. What we have quoted will suffice to give an idea of the ditties extemporised by thousands of our soldiers during the long marches in Africa.

From halt to halt, the column at last reached the bivouacing place, near the stone bridge constructed over the Cheliff by Omar-Pasha, and the itinerant city was established with the same wonderful celerity as usual. The General had rapidly pointed out to the chief of the staff the position of the different battalions, according to the order of march to be followed the next day, and then dismounted while Captain Pourcet communicated these orders to the commanding officers of the several corps. According to the instructions of the General, without losing time in unnecessary manœuvres, as soon as a company came to the line of encampment, they piled arms and took off their knapsacks. Each and all then commenced picking up fuel, fetching water, lighting the fires, pitching the tents, and performing a thousand such trifling duties, the importance of which is only felt when we find ourselves obliged to shift for ourselves, and, in the soldier's phrase, rough out our daily means of life (débrouiller sa vie de chaque jour). To sleep well

and eat well are indeed the two essential things in war; for with well-refreshed and well-fed troops, there is nothing that cannot be undertaken. The greatest of philosophers, Sancho Panza, has said, "Man makes not the belly, but the belly makes the man." This was General Changarnier's opinion; and accordingly it was his constant endeavour to spare the soldier all useless fatigue, and he never left the bivouac till they had dispatched their soup.

In the night there was an alarm; if we were in a friendly country, our friends were not the less arrant thieves: two horses were carried off. According to their custom on these occasions, a number of bold fellows, stark naked, their bodies well greased, in order to slip through the grasp, in case they should be caught, glided among the tents like snakes. On reaching two fine horses, they cut away their tethers, jump on their backs, and dart off at full speed, clearing every obstacle, and crouching down close to the horses' necks, to avoid the bullets of the advanced sentinels. Another of these thieves, who came a few hours later, proved less fortunate. The sentry on guard over the piled arms had observed on his right, while pacing to and fro, a tuft of dwarf palms. A minute after, the tuft had changed its position, it

was now on the left. Whereupon the sentry said to himself, "There's some mischief afloat here." And without saying a word, he very slyly, and looking quite unconcerned all the while, cocks his musket, and goes on pacing up and down as before. The bush began to move very gently, gaining ground little by little. Suddenly it stood up, drew near, and a Kabyle, armed with a dagger, sprang upon the soldier; but the latter drove his bayonet through his body. The wound was mortal, and the animated bush never stirred again.

Such were the little incidents of the night. The next day at dawn the band of the 58th played a merry reveil; and after coughing a little and driving out by a small dose of brandy the morning fog, which the soldier — I must crave pardon for him—calls by the sad name of *pituite*, all fell into their ranks and commenced marching, as on the preceding day, through the valley of the Cheliff. In the evening we halted at the Oued-Rouina. At night the cavalry were commanded to hold themselves in readiness, and about two in the morning the ranks broke up in silence, followed by two battalions without knapsacks. Each troop had a separate guide, and headed by the General, we set off to surprise the

Berkanis. At day-break we had reached a little plateau between two hills. At our feet lay a wooded ravine deep and difficult to pass; on the opposite side stood the huts of the Kabyles in the midst of tall olives and broad-leaved walnut trees. Their shots intimated but too clearly how unsuccessful was our undertaking. All the most important personages in the village had taken flight. The General immediately ordered all to dismount. The chasseurs took possession of the two heights, and exchanged fire with the enemy previous to the arrival of the infantry. M. de Carayon Latour and one of our companions possessed a couple of small carbines capable of carrying an enormous distance; they were loaded; bets were made, and a trial commenced as to which showed the most skill in this new mode of pigeon shooting; only here the pigeons were Kabyles armed with long guns, who levelled at us very dexterously in their turn, and succeeded in making holes through our *cabans*, notwithstanding the big trees behind which we took shelter. This increased our mirth and laughter, for on the whole we had killed some of them when the Orleans chasseurs came up. They were better hands at this work than we, and accordingly, after the first shots, the Kabyles made haste to get out of the

reach of their bullets. By the evening we had all returned to the bivouac, and next day the cavalry returned to Milianah, while the head of our column advanced into the valley of the Oued-Rouina. A few hours afterwards, the bad roads of Ouar-Senis commenced. Man by man, mule by mule, the troops and baggage advanced along these narrow paths up-hill all the way, and hooked on as it were in the midst of pine trees to the sides of the mountains. A bad time for the infantry was coming now, for battalions were ordered to protect the baggage on the right and left, cutting through tracts without the sign of a road, now descending into ravines, now climbing up steep shelves, enduring fearful fatigues, which war and the safety of all render it necessary to impose.

Though we had been two days in the enemy's country, we had yet met no one; all around was void and tranquil, a perfect desert, when suddenly on a peak commanding the narrow path we beheld a body of from five to six hundred Arabs, gesticulating and uttering loud shouts. A halt was sounded. The General formed the chasseurs d'Orleans of the van into a body, and placing himself at their head, set off to dislodge the enemy. Screening themselves behind the fig and other

trees which clothed the peak, the chasseurs clambered up to its summit at a double quick pace, in spite of the fire of the Kabyles, whom they soon drove forth at the bayonet's point. A tolerable number of them remained, the rest met with a vigorous chase, and we returned with a flock discovered in a wood, a few dead and a few wounded; but such is war! During this time the baggage train having passed the defile after crossing the ravine, had established itself near the town of the Beni-Boudouans. The houses in this town are built of wood covered with pitch, and greatly resemble the huts of our peasants in Picardy. They are solid, and defy both rain and tempest; our soldiers, however, soon got the better of them, for the dry wood of which they are built gave out less smoke and made the best soup. Accordingly, during two days that we were waiting for the other columns, more than one was pulled to pieces and all would have shared the same fate had Colonel Picouleau delayed much longer.

On their longer and more difficult journey, the two columns commanded by the Colonel had encountered numerous bodies of contingents urged forward by the battalions of Sidi Embarek, and brought up a considerable number of wounded. General Changarnier resolved, in order to lighten

the march, to send them back to Milianah under a strong escort, together with the useless *materiel*. A singular accident marked the departure of this body; M. Laurent, an officer of the chasseurs d'Orleans, who had suffered amputation of a limb on the previous day, had been placed on a litter; on the other side, as a counterpoise, was a man attacked with pernicious fever and almost dead. On leaving the bivouac, after crossing the rivulet and ascending to a certain distance up the mountain, the train was passing along a narrow road forming a ledge over the ravine, when suddenly the mule stumbled and fell, and the amputated and the fever-ridden man rolled over with him. A loud cry broke from the spectators, and all set about slipping down to the rivulet to render assistance. On arriving at the bottom, the mule was found quietly on his legs browsing. As to M. Laurent, the iron work of the litter had fortunately saved him; and as to the fever patient, the shock had been so violent that it occasioned a reaction, and he owed his life to what could have killed any one else. All three resumed their march to Milianah, while our column, two thousand eight hundred strong, with twenty-five horses, set out in a westerly direction, in which, according to information furnished by the Arabs, the tribes had retired.

During these marches we could never cease admiring the staunchness of the infantry soldier, so heavily laden, and who has in marching given himself the nickname of the soldier camel. It was in truth marvellous to see him toiling for long days together under a burning sun, and over the most distressing country, always gay, always in spirits, and ready to find relaxation and amusement in the merest trifles. One afternoon we had reached the bivouacing place, the muskets were piled, and all were busily catering for themselves, when a terrific uproar burst forth, and right and left every one began to run; it was a perfect tumult. The General himself came out of his tent. What does the reader imagine was the great event? A hare, an unfortunate hare, taken by surprise in his cover, had made up his mind, after considerable hesitation, to attempt escape. Perceived and pointed out, he became the object of a general attack; one pursued him bodily, another threw a stick at him, and each attempted after his own fashion to catch the still scampering meal. At last, a voltigeur, more nimble and adroit than the rest, threw his great coat over the animal and himself into the bargain, so that, will ye nil ye, the poor Kabyle hare made a Frenchman happy.

It is at the bivouac that the ingenuity of our

soldiers glows forth in all its lustre. Stand by one of the small tents and observe the head of the mess; crabs, tortoises, water snakes, all sorts of nameless, though not tasteless animals, which experience has taught may be eaten without danger, are brought to him. Or perhaps they come with their canteens filled with bullock's blood. Boiled thick over the fire, and then allowed to cool, this bullock's blood forms at last a sort of black paste. Spread out on a biscuit with a few grains of salt, it makes a tolerable article of food for a famished stomach. The oxen and sheep of the enemy, however, are to be preferred, and our soldiers were all eagerness to come up with the Kabyles, that they might make a few captures, and the numerous traces discovered by us in a westerly direction, afforded good hope of success. All the information obtained from the Arabs, concurred in fact, in pointing out Ouar Senis as the place where the tribes were assembled. This information was correct. On the 18th of May, shortly after crossing the Oued Foddha, and entering a defile, we perceived a number of Arab horsemen, and on emerging upon the broad plateau from which rises the mountain with its rocky crest, we beheld the enemy.

We arrived from the east in a parallel direction

with the southern side of the crest. Before us, stretched a vast plateau, covered with trees and verdure, vines, houses, and gardens. On the west, the plateau was bounded by a lofty mountain of a sugar-loaf shape, separated by the rocky crest of a gorge serving as a road. This plateau terminated suddenly towards the south, in a ravine, forming the bed of a river. The length of the crest was about fifteen hundred metres, the summit being formed of jagged rocks, and its sides rising, at a considerable height, like a perpendicular wall above the last declivities. The entire mountain rose to a height of about six hundred feet above the plateau. Pines and a variety of other trees spread along the abrupt declivities, as far as the base of the perpendicular wall, increasing in height in two opposite directions, a circumstance which rendered it probable that there were two passages by which the heights might be reached. Nothing could be more beautiful than this plateau—a perfect oasis standing out in two directions in all its freshness against a rampart of grey rocks; while, on the left, the eye lost itself amidst an endless range of hills, and the blue horizon of Tiaret. On arriving, we saw Sidi-Embarek's horsemen retreating towards the south, and a large number

of Kabyles running off along the wooded slopes; but from the summit of the rock itself, confused sounds, the smothered murmur of a moving crowd, reached us, and at intervals prolonged shouts. From time to time some of the Kabyles showed themselves; and, singularly enough, the outlines of horsemen perched upon apparently inaccessible heights stood out against the blue sky.

The twenty-five horse, our only cavalry, were immediately despatched in the direction of the gorge, and the chasseurs d'Orleans, forming the vanguard for that day, threw aside their knapsacks, and ran to support the little platoon of cavalry. Two other companies swept the slopes with their bayonets, while the remainder of the column established themselves in bivouac in the gardens. The attack was immediately organized. Lieutenant-Colonel Forey, of the 58th regiment of the line, with the 6th battalion of chasseurs, and several companies of his own regiment, was to attempt an escalade from the eastern point, where a passage appeared practicable. Two battalions of the 58th, with Colonel Illens, were to form a storming party, taking advantage of a ravine, situated two-thirds of the way up the ridge. It was about one o'clock, and a bright sun made the weapons glitter and the rocks

sparkle. The troops, pleased at the prospect of an encounter, hastened to their posts, paying no heed to the prolonged shouts and threatening gestures of the Arabs, who were descending towards us. Ready to mount on horseback and betake himself whithersoever his presence should be requisite, the General posted himself in the centre beneath some huge trees, giving his orders with his habitual clearness and precision. We were standing near him, gazing on the magnificent panorama before us, when, on the right, we heard firing, mingled with the imposing sound of the charge. The effect of the drums, when thus beating, seems to impart new vigour to the spirit—an ardour unfelt before. The General was at that instant giving his last instructions to Colonel Illens, who was about to attempt an escalade. A few seconds afterwards, the company of chasseurs, which we had seen in possession of the pine wood, exchanging shots with the Kabyles, and avoiding as well as they could the masses of rock which they rolled down upon them, proceeded to join the battalion headed by Captain Soumain, who had been terribly bruised by an ox thrown down at a critical moment by the defenders of the mountain in the absence of any stone. The firing became more brisk in the east, the charge continued

beating, and the General was about to proceed thither, when the soldiers on guard at the advanced posts, brought a black horseman before him, one of Sidi-Embarek's regulars, who came with news of the capture of the Gruala by the Duc d'Aumale. Scarcely two hours had elapsed since Sidi-Embarek was apprised of the loss of his goods and of his entire family. The horseman immediately jumping on his horse, had lost no time in profiting by the fortunate circumstance to secure a good reception among us. As yet no details had reached; but from this man's account, we could judge of the boldness of the attack, and of the decision displayed by the young General. The news spread immediately, redoubling the ardour of the troops, who were anxious that the enterprise in which they were engaged, should likewise terminate successfully.

At this moment we had betaken ourselves to the eastern point, near the chasseurs d'Orleans. On reaching the foot of the rock with a part of the battalion (the remainder had been sent at first to the ravine, where Colonel Illens and the 58th had just replaced them), Lieutenant-Colonel Forey, in command of the chasseurs, ordered them to sling their carbines. "Our work," said he, "is to scale these heights, and briskly too;

remember you are chasseurs d'Orleans." Immediately the charge was sounded, and in spite of the difficulties of the ground, in spite of the briars, in spite of rocks, they sprang up like monkeys, clambering and jumping over every obstacle, braving the bullets showering perpendicularly upon them, and avoiding the enormous blocks which the Kabyles rolled down upon their heads. In this way, using their feet and hands, they reached an encampment beyond which it was impossible by any effort to proceed. Crouching down among the rocks, they directed their carbines towards the crest, killing every Kabyle who ventured to show himself. From time to time they made renewed efforts to advance, and many a hand was shattered by the stones rolled down from above. It was a singular spectacle, a scene from the middle ages; reminding one of the storming of one of those ancient fortresses built on the edge of a precipice.

When the General reached the spot, he commanded a retreat, unwilling to shed uselessly the blood of these brave fellows, and ordered the battalion, reinforced by other troops, to guard every passage, and to bivouac on this side of the rock. A Kabyle prisoner pointed out two narrow paths by which the tribes had reached these

heights, which they considered impregnable, and so terrible were these roads, that the horses and cattle had to be hauled up with ropes; but the Kabyle added that there was no supply of water; and from that moment we were assured that before three days all these people would be ours. A blockade was ordered, and this natural fortress was surrounded by a network of posts.

The 58th, who had attempted an escalade from another side, had been more fortunate at first. At one moment, the soldiers fancied themselves already on the summit of the rock; great was their joy to think they had reached these insolent Kabyles, and were about to drive them at the point of the bayonet into the precipice below. Arrested in their progress, however, by a rocky ravine, they had to content themselves with guarding the passes. Their losses were insignificant, but Colonel Illens was among the killed. A bullet had passed completely through him as he was advancing at the head of his troops, and his body had just been brought into the camp.

The column was thus divided into two sections: one guarding the northern acclivities, the other those to the south and east; the reserve and baggage remained established amongst the gardens, where the pomegranates interweaving their

red blossoms with the spreading vines, running from tree to tree, afforded us a cool shelter. In the evening, all the bivouac fires burst forth like stars along the sides of the mountain. An enormous flame, doubtless some signal, gleamed at the eastern extremity of the rocks; above our heads, was stretched the clear vault of heaven. A fire of olive-tree wood imparted its gentle heat, and the evening was spent in smoking and chatting, ere we addressed ourselves to sleep, when suddenly Carayon Latour, one of the best buglers in France, set up the *hallah*, and all the hunting tunes in succession; a magnificent echo repeating the sound in the distance. We listened in silence, and unwearyingly, to these beautiful sounds, as they spread from mountain to mountain. It was necessary, however, that we should take rest in order to prepare for the next day's fatigues.

On the 19th, the blockade continued, all kept watch at the posts. At night we discharged a mournful duty; Colonel Illens was buried in the interior of an Arab house. When the deep grave was filled up, the house was set on fire in order to save the body from profanation by the Kabyles. We learned subsequently that this pious stratagem had succeeded.

Meanwhile, the thirst of the occupants of the mountain was growing intense; and we could judge by the bellowing of the herds that a few hours would settle the affair. On the 28th, surely enough, at about noon the chiefs implored for *aman*, and gave themselves up into the hands of the General. While the envoys sent to parley were in our camps, the flocks, driven by thirst, rushed like an avalanche down the narrow paths, and ran to the river as though they were all mad. From a barren rock, a bare and naked ridge, whole tribes of people poured forth like a torrent; the shrieks, the dust, the tumult, were beyond belief. Sheep, goats, oxen, were heaped together with the women and children, who, urged on no less by thirst, were running to the water in company with their cattle; while the children, more eager than their parents, rushed upon the little bags attached to the soldiers' belts. The soldiers, always humane, let them have their way. As to the men, with fierce countenances, and even haughty glance, they suffered in silence, with unbroken calmness and still menacing gestures. The soldiers little heeded this; they cared little about politics, and provided the flocks were secured, they were satisfied. Accordingly, in the evening, victory was celebrated by many a festive group; quarters

of lamb, dishes of brains, and roasted joints of mutton, furnishing forth the banquet.

The tribes were disarmed, and the chiefs detained as hostages, and by this fortunate defeat we had become masters at one sweep of the entire population of the southern portion of Ouar Senis. It now remained that we should obtain the submission of the tribes of the north; but first we had to dispose of our flocks and of our prisoners. On the 24th, accordingly we set out with our ten thousand head of cattle towards Teniet-el-Had, a station recently established on the line of parting of the waters, three leagues from the plateau of Serrsous. Two days afterwards we were passing through the magnificent cedar woods, from which Teniet-el-Had is perceived. The varied points of view, the irregular character of the soil, its extent embracing nearly five leagues, and the majestic size of the trees, render this forest one of the most curious spots in Africa. It would be imprudent, however, to venture into it alone, for it presents everywhere traces denoting the presence of lions. Colonel Kerte of the 1st Chasseur d'Afrique, commandant of Teniet-el-Had, advanced to meet the General mounted on a splendid white horse. He managed him with all the grace peculiar to the traditions of the old

French school of horsemanship. Who would have expected to meet in these wilds, and in the midst of untameable Arabs, a representative of the *petite ecurie* of Versailles, without his equal in the world! But the Colonel was not content to be the best horseman in the army, he was universally esteemed for his courage; and from the spot where we stood we could see Ain Tesemsil, the plateau of Serrssous, upon which General Changarnier had ordered a razzia, which was executed by the Colonel with equal audacity and success. On the 1st of July, 1842, just as General Changarnier was establishing himself in bivouac, his scouts informed him, that from the summit of the heights, an immense crowd of Arab emigrants could be seen flying towards the south. The General proceeded to reconnoitre, and on his return, sent out Colonel Kerte and his two hundred and twenty chasseurs, his only cavalry, to fall upon these people. In case of a repulse, he was supported by the Zouaves. Horsemen, camels, women, children, and herds, formed a multitude extending over nearly three leagues of country, and protected by upwards of fifteen hundred horse. The slightest hesitation on the part of Colonel Kerte would have been fatal; relying, therefore,

on the terror invariably inspired among the Arabs by the mounted chasseurs, he boldly charged across the line of emigrants, cutting off a large square, which he drove back upon the column. The shots exchanged were numerous, and many of our men were left on the field, but at last making a rampart of the camels, bearing palanquins used according to the custom of the south to carry the women and children of the families of distinction, the chasseurs succeeded in bringing back to the camp two thousand camels, eighty head of cattle, an immense booty, and a great number of prisoners.

While we were being told the history of this razzia, or rather *coup de main*, justly renowned throughout the province of Algiers, we arrived at the new station. Teniet-el-Had, the Sunday Gorge, so called from a market held by the Arabs on that day, had been only two months in the occupation of our troops. No buildings had yet been erected, and a simple ditch and mound protected the soldiers encamped beneath the tents of the military administration; but the air was wholesome, and the spirits of the soldiers excellent, so there were but few sick in the hospital. Through the attention of the General, who had two days before despatched a courier with an

order to that effect, our columns found, on their arrival, a supply of new bread baked in ovens, which are built in a few hours, with clay and branches of trees. Our halt was not prolonged beyond the time necessary for taking rations, making up the supply of ammunition, and consigning the captured flocks to the administration.* The General was anxious to lose no time in returning to the mountains. Accordingly, on the 25th, all these duties having been performed, we again took the road to Ouar Senis. The lesson which had been given to a portion of the tribes had taken effect upon the remainder; for a great number came forward to offer their submission, and we should have received the submission of the whole, had not the failure of our provisions compelled us to return, on the 7th of June, to Milianah. We remained here only a few days, and on the 15th the column set out again to complete the task they had commenced.

* The amusing operation of counting takes place thus: Two ranks of soldiers form two sides of a triangle. At the apex the two last men hold up a ramrod, and the sheep driven into this gorge, are compelled to leap over it. At each leap one of the men counts them, and thus the number delivered is easily ascertained.

## IV.

Submissions were coming in from all sides. The General now visited in a friendly character, and accompanied by the chiefs of the tribes, the same territory in which, scarcely a year before, when all these tribes rushed upon a thousand men in the frightful gorges of the Oued Foddha, it had required all his courageous skill, and the devotedness of his soldiers, to escape the greatest peril in which a column had ever stood in Africa. Chance led us to the scene of this terrible conflict, with a portion of the troops who had fought during those two days, and we shall give here, instead of the monotonous description of our pacific march, the reminiscences of the battle of the Oued Foddha, which we collected on the scene of action itself.

Within four days' march from Milianah, in the midst of the valley of the Cheliff, the ruins of an ancient Roman fortification are still extant, to record the power of the ancient conquerors of the

country. At the foot of these walls, not far from a broad expanse of stubble and dried grass, a number of delightful gardens, filled with orange, pomegranate, and a variety of other fruit trees, and watered by limpid springs, seem to invite a halt, while the long vine branches spreading from tree to tree, and interlacing with their foliage, form a vaulted shelter, offering its cool shade to the weary traveller. It was in this spot that General Changarnier's column, composed of four thousand two hundred infantry, three hundred regular cavalry, and four hundred Arab horsemen, was reposing after its numerous marches beneath a burning sun, in the month of September, 1842, at the same time protecting by its presence the newly surrendered tribes, and granting *aman* to those who flocked in large numbers to seek it. The troops had been some time at *El Arour*,* when a letter from our agha in the south reached the camp. Threatened by Abd-el-Kader, Ahmeur ben-Ferrah sought the assistance of General Changarnier, entreating him to make all haste to join him, if he would not soon hear of the ruin and massacre of the tribes to whom France

* The name of these gardens.

owed her protection. To go to his assistance without delay was of the highest importance; if they passed through Milianah, the journey would be lengthened by four days, whereas, by the mountain, two marches would bring them in a position to lend him support. The tribes appeared pacifically disposed, and the Arab chiefs gave their assurance that not a single shot should be fired. They mentioned a certain defile of a dangerous character, but all agreed in stating that it did not extend beyond two hours' march. Moreover, it was only dangerous in case of hostilities on the part of the neighbouring tribes, and these had sent their chiefs to the camp only the evening before, with messages of friendship. Lastly, the General had under his orders a body of Zouaves, of Chasseurs d'Orleans, and of Chasseurs d'Afrique, commanded by Colonel Cavaignac, Lieutenant Colonel Forey, and Colonel Morris. With such valiant troops, and such officers, no danger need be feared. The General's determination was accordingly soon fixed, and it was resolved that the column should pass by the mountain.

On the eve of departure, our sick men were sent under escort to Milianah, and the Roman sepulchres received those who sank under their maladies. A Zouave was buried in a

Christian sepulchre, and a cross, which was found in digging up the earth, was placed with reverence upon the stone covering the grave of the soldier who had died amidst the toil of his profession. In this friendly territory there was no fear of profanation.

The next day, the 17th, the little column set out, marched the whole of the next day, receiving the submissions of several tribes, and on the 19th, towards half-past nine in the morning, halted on the banks of the Oued Foddha.

The cavalry took advantage of the halt to send out foraging parties, escorted by two sections of infantry. Orders had been issued, forbidding a single shot to be fired. Suddenly the column was startled by the sound of a brisk firing. Captain Pourcet was immediately sent off to the spot by the General, and found our soldiers, faithful to their orders, receiving the enemy's fire, sheltering themselves as best they could, and only returning the attack of the Kabyles, when the latter came and seized them by their belts. From the spot where the mass of troops halted, it was impossible to perceive a small valley separating the foraging party from another hill. In this valley, and on this hill, were assembled crowds of white Kabyles, like vultures, in the

midst of whom were a number of regular officers, in red garments, running from group to group, and urging them on. All were shouting, howling, and gesticulating like madmen, apparently working themselves up to a fighting pitch. There was a wide gulf between this warlike attitude, and the peaceful disposition promised by the Arab chiefs; but to retreat was impossible, and advance we must. To have retired before these tribes would, by an exhibition of weakness, have given consistency to the insurrection. In retreating, we should have many wounded, without utility and without advantage, whereas, by proceeding, on the contrary, the blood of our soldiers would not be shed in vain. Accordingly, as soon as the attitude and spirit of the Kabyles were reported to the General, the order to march forward was immediately given, and the head of the column was ere long within the fearful defile of the Oued Foddha.

A body of Arab horsemen rushed from their ambush on the banks of the river upon a company of the 26th; but they met with a vigorous reception from Captain Lacoste, and upon this open ground the little foot soldiers retreated without confusion, as though they were on parade, and never firing except with murderous

certainty. Meanwhile on the right (the left bank of the river, as the troops were advancing southwards, and the Oued Foddha runs north), the company of Chasseurs d'Orleans, under Captain Ribanis, sent to support the foragers, fell back in good order upon the column; every bramble, every bush, every tree was used in turn by the men as a secure position or ambuscade, and frequently the same object concealed a Kabyle and a chasseur on opposite sides, both seeking a fair opportunity for a shot. On reaching the last plateau, the bugle sounded the *pas gymnastique*, and all began to slide and scramble down the steep, quickly joining the rear guard, who in turn were on the point of entering the gorge. The fight now commenced in earnest. The Kabyles shouted from the crests, "You have entered the sepulchre; you are doomed." But they were out in their estimate of the men they had to deal with, and of the chief who commanded them. Calm and unmoved, General Changarnier was posted in the rear, wrapped in his little white woollen caban, a target for all the Arab bullets, giving his orders with a degree of coolness and precision, which inspired the troops with confidence, and redoubled their ardour.

In order well to understand the nature of this

terrible struggle, it is necessary to have a correct idea of the ground. A breadth of a hundred feet to fight in; a sandy soil, ploughed through by the bed of the torrent; to the right and to the left a series of grey schistus rocks, rising perpendicularly one above the other, and overgrown with pines; above these, the mountain peaks rising like pyramids, from which the Arabs showered their bullets: such was the scene of the conflict.

Imagine this ravine, with the overhanging rocks and mountains covered with a dense multitude, exciting each other with shouts, intoxicated with the smell of powder, insensible to danger, and rushing upon a handful of men, by whom their wild fury was met with energetic coolness and that constant steadiness of action which is the result of discipline. This was due to the fact that our soldiers are at all times worthily commanded. The officers set the example; the chief never hesitates an instant. At once he had resolved on the course to be taken, and carried his troops along with him by the firmness of his decision. The General's object was to clear the defile, and by marching quickly, to endeavour to pass the peaks separated from each other by inextricable ravines, before the mass of the Kabyles could have time to advance from one

to the other; accordingly, only such positions as were absolutely necessary to the safety of the column were occupied; and if the rear guard found itself pressed too closely, they relieved themselves by vigorous charges with the bayonet.

The eastern tribes fortunately took no part in the conflict, and we had at first only to defend ourselves on the right. The column, however, advanced only with difficulty, when a passage was reached which it was necessary should be occupied. Perpendicular shelves of rock overhung the bed of the river in advance of a marabout, surrounded by majestic trees; the company of carbineers of the Chasseurs d'Orleans was ordered to carry these rocks. Full of ardour, they sprang forward; but the declivities were fearful, and eight days' provisions are no trifling load. M. Ricot, their lieutenant, who had rushed forward without troubling himself as to whether he was followed or not, was the first to reach the plateau. He was immediately struck by two bullets in the chest; Lieutenant Martin and two carbineers hastened to protect him, but were killed on the spot. M. Rouffiat, the last of their officers remaining, advanced to their assistance, but was stopped by a frightful wound. The company was now without officers, and without a serjeant-

major. An avalanche of bullets was showering down on them, and not a head or guide of any sort to direct them. At last the carbineers were brought back, bearing away with difficulty M. Martin, who still breathed. As for the remainder, they were torn to pieces before the eyes of the column, amidst the savage shouts of the Kabyles.

The General immediately commanded a halt, the Zouaves and three companies of Chasseurs d'Orleans were to storm this position, while the cavalry drove back the enemy into the bed of the river. The signal for the charge was given. Accompanied by Colonel Cavaignac and Lieutenant-Colonel Forey, the General sprang forward at the head of the troops, climbing up the steep sides of the height, and carrying the soldiers along, animated by one common spirit. The rage of both parties was at its highest; and the conflict desperate. M. Laplanche, an officer of the staff attached to the Zouaves, was mortally wounded on reaching the height; Commander Garderins had his horse killed, and Captain Pourcet his epaulette torn away; the General himself only owed his life to the skill of the trumpeter Brunet, who stretched a Kabyle dead just as he was directing the muzzle of his piece close upon the General. At length we became masters of the position. The charge

of the cavalry down below in the river had been equally successful; numbers of bodies lay stretched upon the sands, including women, who, mingling with the Kabyles, rushed upon our soldiers, fighting like furies, and cutting off the heads of the dead, brandished these bleeding trophies on the points of their guns.

These two vigorous attacks procured us some repose; the fight, however, soon commenced afresh with renewed ardour. The officers the first to rush into danger, were also the first victims of the encounter. Five officers of the Zouaves, and three officers of the Chasseurs d'Orleans had already fallen, and the day was but half spent. Colonel Cavaignac, with his Zouaves, was bent on avenging the slaughter of his officers; it was something more than courage that animated them, each man was equal to twenty, and seemed to multiply himself to face every danger. As to the General, he seemed to grow in daring and coolness as the danger increased, and the bullets flew about more thickly; his eye gleamed and everywhere, as he passed, he imparted fresh energy to those about him. The column still continued advancing, amidst the clatter of muskets, re-echoed amidst the mountains like the roaring of a storm. The cavalry proceeded in advance having received

instructions not to halt till it grew dark, and then to select the first favourable spot.

The troops had reached a part of the river where the banks approaching more closely together, formed another and narrower defile; the Kabyles of the tribes on the left bank now occupied the right bank also, and Captains Magagnoz of the Zouaves, and Castagny of the Chasseurs d'Orleans, were commanded to dislodge them, while Captain Ribains of the same corps was instructed to occupy the position on the right. It consisted of a perpendicular cascade of rocks and schistus soil, covered with pines and brushwood, and a brook running down into the river below soaked through the earth over which it passed. The captain dislodged the Arabs, and occupied the position, thus insuring a safe passage to the column, but when they had to rejoin the body of the troops, the Kabyles rushed upon the little party: the first few tried to come down in a straight line, but their feet slipping upon the earth, made greasy by the water of the brook, nine of them were precipitated to a depth of eighty feet below. They rolled from rock to rock, from shelf to shelf, bounding over every abrupt edge, and seeking in vain to clutch hold of the brambles, till they fell into the bed of the river; the re-

mainder of the company had at once rushed off to the right towards a ravine, sliding down through the trees, to rejoin the column. One of these chasseurs, Calmette, getting separated from his companions, was surrounded by Kabyles and driven to the edge of the precipice; he had shot one with his carbine, and killed two more with his bayonet, but he was now on the point of falling over, when catching hold of two Kabyles he sought to avenge his death by dragging them down with him. The rock was perpendicular and they fell straight from the height, but by a fortunate chance the Kabyle lightly clutched by the chasseur, was exactly beneath him when he reached the ground and by his death saved the other's life. Captain Ribains was descending the last of all, defying apparently the enemy's bullets, when three Kabyles rushed upon him, and firing with the muzzle close upon him, shattered his shoulder; fortunately some of his men succeeded in getting him away. All who were present still remember when he passed the General and was congratulated by him on his glorious conduct, how his energetic features were lit up with the legitimate self-applause of one who has accomplished his duty, and he seemed to breathe the just pride of noble blood shed in a noble deed.

The struggle now seemed to grow more fiercely obstinate; the river became somewhat wider, and a squadron of cavalry was required in the rear. There was no artillery; its office was filled by the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the General launching them like cannon balls after the enemy, to drive them back, and allow the wounded to be taken away. This squadron being soon disabled, was succeeded by Captain Bérard's division; these were ordered to charge in a similar manner, and in ten minutes an entire platoon, with the exception of the brave officer commanding them, Lieutenant Dreux, were rendered *hors de combat.* MM. Sébastiani, Corréard, Paër, and Fraiche, of the Zouaves, were wounded or killed within a short distance. The men, however, remained staunch. How, indeed, could they do otherwise, commanded by such officers, seeing Corréard with a bullet through his arm still leading his men to the fire, and M. Paër, with his throat pierced, unable to speak, yet fighting on? Meanwhile the time was gliding by, and night was at hand; the head of the column having reached a spot where the river formed a circular space, had established itself in bivouac. All necessary precautions for safety were immediately taken, and the wounded were then laid down in the hospital

tents, pitched at a short distance from the General's.

The General gave his orders immediately on dismounting. The wounded obtained his first attention; his next care was bestowed on the ammunition, the food of battles. The Arab chiefs had to give up a portion of their mules for the accommodation of the wounded on the following day, and the cartridges of the cavalry forming the baggage escort were distributed among the infantry. Lastly, the 6th battalion of chasseurs was ordered to commence marching in silence, without trumpet calls, at about two o'clock in the night, and to occupy the different heights along the course of the river, which was still used as a road by the column. These arrangements being duly settled each betook himself to rest. In the bivouac there were no signs either of sadness or anxiety; all were proud of the day, and in the evening, beside the fire, the conversation was kept up to a late hour, for the exciting effects of the gunpowder had not subsided. Each related his deeds of prowess, bestowed a thought on the dead, and expressed his hopes of the next day's success. The Arab horsemen were far from participating in this state of happy indifference. Squatted mournfully beside their steeds, which they kept

saddled, wrapped up in their burnous, they passed the night without fire, and in evident consternation. Not far from thence the field hospital presented a fearful spectacle; nothing but cries and groans were heard, of so terrible a character were the wounds, all of them inflicted by shots fired quite close. Those most seriously wounded were laid beneath the tents, the rest were stretched around and covered with blankets. Our three surgeons, the whole of our medical staff, came round to each in turn, dressing their wounds and cutting and hacking their bruised flesh. In the course of the night there were eight amputations; and in the dead silence, when the fires were everywhere extinguished, the dim lights of the field hospital were still seen flickering beside our mutilated comrades. All vied with each other in endeavouring to mitigate their sufferings; the officers all pressed round to shake a friend by the hand, and to cheer with affectionate words the soldiers who had fallen in the morning while obeying their commands. Among the wounded in the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique was a man named Cayeux. Feeling himself dying, he sent for his captain. After entrusting him with a last message to his mother, the poor fellow added, "Give my thanks to Colonel Tartas, he is a good man,

and has always loved those whom he commanded; tell him that, dying, one of his soldiers thanked him." A touching trait, as honourable to the chief as it was to the soldier. On this same night Dr. Laqueille, chief of the staff, performed an operation which lasted forty-five minutes, on the shoulder of Captain Ribains, whose arm was thus saved by the skill of the operator. During this long interval of suffering Captain Ribains, seated on a case of biscuits, surrounded by the dead and dying, showed as much firmness in bearing up against acute pain as he had exhibited courage in the field. Not a groan escaped him, but from time to time he could not help turning round to the doctor, and saying, "Indeed, Doctor, you hurt me." Thus did officers and men accomplish their duty.

There was not a sufficient supply of litters to carry the men who had suffered amputation. Trees were cut down, and a number of litters hastily constructed. An hour before daybreak, all the dead were collected together; a detachment of sappers and miners dammed the river, and dug out a deep hollow in the bed, into which the bodies were placed; the water was then allowed to flow in its natural channel. It was our hope that the bodies would thus escape profanation from the Kabyles.

Far in the recess of the mountains, we could hear the sound of voices and a stir, but around the bivouac all was dark and silent. There were no fires, nor any thing to betray the presence of our advance guard: nevertheless they kept a sharp watch, and several skirmishes were fought with the bayonet; for, true to their instructions, not a single shot was fired. At two o'clock, the battalion of Commander Forey executed the General's orders; the drum beat at dawn, and the column proceeded on its march amidst the shouts of the Kabyles, as though calling on each other to join in the massacre of the French. But imagine their astonishment when they saw every position occupied, and the column advancing without the possibility of their attacking it. Several vigorous charges were made in the rear, in which the Zouaves worthily sustained their glorious renown. After one of these engagements, to the great joy of all, we passed through some splendid vineyards; every one began to quench his thirst with the fine branches offered to us on all sides. The General himself, to whom the soldiers hastened to present the finest bunches, followed the example of the rest. Just at this moment, Colonel Cavaignac passed near him:—"Here, mon cher Colonel," said he, holding out a magnificent bunch of grapes,

"you must need refreshment after such glorious fatigue." They both commenced chatting together in the midst of the bullets flying about on all sides. Immediately afterwards, Colonel Cavaignac was summoned away, one of his officers—Captain Magagnoz—who had received a shot a few paces off, had sent for him; it was to commend his mother and sister to his care, and to place his cross of the legion of honour in his hands, thus mingling the sentiment of military honour with the tenderest emotions of his heart.

The portal of this fatal gorge was at last opened; the ground suddenly widened, and the mountains with which the column was surrounded, appeared like a level plain in comparison with the perpendicular rocks by which we had just passed. The Kabyles still followed us, but a brilliant charge of the entire cavalry, put an end to this obstinate conflict, which had extended over two days. In the evening we were quietly established at the Souk-el-Sebt (the Saturday market) of the Beni-Chaïbs. That day's dead were now buried, and a Roman sepulchre hidden beneath some rose-laurels, became the tomb of M. de Nantes, an officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, whose body had been carried since the previous evening, lashed to his horse's back. The Roman monument failed to

save his remains from mutilation. A few months afterwards, passing over the same ground, we found that his tomb had been profaned.

On the 21st, General Changarnier commanded a permanent halt; the care required by the wounded made it a duty to grant some repose to the troops. Moreover, after these two days' inveterate fighting with this small column, sixty leagues from Milianah, surrounded with enemies, he meditated one of those bold strokes which would strike terror in the population, and insure the success of the expedition. During the night, a battalion of infantry composed of Chasseurs d'Orleans, of Zouaves, and of the 26th Regiment of the line, set out under Commander Forey, with instructions to support the cavalry who were about to attempt a razzia. The General had received intelligence from his spies, disclosing the place where the flocks and women of all those who had fought against us were assembled. His orders were given immediately; success justified his boldness, and eight hundred prisoners, together with twelve thousand head of cattle, brought into camp, filled it with joy and abundance.

The conflict was terminated, the little body of French troops had broken down every obstacle and

by throwing a passage through those "Ravines of Death," as the Arabs call them, had nobly sustained its ancient renown. Seldom had African soldiers been exposed to severer trials; seldom had any soldiers shown more courage and cool determination. On the 22nd, the victorious troops broke up the bivouac without fear of molestation. The march was fatiguing. Beneath a fiery sun, on went the long train of wounded men, some of them carried by the soldiers themselves; then came the flocks, and lastly the prisoners; as in the triumphal processions of old, the conquered followed the chariots of the conquerors. In this order the column advanced through fifty leagues of country amidst the astonished population, who could scarcely believe that a handful of Frenchmen had crossed the mountains amidst the bullets of the Kabyles, overthrowing their enemies, and punishing those who had ventured to attack them. This was to be accounted for by the fact that soldiers, officers, and general, all had nobly staked their lives on success; the chief had known how to command, the soldiers how to understand and obey. From that time forth, the memory of this struggle conferred on all engaged in it a glorious renown, and he at once claims respect who can say "I was at Oued Foddha!"

By the month of July, 1843, eight months after all these struggles, the General had received the definite submission of the Kabyle tribes of Ouar Senis. He returned to Milianah to commence a general inspection, and there all these brave troops, with faces bronzed by the sun, marched past before him, still covered with the dust of the road, but still presenting a fine, imposing, and proud appearance.

The war in the province had now been brought to a close; from Teniet-el-Had and Milianah, from the Desert to Algiers, "there was nothing"—to use the Arab expression—"but *peace and good.*" Abd-el-Kader could no longer write:—"You possess nothing in Africa but the ground on which your soldiers actually stand." Everywhere our authority was recognised by the tribes, and tranquillity seemed about to settle over the country. Unforeseen circumstances at this time, compelled the General to ask for his recall to France. I well remember how the Arab chiefs on our way from Milianah to Algiers, came forward to greet him, and there was one in particular, a caïd of the Hadjoutes, in whom I recognised an old acquaintance. We talked of the numerous razzias, the *coups de main*, night after night, by which his tribe had been reduced to submission. "His name

with us," said he, speaking of the General, "signifies the *overthrow of pride*, the conqueror of enemies;* and he has earned it." He then pointed to the long line of mountains skirting the province of Mitidja from Chenouan down to the sea. "When a storm comes," he continued, "the lightning runs in a second along that chain of mountains, diving into all its recesses. It was thus with his glance when he wished to find us out. Directly he had seen us the bullet reaches not its aim sooner than did he." And the old Arab was right. The distinguishing characteristic of General Changarnier in war, is a rapid and accurate judgment, and indomitable energy; he has the true qualities of a commander. In the presence of any danger, his courage increases; all who approach him, then become inoculated with his vigour of mind, and success no longer appears doubtful. He first showed what he was at Constantine, and from that time forth the General has never for a single day derogated from the high reputation which he then so gloriously earned. If ever the reader should find

* The Arabs called General Changarnier the *Changarli*, the *Changarlo*. Changar is an Arabic root, signifying to conquer, to overthrow. *Ma changarch alina*. "Do not overthrow, crush me."

himself bivouacing with some of the old African troops, let him get them to relate the numerous expeditions which they made under his command, and he will hear how they speak of him.

The hour of departure was come. The General was about to embark for France, and we accompanied him on board. When Martinigue, the brave pilot of Algiers, warned us that it was time to return to our boat, we all took the General by the hand, and as the swift vessel disappeared through the haze, we waved a last farewell.

# ZOUAVES AND SPAHIS.

## COLONEL CAVAIGNAC.

### I.

If the reader should ever visit Africa, and have to cross the valley of the Upper Riou, let him not begin his journey in the month of November, the *father of tempests:* he would remain buried in the heavy loamy soil of the valley, converted by torrents of rain into a bed of thick mud. As for our travelling, as we were under marching orders, we had nothing to do with rain, snow, or fatigue; and in 1843, on a certain evening in this fatal month of November, we found ourselves beneath a canvass tent warming ourselves as best we could, round a hole in the earth, containing a wretched chafing dish. Large drops of rain fell on the canvass, with an abrupt sharp sound like the blow of a small stick: a

monotonous melancholy sound continuing for hours and sometimes whole days together. In front of us stood our poor horses, turning their shivering cruppers to windward; a deep silence reigned throughout the bivouac, interrupted only from time to time by the energetic calls of the quarter-master for the week, or the orderly officer swearing at the stable keepers when one of the horses had broken loose, and was running about the bivouac to make himself warm.

In spite of the wind and the rain, several officers of the Zouaves had braved the storm to pay us a visit. Horse-cloths were thrown over a number of canteens, converting them into settees and arm-chairs; the blue flames flickered over a bowl of punch in honour of our guests; each drew a blackened pipe from its wooden case, and the evening commenced. "When the stomach is satisfied the head begins to sing," says the Arab proverb. The proverb was right in this case, for each began telling in turn some of the thousand adventures of his African Odyssey. Battles, rejoicings, pastimes, *coups de main*, razzias, and love adventures to boot, were narrated in succession, and, what was more, listened to with attention. A word of remembrance, and expression of regret were elicited *en passant* by

the mention of those who, less fortunate, had fallen in the conflict; words that came from the heart; for when the name which, recorded in the papers in terms of honor to-day and forgotten to-morrow, has passed from the memory of all, it is still pronounced with emotion in the regiment—that second family of the soldier.

It was thus that we dwelt on the reminiscences of the *Volontaires Parisiens* and the *Bataillons de la Charte*, the first nucleus of the Zouaves; the storming of Constantine, and Commander Lamoriciere; and all the numberless engagements in which the Zouaves established their glorious renown. Then we spoke of Commander Peyraguay, the old hoary-headed soldier, once sergeant of the battalion of Elba, who, after surviving so many dangers, was killed at Tlemcen, face to face with the enemy, by a shot which struck him full in the chest. The present was forgotten in the past, and I well remember the religious silence with which we listened to the history of the six winter months spent by the Zouaves in 1840, in the ruined city of Medeah. "What is it then that could not be accomplished with our Zouaves?" added the speaker; "not a mountain path in Africa but has resounded with their musket shots, not a bush but recalls some brilliant deed

of theirs. Do you remember last year, when you were returning from Milianah, we crossed each other at Caroubet-el-Ouzeri, at the entrance of the gorge near Mitidja? Well, close to that little white-crested hill where you dismounted, there took place a deed of arms, which dwelleth in the memory of all: it was there Harcourt was killed at the head of his company. Captain Bosc having too soon vacated an important position, Colonel Cavaignac was obliged to have it occupied a second time. Starting off at double quick pace, the company scaled the hill, and just as Harcourt had reached the top, a bullet penetrated his skull. The engagement was a sharp one; on one side the height was reached by a pathway, deeply ploughed into the earth by the torrents poured down it during the rainy season. Three Zouaves —a quarter-master, a sergeant named Razin, and a native corporal, a Kabyle, had chosen this path. Just as they were on the point of reaching the summit, the old sergeant, a *décoré*, seeing himself outrun by the quarter-master, a younger and nimbler man, cried out, "I say, Johnny Raw, do you think you're going to pass before me? Fall back, and make room for your senior, and be sharp about it!' The other raising his hand to his turban, and making a military salute, replied,

'Quite correct!' and placed himself second. Before he had advanced three steps Razin fell dead; the quarter-master sprang forward, and a second bullet laid him beside the sergeant, and on the Kabyle corporal coming to his assistance—'Take care of Razin,' said he, 'I can help myself.' As the corporal was accordingly hoisting the body upon his shoulders, a third bullet laid him dead on the spot. The quarter-master immediately rushed to the dead sergeant, snatched off his cross of honour, and, though seriously wounded, succeeded, by crouching down among the brushwood, in joining the battalion, and placing the cross in the hands of the commanding officer, said—'If I haven't brought him back, it's because I am wounded myself, but I have saved his cross at any rate,' at the same time he pointed to his arm hanging helpless by his side."

Just as the officer of the Zouaves had brought his narrative to an end, the camp clock struck eleven. In speaking thus of the humble drummer, who announced the hour by striking his sheepskin the required number of times, I confess myself guilty of exaggeration. The sentinels were now relieved, and thanks to the silence which now prevailed, we lost not a syllable of the facetious objurgations addressed by a

sergeant to one of the soldiers lagging behind his time. "Now then, nimble-toes, do you want me to come and fetch you?"

"Can't you see," replied the other, "that I am sinking up to my knees in the mud? How can a fellow walk through this sort of stuff?"

"Why you d—d greenhorn, when you can't walk you should run. Don't you know that?" replied the sergeant.

After listening to this sally we wished each other good night; and those who had to return to their tents to seek repose, went off with the hoods of their cabans over their eyes, and their trowsers tucked up, swearing like heathens, and when the occasion presented itself adopting the sergeant's plan.

The next day our expeditions over the country recommenced; and at the end of a month, on returning to the garrison, we found ourselves once more in company with our associates of the Upper Riou. The officer who had related to us the severe hardships endured by the Zouaves, at Medeah, during the winter of 1840, here confided to me a journal, of which he had often spoken. This journal, a confidential record of hours of solitude, a curious chapter in the history of the sufferings of the African army, bore as a

motto, these words of *Blaise de Montluc:* "Would to Heaven that we who bear arms might take up this custom of writing that which we see and do; for it seems to me that it would be better dressed up by our hands, I mean in the matter of war, than by any men of letters soever, for they disguise things too much, and give it a clerkish air." Some explanation will be necessary ere we subjoin this journal. In 1840, the war was still at the gates of Algeria, the province of Mitidja was intersected; and though at Medeah, and at Milianah, there was a French garrison, an army was required to insure the revictualling of these cities. In the month of October, in this same year, Milianah had just been relieved, the garrison, decimated by nostalgia, famine, and sickness, having almost given way under its duties; out of 1,400 men, 720 were dead, and 500 were in the hospital; the remainder had scarcely strength to carry their muskets, and had the relief arrived a few days later, the town would have been taken for lack of men to defend it. On their return these living corpses were carried on the backs of sumpter mules. Evidently such a spectacle must have made a deep impression upon the army; for if such sufferings had been endured in the summer season, what were they to expect during the

winter. Meanwhile the garrison of Medeah was to be relieved, as that of Milianah had been; Marshal Valée determined to send thither none but case-hardened men, who in their *esprit de corps* and their desire to support the renown attached to their name, would find strength to resist all the privations and all the sufferings of isolation. The Zouaves were chosen for the occupation of Medeah.

## II.

On the 18th November, 1840, two battalions of Zouaves, each five hundred strong, commanded by Messrs. Renaud and Leflo, took possession of the city of Medeah, where, under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Cavaignac, who had been appointed to this superior command, they were to be garrisoned for the winter. It is the custom to call Medeah a city, but to describe properly this heap of ruins and tumble-down houses, a name should be expressly invented. The Zouaves relieved the 23rd, and an officer of this regiment rendered me an essential service, by leaving behind him a sheepskin, a table, a few wooden benches, two boxes, and some kitchen utensils—precious resources in the midst of the general want of all such articles.

On the 19th, the army left us, abandoning its bivouac, to return to Algiers. At half-past seven o'clock, the last files of the rear guard dis-

appeared behind Mount Nader. The last image, the last souvenir of France, seemed to remove away into the distance with them. Heaven grant us some adventures! for otherwise there will be little to occupy or divert us. Even this morning we have been able to judge of the extent of our territory. Colonel Cavaignac, having ordered one of the pieces of artillery to be charged—"fire," said he to Captain Liedot, "at full range;" and as the ball fell to the ground whilst we were looking on. "Behold the limit of our possessions," he added, turning towards us, and pointing to the dust which the fall of the ball had raised.

Our barrack is really in a frightful condition; or rather there is no barrack; hardly can the men find a shelter in it; and as for the hospital, it is in a state to shudder at; but there is no use in repining or complaining; we must make the best of our position, such as it is. Happily we have provisions of good quality, and thanks to the care taken of the troops, we hope that a supply of meat will not fail us.

Fifty hammocks have been distributed to each company; every man has received a sack and half a camp bed furniture. The transports of the army have not yet brought up the full complement of these articles; ten blankets to each com-

pany are wanting; but the industry of the Zouaves supplies all deficiencies; the old sacks sewed together have been filled with dry herbs, and transformed into light coverings; old woollen cloths found in the town form the lining of the sacks, and this new invented bed clothing is a good substitute for the deficient blankets.

At dawn of day, our labours and the organization of our little colony commenced. Operatives picked out from each company, are at their work; and our gardeners, under the superintendence of Captain Peyraguay, have already traced out the circumference of the garden. Even the bullocks' hides are turned to use. After carefully undergoing the necessary preparation they are delivered over to soldiers transformed into shoemakers, to keep the shoes of the troops in repair. Upon the whole, the Zouaves are gay and full of alacrity. The service is not particularly fatigueing, and by the help of a good "*esprit de corps*" we may perhaps pass the time of our exile, if not very agreeably, at least without much *ennui*.

We discovered to-day, whilst taking a walk under the walls of the city, a little ravine full of woodcocks and partridges. This happy discovery gave us as much joy as the dove which brought the olive branch into the ark could have done to

Noah. But this was altogether a lucky day for us, for by the telegraph from Ain Telazit we got the following dispatch.

"The Army has entered Blidah without resistance."

"The majority of the Chamber has supported the new Ministry."

"The Duchess of Orleans has been delivered of a son, the Duc de Chartres."

Had we been in France, or even at Algiers, we should have received these bits of news with a good deal of indifference. But our isolation had now lasted six days, and we looked forward to passing long months without receiving any other *souvenir* from home; so anything coming from France gave an electric emotion to our hearts, corresponding to what was felt, we supposed, by others at so great a distance. This evening, the welcome telegraphic intelligence which we received as a friend from a far country, put us upon anecdotes about telegraphic dispatches; and the mistakes that sometimes occur in seeing, or not seeing and interpreting them. Here is one of the anecdotes I allude to.

Every one has his hobby. General Duvivier had one for blockades; this was first shown at Blidah, and afterwards at Medeah. When ap-

pointed commandant he declared that he would not see the telegraph of Ain Telazit, and that he should certainly have to sustain a regular siege in due form. The great arms of the telegraph swayed about in vain; the city was blind and dumb. At last Marshal Valée getting impatient telegraphed the following dispatch. "By an ordinance of the 16th, you are appointed—" (interrupted by the fog). Now just at this time General Duvivier was expecting his promotion to the rank of Lieut. General. Immediately Medeah the blind saw, Medeah the dumb spoke, and the General demanded explanations. The telegraph quietly replied, "you are appointed grand officer of the legion of honour," and then followed a series of orders.

The weather, as I finish my installation in my new quarters, is most wretchedly bad. The ornaments of my room are a broken glass, and four lithographic prints from *Charivari*; my table is made of a biscuit case; the wind enters not very immoderately through the window, and the chimney is good. I am thus comfortably lodged. Whist, and three other games, which must constitute all our entertainment whilst in Medeah, will no doubt often be played here.

A highway robber, who has come here to sell a

stolen mule, informs us that the Bey of Milianah Sid-Embarek, is at the bridge of Cheliff, and El-Berkani, Khalifat of the East for Abd-el-Kader, is only at three leagues distance from us on the south. This man is a robber as any of us would be a magistrate. Robbery is a profession he follows with honour, making a merit of his audacity and courage.

Whilst it held up for a little while, I made the tour of the ramparts, and in one of the angles of a battlement under a magnificent cypress, I discovered the tomb which General Duvivier had raised over the body of Colonel Charpenay, who was killed before the city. On the tomb is the following inscription.

AN ADIEU
FROM A GRATEFUL COUNTRY,
TO CHARPENAY,
LIEUT. COLONEL, 23rd LINE
COM. BAT., 3rd JULY
1840.

Near this tomb, and surrounding it as their occupants did their colonel, on the day of battle, are the tombs of four officers, of the same regiment, who fell in the same affair.

The rain forces me to return within doors. It has lasted now many days, and makes us very uneasy about our flock. The partitions of the houses being removed that the cattle might find shelter in them, a precious discovery has been lit upon: salt in large quantities. This has been carefully gathered up, and conveyed to our store-house, and the soldiers hope yet to light upon a good deal more.

Two native Zouaves, who are to be set at liberty in the month of January, have offered to carry dispatches for us to Blidah, for the marshal. If they succeed in their mission they are to be set free at once. The colonel is to send them off at midnight. God grant the brave fellows may reach their destination safely! They carry a letter for my mother; may they escape every danger! It will make her so happy to have news of me; even a word. They are full of confidence, and consider themselves already as safe and sound at Blidah, but they have to us the interest which belongs to men who devote themselves to perilous enterprises.

Since we have been at Medeah our days have been passed in organizing our encampment. Only a few insignificant shots had been exchanged with marauding Arabs at our advanced posts, till the

13th, when a general action appeared to be at hand. The heights were covered with Kabyles, led on by cavaliers. The garrison were called to arms, and a rather sharp engagement ensued. Many of our men were wounded, but the Zouaves proved, by pursuing the enemy for about a mile, that they were not to be insulted with impunity.

This episode over, our mode of life has assumed all its old monotony, and household cares, so to speak, occupy us entirely. This morning we were making oil from bullocks' feet. The way is simply this: the feet must be boiled in water, and the fat which rises to the surface skimmed off. When clarified this oil is good enough for salads and other culinary preparations, and as such it will be used for the army. We have also fabricated shot for field sports; which we were quite without. This process is also very simple. First a frame must be made to hold a common-sized playing card. This must be pierced with holes oiled on both sides, and powdered over with hydrochlorate of ammoniac. When thus prepared the melted lead should be dropped through it into a cup of water. The cup should be placed, at most, four or five inches below the frame, and when the lead is poured out the frame put into as regular an oscillating movement as possible. The

lead has then to be passed through moulds of various sizes; but the degree of fusion is the essential point, to attain which the lead must be allowed to cool till it can merely scorch the card in passing through it.

Whilst we sportsmen are at work for our pleasure, the Zouaves are repairing their equipments, and even inventing some of a new sort. The colonel had ordered sacks to be given to the men, and out of this coarse stuff and bullocks' hides, each soldier is to have a pair of gaiters made for him. A Zouave, formerly a button maker, superintends the work. Thread for the purpose is made out of old cannon wadding, and hemp, of which a good deal used in grooming the horses was found in the stables. A picture droller and more grotesque than our workshop could not be conceived. Fancy a company of old veteran Zouaves, with their long moustachios, thick beards, bronzed complexions, scarred and cicatrised faces, sewing gaily away, like so many old women. We have really a valiant body of them, good in danger, good to bear fatigue, and whom no situation, however difficult, can embarrass. Well commanded, they will do wonders, and will, we hope, acquit themselves worthily in the new duties imposed upon them.

A deserter arrived here on the 17th; a Tripoli man, who had been carried off with a whole caravan, in the South. After many adventures he was brought to Berkani, and forced to take service among the regular troops of the Emir. This man is of great use to us in the survey we are making of the district of Nador; a country magnificently cultivated, where there are traces of very well planned watercourses. No doubt tradition has preserved among the Arabs a system of irrigation, like that which is found in Catalonia and at Roussillon. When giving many curious details respecting the engagements he had been in, this deserter confirmed the report that English officers were in the camp of Abd-el-Kader; a fact already announced by Marshal Valée. One of these officers was, on the 27th of October, at the wood of Olives. He had been escorted by a Jew from Gibraltar, had passed through Morocco, and was dressed as a civilian. The deserter saw him for two days, and he only disappeared when our division arrived in sight.

A telegraphic dispatch has just reached us, announcing the arrival at Algiers of the colours so long promised to the Zouaves. This news has come to each of us as a piece of personal good fortune, and all participate in the joy expressed by Colonel

Cavaignac, in his order of the day: "To the officers, sub-officers, and soldiers, the Colonel hastens to communicate this joyous intelligence. Some will see in it the just recompense of long and glorious services; others learn what it has cost to deserve such a recompense, and consider how much more it will cost to continue worthy of so honourable a distinction—all joining in a unanimous sentiment of energetic devotion to the glory of our arms in Africa, and to the honour of a corps whose constitution has just received the highest sanction."

On the 23rd inst., just at nightfall, the two Zouaves started for Algiers; they are both true soldiers, one a Turk, and the other an Arab. The latter wished to set out alone. 'Why so?' he was asked. 'It's my fancy; I like to succeed alone or to die alone. 'But if you happen to meet with any unforeseen danger, you would encounter it more readily, and overcome it more easily, with, than without a companion.' 'As for that, I am not afraid. I know well that my destiny is marked out, and I am ready to submit to it when it pleases God. What I tell you is so true, that I will return if you like,' said he to the Colonel, 'and you may tell the Marshal that I will be his courier as long as he likes, only I must pass

a week at Algiers with my mistress, and that every time."

This week, the nights with his mistress, the days in a café, with perfumed beard, otto of roses exhaling from his cambric, regaling his ears with the wretched music of a guitar, smoking a hundred pipes of tobacco, and drinking alternately and incessantly coffee and anisette, would be his week of indulgence, luxury and drowsy intoxication, to be succeeded immediately without transition, without a moment's regret, by a week of activity, privation, sufferings, and constant dangers.

Ben Chergui, our Arab, was with difficulty pursuaded to take a pistol; he wished to set out without arms altogether. Two days afterwards the telegraph announced the arrival of our two Zouaves at Blidah, but brought us no news from France. What was all the world about there? What is going on? Heigh ho! this is a weary life here. The other day I heard a native Zouave chaunting this song:—

"Oh wind make my compliments to my friends and ask them whither they are gone?

"Whether in Arabia or in Persia, or wherever they may have stopped.

"Tell them I think about them, and leave a thought of me behind with them.

"From all the birds that fly I ask news of you, and not one tells me anything.

"Caress with thy sweetest breath her to whom I have given my heart.

"Oh wind, you go always towards her, and you never return."

This ancient Arab ballad filled me for the whole evening with sadness, and I shut myself up in my room to think of those I love; my mother, my sisters, and one who calls up a souvenir tenderer still. They have no idea in France of the tortures of our life in this place. To be always in the presence of the same faces, of persons whom one esteems and likes, but whose every joke one has heard so many times, is dreadfully monotonous. To be at large and yet in a prison, and whole days without the slightest aliment for thought! To be thus buried alive, close to the world, at a few leagues distance from news; yet to hear none, is, believe me, a very hard lot, that may make the stoutest at times give way to repining. Our physical sufferings are doubtless bad enough; against rain, cold, and snow, hardly a shelter, and alarms keeping us constantly on the alert; but our bodies have been long innured to this; the isolation alone is oppressive beyond description.

The moment's weakness is over. When a storm

mutters thunder in the air, a beneficent rain gives freshness to the earth. From time to time the heart must needs groan a little, but the great work before us, is inspiring enough to rouse it up to renewed energy. Will they ever know in France, how much blood, sweat, and tears, Africa has cost

## III.

Four days after Christmas day the troops were all assembled at three o'clock in the morning on the *place d'armes* with slung muskets, cartouche pouches at the belt, and in perfect silence. We were about undertaking a razzia by the valley of Ouzera on the northern slopes of the Nador. Thanks to a thick fog and a strong east wind, no enemy's post noticed our march, and the little column, divided into three bands, was able to reach the position agreed upon without molestation. The dawn had not yet appeared; and each of us, crouching with an ear to the ground, listened for the slightest noise indicating human existence. Seeing us thus, one might have taken us for bandits; and indeed there was something of the freebooter, of "Diana's foresters," of "gentlemen of the shade," in the work we had in hand. But war is war, and he wages it best who most injures his foe. Our first column having ad-

vanced too much to the right, two companies were sent as soon as day broke to surprise some Kabyle huts in the neighbourhood. Their inmates were just beginning to stir out, and one of them holding a torch in his hand, found himself suddenly face to face with one of our soldiers. It is impossible to describe his dismay; the torch fell from his hand, he remained motionless, with open mouth and hanging arms. At last he cried out "*Roumi! Roumi! Roumi!*"* At this cry women, men, children rushed forward precipitately *pêle mêle*, flying towards a wooded ravine on the left of their huts. But their retreat was cut off, and all their cattle fell into our hands.

We should only have had to congratulate ourselves on the events of this day, which besides haicks and bournous, of which our men stood in great need, had supplied us with meat in abundance, if we had not had to deplore the loss of M. Ouzarmeau, who was shot by a Kabyle. His tomb is beside that of Colonel Charpenay. M. Ouzarmeau is the first officer we have lost at Medeah; God grant that he may be the last!

* *Roumi*, foreigners—a corruption of the Latin word *Romani*.

*Bon jour, Bon an!* a happy new year is the salutation all exchange with all this morning, for this is new year's day, the great holiday of children, and the great bore of adults and aged persons. But bore, or pleasure, it is a family fete day, and here, far from our families, we cannot but think of them. Are those we love even alive? For nearly two months we have had no news.

At daybreak at six-o'clock, the orderly of Colonel Cavaignac came to inform him that Sergeant Stanislas wished to speak to him. "What can he want with me?" said the Colonel; "but show him in."

"Colonel, I have come to give you news from Algiers, and to ask your forgiveness."

The Colonel then recollected that Stanislas, in consequence of a wound, had remained with the depot at Algiers, He was a brave non-commissioned officer, energetic, but hot-headed, who, a few months before, had gained a cross by his brilliant conduct in action. He had afterwards, for I know not what offence, been condemned to the *Salle de Police.* "An under officer, decorated, in the *Salle de Police!*" said he to himself, "is dishonoured; I will not go there." And to avoid this, Stanislas had found no other means

than that of joining the battalions engaged in the field. Behold him then on his road, alone, without arms, in the uniform of a Zouave, stick in hand, traversing all the Sahil, the plain, the mountain range, and finally reaching Medeah. He ran a thousand risks of perishing. But what mattered that? He had left his cross at Algiers, that if killed, it might not be a trophy for the Arabs. "My head; bah!" said he, "they may take that if they can; but as for my cross, that is another matter."

The cold and the rain puts the endurance of our Zouaves to a very severe test; the ground has been for many days covered with snow two feet deep. But on the 16th, we are to make another razzia. The Iman of Medeah, one of the prisoners of our last sortie, is to be our guide. The offer of this service has come from himself, and the following conversation on the occasion took place between him and Colonel Cavaignac.

"You have offered to be our guide," said the Colonel; "are you still of the same mind?"

"Yes; and I am ready to start."

"But perhaps you fear I should be displeased at your changing your intention, and dare not avow your repugnance to this service?"

"I fear nothing, and am disposed to abide by my promise and my offer."

"Reflect before you decide finally; forget that you are my prisoner, and that I am governor of Medeah."

"There is no need of forgetting; I am quite ready to be your guide."

"Imagine that you are on the mountain as free as a bird, and that I am shut up in the city."

"No need of all that, I am ready."

"But reflect; many of your countrymen may be killed in this expedition, and that you may reproach yourself with it afterwards, and even suffer from remorse.

"No matter, I am ready."

"You may be recognised by your people; ponder well what you are about."

"No matter, I will go."

"Consider also, keep the conviction uppermost in your mind, that if you attempt to deceive me, you will not have an hour to live."

"Put me to the test."

"Then you are quite determined?"

"Yes."

"What reward do you demand if we should succeed?"

"Liberty for a day to fetch two of my children whom I want here."

"Do you want anything now?"

"Yes; a pair of shoes to cross the mountain, and a Zouave capuchin, that I may not be taken for an enemy, and killed by your soldiers."

"Good; get ready."

"Good day."

An hour afterwards the Colonel assembled all the officers at his own quarters. He communicated to them his project, and gave them their instructions. The force was to be divided into two columns, one of reserve, commanded by the Colonel himself; and the other destined to execute the razzia under the orders of Commandant Leflo. At two o'clock in the morning the party was to be under arms, and on their route immediately afterwards. Before their departure, the following instructions were given to the officers commanding companies, composing the first column.

Absolute silence.

Coughs to be smothered in the folds of a turban.

No pipes.

Shots on the march not to be returned; silence

to be more strictly kept in case any should b heard, and pace quickened.

The first object—to take prisoners; kill only at the last extremity.

After prisoners, the capture of cattle is most important.

The razzia succeeded beyond all hope. It seemed for a moment, however, to have failed. Our guide either lost his way, or deceived us. Just as we were about to shoot him for his mistake or rather for his treason, we fell upon a peopled district; and thanks to the measures taken by our commandant, we made, despite our small number, considerable captures. At eight o'clock in the morning we rejoined the Colonel, bringing with us thirty-four prisoners, a hundred and seventeen oxen, ten horses, mules, thirty asses, and fifteen hundred sheep and goats, having killed besides about twenty Arabs. There was abundance for three months. Joy was on all faces, and our ordinary dinner became a festival. By order of the Colonel, twenty sheep were distributed to each company; to each officer were given two milch goats; and the non-commissioned officers of every company received a like present.

After this expedition our troops resumed their habitual occupations. The Kabyles seemed for

a moment inclined to attack us, but in spite of the blows of the Berkani horsemen driving them on, but few insignificant exchanges of shots took place. On the other hand, the frost and snow recommenced in earnest. At last the thaw came; it was time, for our cattle were at the last extremity.

On the 30th, the Kabyles reappeared, driven on by the cavaliers; the next day the firing was very sharp; it lasted about an hour; parleys then took place, at several points at the same time.

A band of cavaliers remarkable for their fine horses and white cloaks, approached a redoubt and asked for news of the prisoners, especially of one named Ben-Abbes, whom they wished to see.

"Come and see him in the town: you will be well received and free to return afterwards."

"We wish to see him here."

"In that case, if you do not vanish instantly, our guns will open upon you."

And two minutes afterwards a bomb burst near them, and they galloped off at full speed. Not far off, a Kabyle, who had laid down his gun, approached one of our sentries, and the following conversation ensued.

"Put down your gun also, and come to me."

"So! But have you no pistol concealed about you?"

"No, I swear I have not, I am a true man; shame upon him who breaks his word."

"What do you come here for? Why do you not remain peaceably at home to cultivate your fields, and tend your flocks?"

"I cannot; the soldiers of Abd-el-Kader force me to fight with you."

"But why do they not come themselves? Are they women or cowards?"

"Certainly they are stronger than we are."

"Why then do you not yield, and come with your wives and flocks; we will give you land and will protect you."

"Yes, and afterwards you will return to Algiers, and abandon us to the Emir, who will kill our children and carry off our wives."

"Why do you not, then, get protection from his soldiers?"

"His soldiers are like an old lock, which cannot shut the door and leaves the house open."

At this moment the comrades of the Kabyle called him away. He caught up his gun and returned to the battle. In other places, after the manner of Homer's heroes, the combatants insulted each other in grand style. These people do not seem much disposed to fight; never-

theless one of them came forward to day, twisting his firelock fantastically about and above his head like a man resolved to do valiantly. One of our soldiers threw himself before him, advanced fifty paces, and fired. "Ah!" groaned out the Kabyle, falling to the ground, "I am killed," and his gun fell from his hands. We thought he was hit, and said to the Zouave, "Run up and disarm him." But he, scratching his ear, replied: "That animal there has played me a trick, I have not hit him. Ah rogue! rogue! found out! found out!" And he reloaded his piece without stirring. The cunning Kabyle then rose up, seized his firelock, fired in his turn, and ran off laughing heartily.

These little combats amused us a good deal. But on the 4th of February we were all thrown into great agitation. Towards the close of the day, numerous fires were perceived at about two leagues from the city, on the road of Milianah. The garrison ran to the ramparts. Doubtless it is the column that has revictualed Milianah! it has come to visit us on its return! The joy of the passenger after a long sea voyage, when land first comes in sight, is nothing to what ours was. In all the streets, there was only one cry:—"The Column! the Column!" and a Zouave near me replied to one of his comrades, "*Silence: you*

*make me tremble for fear it should not be true.*" Those alone who know what isolation is, can know what we felt. God grant that we may at last receive letters and news!

Alas! the fires were not those of a French column, but of a battalion of El Berkani.

On the 5th of February, at the break of day, the Cavaliers and the Kabyles fired several shots at our advanced posts. The attack shortly after became livelier, and it was evident that in the course of the day a serious engagement would take place. At nine o'clock, all soldiers fit for the field were under arms, and we marched upon the enemy. Numerous contingent Kabyles, and a regular battalion, well ambushed and well posted, were before us. The action that ensued was extremely sharp, and if a second regular battalion, hitherto concealed, had delayed a few moments its movement to cut off our rear guard, we might have lost many men; but our little battalions facing the enemy in every direction, maintained their superiority, and a few heavy discharges of musketry soon dispersed them, not, however, before many had been killed. We also lost a few, and had about twenty wounded. Whilst we were fighting, a telegraphic dispatch announced the departure of Marshal Valée, and the appointment

of Marshal Bugeaud as his successor; the government being in the meantime carried on by General Galbois. The name of General Bugeaud inspires confidence; the future will show whether he deserves it. Up to the 13th of February, nothing new. A few parleys for the exchange of prisoners, a few talks with the Arabs, but nothing decisive, nothing important. On the 13th, another important dispatch made known the departure of a courier from Algiers, bringing a letter to Medeah—the arrival of General Bugeaud, and his determination to carry on the war with redoubled vigour in April, and finally that Europe enjoys peace. This dispatch, placarded immediately on the *Place d'Armes*, and transmitted to all the posts, stirs up a general enthusiasm. Every one is proud now of his fatigues and sufferings, since he feels confident they will not be in vain. In the evening, all the officers met at the Colonel's. It was quite like a family fête.

Being told this morning that to-day is *Mardi Gras* (Shrove Tuesday), we all thought it incumbent on us to laugh and be gay. But, alas! we are told at the same time that there is no more tobacco. Of all privations this may appear the lightest; nevertheless it is the one most felt by soldiers. Some tried to satisfy their want by

smoking the dried leaves of the vine and the fenel; and among our Arabs many smoked hemp which they had carefully preserved, in pipes of about the size of a thimble.

Letters have at last reached us, and French journals. The whole garrison seems seized with vertigo. All are chatting and commenting on the news. As for me, I have not closed an eye the whole night; I have not yet recovered from my emotion. Joy is on all sides, and on all sides hope. The death of our two last couriers, which we have just learnt, has not discouraged our Arabs. Three men are to start this evening for Blidah; one Kabyle of the country named Hamed, and two Zouaves, who have just brought us our letters. Their departure was a solemn one. One of the two Zouaves, just as he was leaving the Colonel's, having his gun already in his hand, took a piece of bread, cut it in four, and giving a bit to the interpreter, who accompanied them to the door, and a bit to each of his two comrades, "Moussa" (Moses), said he to the interpreter, "I make you witness of the equal division I have made of this bread; let each of us eat it, and may it become poison to him who has anything in his head he dares not avow." Then passing his hand over the fire, "May fire, air, and water,

suddenly destroy him who has a thought of betraying his comrades." Thereupon each stretched out his hand to the others, and swearing to stand by each other or die together, they left the apartment.

The Kabyle Hamed, one of the couriers, was well known to us at Bouffarik. This lad has a fine, frank, laughing countenance, and a good character; but having got a taste for brandy, he prefers the life of Algiers to any other. There, indeed, anisette, women, and music, all night long, are to be had at little cost. Having had experience of this, the recollection of Algiers haunted him on his return to his mountains, and he one day ventured to propose to his wife that he should take refuge at Blidah among the French. His wife in alarm denounced him to the chief of the tribe, and Hamed was seized, flogged, robbed of all his fortune—a few sheep and a cow—whilst his wife was taken from him and given to another. Poor and abandoned Hamed came over to us, first to satisfy a sentiment of vengeance, and then to make his fortune—that is, to gain, at the peril of his life, as promptly as possible, a thousand francs. As soon as he has amassed this sum, it is his purpose to carry off a mistress he has his eye upon in a neighbouring tribe, and then to establish himself with her

at Blidah. This mistress, more loving and devoted than his legitimate wife, has consented to follow him. At each journey Hamed calls on her, and gives her a silk handkerchief, or some such little present. In return, he gets eggs, cakes, and above all, caresses, which never fall short. He then returns happy, confident, and ready to recommence his adventurous courses. But he always adds a condition: that we will never ask him to pass over the mountain by night. Why? For this reason:

The hill of Mouzaia was the theatre of the principal operations of the campaigns of last year. Many fell there, and the roads on the north and on the south, and even the smallest ravines which adjoin the mountain, are full of bodies horribly shrivelled and distorted by the sun, and atrociously mutilated. This shocking spectacle, so revolting to all, has acted with extraordinary force on the Arab imagination. A legend is current among the natives that these unburied dead can find no mercy with God on account of their mutilation, and that they assemble every night on the top of the mountain to groan and weep together. An unfortunate Arab passing there a short time before, heard the lamentations of these desolate skeletons. Fear drove him mad,

but in a lucid interval he told how that, for more than an hour, he had been pursued by their groans. In vain he fled; every bush uttered a sigh or a sob; at last he lost his senses, and was found in the morning stretched senseless on the ground by the wood of Olives. This story has gained a fixed belief through the country, and hence Hamed's stipulation, that he shall never be asked to cross the hill by night.

About a month ago two European deserters arrived here; the one from the Zephyrs, and the other from the foreign legion. The name of the latter is Glockner. He is a Bavarian, the son of an old commissariat in the service of France, and the nephew of one of the most distinguished military men of Bavaria. His history is almost a romance. He was first a student in the school of cadets of Munich; in consequence of some pranks he was sent thence into a regiment of light horse. His ardent imagination, and his love of adventures, soon, however, drew him into new troubles, and he deserted, and went over to the service of France. Being coldly received, as all deserters are, he was enrolled in the foreign legion. On his arrival in Africa his reception was still worse, and one fine morning, attracted no doubt by a desire to explore the unknown—the will-o'-the-wisp of his existence,—he passed over to the

Arabs. With them he remained three years. Carried off afterwards by the Kabyles, he was sold in one of the markets of the interior to a chief of the tribe of Beni-Moussa. After the lapse of a year he contrived to escape from the tent of his master, and started off, barefooted, a rug on his shoulders, a camel's halter by way of a turban round his head, and a pilgrim's staff in his hand, towards the south, wherever that direction might lead him. In this way he advanced as far as the desert, stopping every evening among some new tribe, announcing himself by the habitual salutation of the Musselman, "Ho! master of the *Douar!* here is a guest from God!" In this character he was always well received, was sure of food and shelter, and went away the next morning without ever being asked "Whence come you?" or, "Where are you going?" That concerned nobody, and nobody inquired about it. Following his destiny, Glockner traversed a part of the Sahara, and reached the city of Tedjini-Ain Mhadi; thence he proceeded to Boghar, Taza, Tekedempt, Mascara, Medeah, and Milianah. Being subsequently compulsively enrolled among the regulars of El-Berkani, he took part in the two campaigns of 1839 and 1840. He was decorated by Abd-el-Kader for a wound he received

on the 31st December, 1839; and thus, having wandered far, he returned to us like the prodigal son, groaning over his follies, and praying to be received as a common French soldier. When any one spoke to him of returning to the legion, "Oh, no," said he, "send me not back to the legion, I pray: let me enter a French regiment, or be enrolled among your Zouaves, whose name is known all over Europe. You will be content with me I am sure." He is now on the muster roll of that regiment, as a native, under the name of Joussef. He is but twenty-one years of age, as fresh as a child, as timid as a young girl, and altogether marvellously simple both in manners and speech.*

* The close of the history of Glockner is worthy of its commencement. Among the Zouaves his conduct was admirable. In every action at which he was present he deserved honourable mention of his name. He first became corporal, afterwards sergeant, and was sent to Tlemcen when the 3rd battalion was forming. Recommended by Colonel Cavaignac to General Bedeau, he rendered great service by his intelligence, and by his knowledge of the Arab language. His father, who had been written to in Bavaria, had confirmed the truth of his story. He was now in prosperous circumstances, and treated with great consideration by every one, when one fine day he decamped with a political prisoner just set at liberty, and betook himself to Morocco. He sojourned there a long time. He was at last discovered at Tangiers and sen

We are on the tiptoe of expectation. The city has an unaccustomed look; a festive expression is on all faces. Every one is engaged in collecting together his little all, especially the Zouaves, who, like the Greek philosopher, are ready to carry all their worldly possessions away on their backs; the meaning of all which is, that a telegraphic dispatch has announced the speedy arrival of General Bugeaud, the end of our exile, and our return to human life.

On the 3rd of April, after five months of isolation, we again rejoined our friends and comrades. General Bugeaud, reviewing our ranks, and noticing the energetic attitude of our soldiers, charged Colonel Cavaignac to thank us, in the name of the army, for the new proofs given of Zouave courage and devotion. The greater part of this praise is well due to Colonel Cavaignac, for in the firmness of his conduct, his noble example, and his paternal encouragement, we found our most powerful support.

as a deserter by our Consul back to the army. He would have been tried by a court martial, had he not, in consideration of his former services, been allowed to plead his adopted character of Arab. His mania for travelling is really extraordinary; he never sees, he declares, an unknown place, without a passion to explore it taking possession of him.

Our trumpets have sounded the march, and our battalions are in movement to resume their place in the column, where one can still speak of nothing but the wound General Changarnier received two days ago. The regulars had had rather a sharp engagement with our troops near the Olive wood. The horse of the Commandant Latour Dupin had just been killed. A second afterwards, when General Changarnier was explaining a movement to one of his officers, he was struck by a ball just under the shoulder. He owes his life to a thick Tunis cape (caban), which deadened the force of the shot. The face of Doctor Ciccaldi when on the news of this wound he hastened to the General, was, I am told, curious to behold. The General had dismounted under a large olive tree. "Well, doctor, tell me your opinion, and put on your dressings quick, for the affair still continues, and I have orders to give." The doctor tried to hide his anxiety, though his face fully expressed it; he sounded, however, the wound, and no sooner had he done so, than a frank honest smile succeeded the fictitious one he had been endeavouring to assume. "General, it is nothing," he exclaimed quite joyously; "the bone is not touched, and in two months you may be on horseback." "I shall be

there, I hope, my dear sir, sooner than that." And the wound being dressed and the doctor thanked, the General remounted his horse, and gave his last orders with his habitual *sang froid* and energy.

His reception of us is full of cordiality. He hopes that we shall be recompensed for all that we have gone through for five months, by brilliant combats yet in store for us. It is impossible to describe our emotions; there is a confusion of news, of questions, and of answers; we know as yet nothing; we have every thing to learn. In the evening we felt as much fatigued as if we had had a long march.

This morning, just after the *reveillie*, whilst the 53rd were taking up their quarters at Medeah, the head of our column was moving in the direction of the hill. In two days we shall be at Blidah.

Here I am in a little room, quite astonished at not seeing the rain fall through the roof—in a house so solidly built, that it may set storms at defiance. Whilst endeavouring to gather up my souvenirs, I hear all around me the songs and loud hoarse laughs of those unshipped Corsairs, our Zouaves. All their back pay has been paid up to them. For five months they have been

without wine, without brandy, almost without tobacco, not even having white bread to soak in their soup; and now three days are given them to forget their privations, or to drown the recollection of them in copious libations. Since yesterday no reveillie, no retreat, no service; all the men are brothers. They embrace each other and roll together under tables, where in a single repast they will probably spend the forced savings of a whole winter. The day after to-morrow, inexorable discipline will resume its sway; every one will forget the licence he now enjoys, and in a week's time, our equipments being repaired, we shall be soon ready for new expeditions already announced to us.

## THE CAID OSMAN.

### IV.

"It is with grief," says Montaigne, "as with stones, which receive colours brighter or duller, according to the leaves on which they may have lain, for it only holds as much place in us as we give it." The African army has proved the truth of these words. It has gone through the severest trials without blenching, supporting sometimes unheard of fatigues, without glory; at others, overcoming great dangers by matchless intrepidity. But if the fortitude and endurance of this noble infantry are to be praised, how many times too has the cavalry shown itself, by its courageous impulses, the worthy inheritor of French impetuosity.

Two elements in the African cavalry unite to give success to our arms: the French element, and the Arab element, the Spahi, and the Chasseur.

Those fine soldiers in blue jackets could not, despite their courage, have executed alone those bold *coups de main*, which have gained them so much renown. To drive the Indian from the forests of America, the Indian was necessary; and the Arab in Africa is necessary to confront the Arab. To the arm that strikes, the eye that discovers and guides is essential. In this necessity the Spahi corps originated. Money drew the Arab cavaliers to us at first. Their discipline was less severe than ours, and all their uniform consisted in a red bournous and bannerole, ever ready to be lifted up at the slightest sign from their chief. In his Arab character, the Spahi could execute any mission without exciting suspicion, and might be alternately courier, guide, tracker, or scout. A few officers and non-commissioned officers were appointed over these native cavaliers, and some Europeans admitted into their ranks. Thus composed, this troop has often rendered great services. "A refuge of outcasts" they have been called; and in truth many who could hardly have supported the rigour of French discipline, found an asylum among them. Strange characters might be encountered in their ranks: adventurers, whose lives resembled stories of past times torn out of some old book.

Here to-day, there to-morrow, the soldier's destiny depends on the will of his chief. Let an order be given, and he is separated for long years from those whom he has been in the habit of seeing every day. This was the history of our squadron. The Zouaves, our friends of Haut Riou, were far away when we were beating up the country with the Spahis of Mascara.

In this squadron the singular personalities just spoken of were not wanting. Two particularly are worthy of notice. The first, Maréchal de Logis Alfred Siquot was a man very singularly original, belonging to a good family; the name of the other was Mohamed-Ould-Caid-Osman; he had the rank of a native officer. They were both equally courageous, but on every other point entirely different. Siquot, *par excellence*, was a humourist, in the sense which the English give to that word. His grave air and quiet humour procured him the soubriquet of *jovial*. His love of solitude and of action, of any-how existence, and adventures, had attached him to a soldiering life. Siquot, however, wore no veil; every one might know every thing about him. As for Mohamed-Ould-Caid-Osman, this Arab name hid a Prussian, and a life full of agitation, of duels, adventures, condemnations to death, and hangings

in effigy. Well informed and highly intelligent, there was in his abrupt manners a seeming frankness very attractive, and the bravery for which he was renowned, gained him the respect of all. On the whole, he was the true type of a soldier of fortune — a lansquenet of past times. His double-barrelled gun, as much feared by Arabs as by partridges, his dog Tom, and his valiant horse, were in the field his only friends. In garrison, a fourth affection found a place in his heart: a little Spanish girl, who never opened her mouth, and was as devoted to him as his dog. Tom, the *Chika* (the girl's name), and the Caid, then made but one; they lived, laughed, and wept together. Occasionally, however, the Maréchal de Logis Siquot would smoke his pipe with the three friends.

The African life of the Caid was well known, and stories of its many moving accidents often enlivened the long dullness of our bivouac days. On two different occasions he had been seen at Algiers, but under very different circumstances. The first time he was in all his splendour, traveling with prince Puckler Muskau, who speaks of him in his letters, designating him, however, only by initials. The second time in 1840, he carried the knapsack of a foot soldier, and was marching

towards Mount Mouzaia, in the ranks of the foreign legion. Now it is one of the great laws of nature, from which no one is exempt, that when the foot touches the earth, it is impossible to advance without a regular movement of the legs. But this necessity sovereignly displeased the Caid. In brief, the life of a foot soldier was by no means to his taste. So after a campaign, which was so severe that out of a hundred men only twenty-five remained in the company to which he belonged, the Caid got himself exchanged, and left the legion.

Behold him again free, and ready to take to the highways of new adventures. But if such had been his intention, it soon appeared that he had counted without love, without a passion which lasted him six months, from Moor to German. Half way along the coast of Mustapha, there is a neat little white house embedded in verdure, which commands a view of the bay of Algiers and all its splendours. The Armida of this charming spot was named Aicha, and never has eastern poet dreamed of a creature more enchanting. Is it to be wondered at then, that in this bower, six months were passed by our Lansquenet in peace, quiet, and repose. Every morning the smiling young damsel would come and sit at his knees;

whilst on a little Arab table, in the midst of perfumes and flowers, Osman wrote the life of a Protestant missionary, whom he had encountered in the one single grave episodical interval of his vagrant life.*

Aicha had already begun to pronounce some German words; two months more and she would certainly have been quite a German, but alas! the Prussian's love was less constant than the Arab's, for one fine morning a steamboat carried off *Cæsar and his fortunes:* that is to say Osman, a gun, and a letter of recommendation, forgotten for two years, for General Lamoriciere, whom he had known as a major in the Zouave corps.

The province of Oran in 1841, was far from being subdued. For a bold heart and a good arm, there were many opportunities of distinction. I must add, too, that Mohamed-Ould-Caid-Osman enrolled in this name among the Spahis, and Siquot, who engaged himself at the same time,

* This missionary, originally a Jew, had turned Calvinist at Bale, then Anglican, and finally a missionary with a very decent salary. He carried on a great traffic in Bibles, which he sold to Tunis merchants. The leaves of this sacred book thus served to wrap up Musselman butter and soap. The book of the Caid, published at Carlsruhe, made a noise. It was prohibited, and thanks to the prohibition, its success was immense.

were equal to their fortunes. A little time after joining, Siquot was wounded, and the Caid had his horse killed; both were exempt from duty. Illustrious heroes and unknown celebrities are sure to provoke envy. If not, ask the Maréchal de Logis Froidefond, the old grumbler, what made him say to the Caid, that he was fit for nothing but to polish his nails. On their return to Mascara, Maréchal and the Caid, in consequence of this pert remark, fought at twelve paces. Froidefond fired first, the Caid fell, and the seconds were hastening to his assistance, when, waiving them aside, "Stop," said he, "it is my turn to fire;" and, raising himself on his elbow, he stretched his antagonist dead in a second. The Caid was then carried bleeding to the hospital, where he found Siquot, who was getting well. Hearing of his wound, the Chica, who had, without knowing why, identified herself with his existence, as dogs often attach themselves to a regiment, ran to the hospital to tend him, and three months afterwards he was on his legs again.

The Caid had just become convalescent, when in 1843, the squadrons of the 4th Chasseurs, preceded by trumpeters and headed by their colonel, entered Mascara, escorting Marshal Bugeaud. Abd-el-Kader had at this time established his

centre of operations in the south of Mascara. The woods which separate the Tell* from the Sersous, were the principal refuge for his regular battalions who lived on acorns, and the plunder of the neighbouring tribes. General Lamoricière and General Tempoure, however, did not allow them much rest. But being fatigued by continual forays, the provincial cavalry—numerically far too weak—had need of several months repose to be in an effective state. General Lamoricière made consequently every effort to obtain the five squadrons of the 4th from Marshal Bugeaud, but the marshal gave a deaf ear to all his representations.

Deserters from the regulars, bringing news of the Emir, came over to us nearly every day about this time; but all their information appeared insufficient, till a Spaniard was brought in one evening to Captain Charras, the chief of the Arab bureau of Mascara. The bold black eye, and expressive features of this man, denoted intelligence and firmness. He gave us the precisest details, and confirmed all the news we had had from other

* The *Tell*—Tellus of the Romans—is a tract of our African possessions remarkable for its fertility in the production of grain. Under the name of *Sersous*, is designated vast undulations of land, renowned for their pasturage. The *Sersous*, inhabited by roving tribes and their flocks, separates the Tell from the Sahara.

quarters. Before we broke up our sitting, he was conducted to the Marshal, who questioned him himself. An hour afterwards the 4th Chasseurs were granted, and the Marshal decided upon a *hunt* of the regular battalions, the command of which had just been taken by Sidi-Embarek, the ancient and celebrated Khalifat of Milianah.

To General Tempoure this enterprise was committed. He had under his command two battalions of infantry, four hundred and fifty cavalry, fifty Spahis, Caid Osman and Siquot being of the number, and some irregular cavalry, with the chief of the Arab bureau, Captain Charras. As soon as we were on our march southward, Marshal Bugeaud and General Lamoricière betook themselves to Oran, where important interests demanded their presence.

If the *Moniteur* did not testify to its truth, if all did not agree in the same account, the recital of this march would appear a fable. The cavalry and infantry marched three days and three nights almost incessantly. In the morning we rested for an hour and a half, and in the evening from six o'clock till midnight. From the day when we discovered traces of the enemy, the drum was not once beaten; we followed their track, as the dog follows scent. Thirty Spahis preceded the column

with troopers of the Arab bureau, who *read the earth* during the night. What emotions we experienced on arriving at the first Arab bivouac! Its fires were not yet out; the enemy, whom we lost not a moment in following, had only left it on the same morning. After two nights and two days, our scouts, who scoured the country all round the column, captured two men of the Djaffras,* who refused to speak, till a musket pointed at their heads untied their tongues, when they told us that on the previous evening the regulars had been at Taouira; so we knew we were on the right road, and could not fail in coming up with them. The column on receiving this intelligence again resumed its march, preceded as usual by the Spahis. At times there were violent gusts of wind, and the rain fell in torrents; a moment afterwards the moon would light up the narrow path which wound along the hills, across the rocks, and through tangled bushes of thyme and juniper. Not a pipe was lighted, the silence was complete, or interrupted only by a fall, when a soldier, overcome by sleep even whilst marching, stumbled against some obstacle in his way. Some even of our strongest men yielded so

* A tribe of the country.

far to fatigue. The guides alone had their eyes always on the alert. At last the day appeared; a light smoke was seen. Alas! it was but a deception; the enemy's fires were burning out; the regulars had departed. Hope, which had hitherto sustained the strength of the soldiers, suddenly abandoned them, and nothing was heard but complaints and grumblings against the General. A halt being called in a hollow ground, whilst the soldiers were, in a scrambling manner, appeasing their hunger, the beaters of the country announced that quite fresh traces of the enemy's battalion, even of the night itself, had been discovered. General Tempoure hesitated for a second, but only for a second, and the order for continuing the pursuit was given. An unusual murmur then arose in the bivouac. "He is leading us all to be slaughtered," cried the soldiers; "for seventy hours we have had but a few moments rest." Nevertheless, their obedience was prompt. After an hour, the traces diverged to the south, where there was no certainty of finding water. We pushed on notwithstanding; the traces became fresher and fresher; here was an abandoned horse, and a little further a donkey. "We have them at last, the robbers," said the soldiers, and they recovered all their

alacrity. Finally, towards eleven o'clock, whilst the column was passing through a deep ravine, the guides perceived a thick smoke behind a hill. This time the enemy was really there. All fatigue disappeared, as if by magic, and in a second, at the General's order, cloaks were rolled up, primings refreshed, girths tightened, the troops drawn out in battle array, and all was ready. Three hundred infantry were to support three columns of cavalry, the centre being commanded by Colonel Tartas of the 4th. Just as the movement was beginning a musket shot was heard. One of our guides had surprised a vidette. At this moment an Arab galloped up the hill, brandishing his burnous, whilst the drums of the regulars were beating the general. A thrill ran through our ranks. The cavalry advanced at a trot. The infantry, forgetting its forced marches, followed at double quick, and from the top of the hill one might see the two regular battalions, unable to reach the opposite crest, pause in the middle of the plain. The cavalry, from a trot, drawing their sabres, broke into a gallop. A discharge of musketry from the enemy brought some down, but nothing could arrest the avalanche; every obstacle was swept before the sabres of the chasseurs, and the

Arabs fell in masses on all sides Several of their horsemen endeavoured to fly either to the left or straight on before them. In the pursuit Caid Osman rolled from his horse from a blow on the head; but M. de Caulaincourt, admirably mounted, followed the chase up with better success: one of the Emir's cavaliers fell under a stroke of his sabre to rise no more. Having outridden, however, his chasseurs, and being thus quite alone, he was surrounded by the enemy. But he neither lost courage nor self-possession. Spurring his horse, and rising in his stirrups, he cut his way dashingly through them, and was just rejoining his troop when a shot from an ambushed Arab hit him close to the eye. His horse bore him boundingly along, nevertheless, and with his flesh hanging down on his cheek, and the blood streaming over his face, he reached his chasseurs, and was immediately carried on a soldier's back to the field hospital. The scene of action was truly a field of the dead. Five hundred corpses were strewn over its narrow space, nearly all of them frightfully mutilated by the sabres of our chasseurs. Many of the flying cavaliers were stopped by the rocky heights already mentioned. Some dismounted, let their horses go, and clambered over the hill. One

alone, whose white vestments, with the splendid caparison of his horse, pointed him out as a chief, moved slowly along the wall of rocks. The Maréchal de Logis Siquot, a brigadier of chasseurs, and Captain Cassaignolles, followed him. The ground here was very heavy, and full of impediments. Laboylaye, the brigadier of chasseurs, was the first to come up. As the head of his horse touched the crupper of the Arab's, the cavalier turned calmly round, took his aim, and shot him dead. At this moment Siquot arrived, and having wounded the Arab, was shot through the left arm by a pistol ball, which killed afterwards Captain Cassaignolle's horse on the slope of a hill a little lower down. The superb horseman then having raised himself upright in his stirrups, and struck Siquot with the butt of his massive pistol on the head, received at the moment a ball right through his heart from Brigadier Gerard of the Chasseurs, who had just reached the spot. The horse of the chief had received a wound in the shoulder, which alone prevented the noble animal from carrying his master safe out of danger. "Look whether this Arab be blind," said Captain Cassaignolles. On examination it was found that he had lost an eye. "Then it is Sidi-Embarek; cut his head off!" and when this operation had

been performed with a knife Girard had in his pocket, that the Arabs might be convinced of the death of their chief, the rally being sounded, all returned to the bivouac.

The Maréchal de Logis Siquot and M. de Caulaincourt were both in the bivouac hospital. There were hopes that the life of the latter might be saved. All the officers of the chasseurs came to shake him by the hand, and cheer him up; but of this he had no need, for his firmness never forsook him. "Never mind, Lieutenant," said his orderly, who quitted him neither night nor day, in his German accent, "but we have not a chance; your grey horse is wounded; the black one is ill, and you, you are half . . . . . No, certainly, Lieutenant, we have not a chance!" Nevertheless, despite what brave Laubeinburger said, his master had a very happy escape from death in recovering from so horrible a wound. All who saw M. de Caulaincourt at that time, will attribute this recovery in good measure to his own stout heart.

The hunt over, and the regulars routed, General Tempoure lost no time in returning to Mascara, and a month afterwards many received what the Arabs call the *testimony of blood*—the cross of honour—the glory of the French soldier.

The chances of war separated us for a time from the Caid, but I heard of Siquot's return to France, where, oddly enough, his Paris friends, I am told, dubbed him with the nickname he had acquired in Africa. As for the German Lansquenet, after having marked every corner of the province of Oran with some trait of his courage,* he was fortunate enough to escape safe and

* The Catalogue of the services of Caid Osman, which I have accidentally hit upon, are the best comment on what I have said of him.

Engaged at Mostaganem by General Lamoricière with the Spahis, October 2, 1841.

Mentioned in an order of the day to the army, by General Bugeaud, as having distinguished himself in the combat of Oued-Meoussa, 8th October, 1841. Had a horse killed under him.

Mentioned with praise in the report of Gen. Bugeaud on the affair of Tegmaret, October 24th, 1841.

Brigadier, 24th December, 1841.

Maréchal de Logis, March 23, 1842.

Mentioned in the report of Gen. Lamoricière for his brave conduct. Thegighest, December 18th, 1842.

Sub-Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1842.

Mentioned in the report of Gen. Tempoure, for his distinguished bravery in the combat of Oued-Mala, against Sidi-Embarek, November 11th, 1843.

Mentioned in the report of Marshal Bugeaud, as having distinguished himself in the combat against the Marocains.

Mentioned at the battle of Isly.

sound out of all dangers. When I saw him again in 1846, Tom, the horse, and the Chica formed, as formerly, all his family. Poor Chica! she had but one object of ambition in life; it was to wear a silk gown! In garrison, Tom was the chief purveyor of provisions. He and his master used to leave home at day-break, and not return till night, fatigued, but well content with a full game bag. The Chica, after singing to herself through her lonely day, would then lay the cloth, and the three friends sup quietly together.

A few months later, after an absence of three weeks, one of our squadrons, on visiting the advanced posts, re-entered Mascara. On our way to the Cavalry Barracks, we were a good deal surprised at seeing all the officers of the garrison assembled round the little house of the Caid; but when our mutual salutations and hand-shakings were over, we learnt that the Chica, the Caid's companion, and the friend of all, was dead.

The poor little woman had been a good while ill. The day before, however, she had risen from her bed. The weather was sunny and warm, and the air full of perfumes. "Chico," said she to the Caid, "give me your arm, I must look once more at the sun." After taking a few steps, the tears, as she beheld the budding leaves and the beauty

of the day, came into her eyes, and she was led back to her arm chair. "Ah, Chico," she exclaimed, sinking into it, "I am dying," and without agony, without convulsion, smiling still, with her eyes fixed upon the Caid, she expired.

Before we had moved on, the coffin was carried out of the house; all heads were uncovered; and we made part in the procession that followed it to the grave.

The cemetery of Mascara is situated in the midst of gardens. Olive plants and various other trees of larger growth, throw a shade of inexpressible peace and repose over the spot. The grave of the Chica had been hollowed under a fig-tree. The Spahis who carried the corpse stopped, and a circle was formed. Two soldiers of the engineer corps took the light bier, and lowered poor Chica into her last dwelling place. The Caid stood at the foot of the grave. A soldier handed him the handfull of earth; the rude hand of the Spahi trembled as he took it, and when it fell upon the coffin, making that dull, dead, mortal sound, the saddest upon earth, big tears, half suppressed, rolled from the eyes of the rough veteran.

From that day, Tom, whom the Chica loved, has been the only friend of the Caid.

# THE DARHA.

## THE BOU-MAZA.

"Health to you."
"Health and prosperity."
"May peace and blessing accompany your steps."

When we had exhausted the interminable formularies of Arab politeness, we took our places on the cushions of the tent of Mustapha Ben-Dif, the leader of fifty native horsemen, who served as guides and couriers to the column of Mostaganem. The evening was fine, the air mild; a light land breeze wafted perfumes from the herbs and the flowers of the spring; the white woollen tent kept open in front by the support of long firelocks, gave a range to our view as far away as our bivouac, which was lighted up by the blue flames of the olive-wood, and gently hushed by the murmur of the sea against a wooded coast, about a quarter of a league distant.

It was here that we exchanged news with the companions of our various expeditions.

Mustapha-Ben-Dif might be thirty-five years of age. He was of the middle stature, broad and large shouldered; his restless animated features gave him, when in repose, some resemblance to a tiger watching its prey; on the slightest emotion, however, his brown eyes getting black, sparkled with sudden light, the blood rushed over their pupils, and the wild beast of combat and carnage woke up. Belonging to the *Marghzen* race of men, soldiers always at the disposition of any paymaster, be he Turk or Christian, Mustapha rendered us great services, and we always took pleasure in questioning him about the country, and in listening to his stories of past times. When therefore, in the month of April, 1845, the Mostaganem column, twelve hundred infantry, a battery of field pieces, and a squadron of the 4th chasseurs were marching upon Darha, there was joy in all our ranks on seeing Mustapha-Ben-Dif, followed by his well-known horsemen, in company with the chief of the Arab Bureau, the Commandant Bosquet.

We started at the time when the rains had set in, fearing we should meet with no resistance. The hunt itself, however, would give us,

we anticipated, abundant excitement, even if our powder should be damaged by the wet; besides we soldiers knew nothing of the new right—the right of commenting on orders—with which the revolution of February wished to gratify the army; a gratification the army, happily for France, disdained to accept. General Bourjolly's directions for the march were merely as follows: "Take care of your horses; and if occasion should present itself, surprise the enemy,"—the new Cheriff Bou-Maza, of whom so many wonderful adventures were related among the people.

Darah signifies in Arabic the North, and is applied to a mountainous tract on the confines of Oran and Algiers, between the Cheliff and the sea, extending from Tenes to the mouth of the river, which, first stretching southward, then to the west, turns at last suddenly to the north, being thus isolated on both sides. The population of this country, about fifty leagues long and eight broad, is Kabyle, and the ground, remarkable for its fertility, well cultivated. Its magnificent orchards, especially prolific in figs, furnish the principal objects of native commerce. Protected by their river, and rarely receiving visits from agents of authority, the inhabitants, however, of the Darha have another source of gain more profitable still.

Some of them rob systematically and in bands, whilst others, just as systematically, receive the stolen goods. The latter inhabit, principally, a little Arab town called Mazouna. This district was now placed under the superintendence of the Mostaganem and Orleansville sub-divisions, who had it in charge to maintain order throughout the Darha.

The authority of the Mostaganem sub-division extended over a tract, offering little worthy of remark, near the mouth of the Cheliff; that of the Orleansville detachment, on the contrary, embraced the most wild and turbulent populations. The city of Tenes, on the sea coast, at the eastern extremity of the Darha, was one of our principal points of surveillance; and when considerable operations were found necessary, the Mostaganem, Orleansville, and Tenes subdivision, by concerting a combined movement, could often strike an effective blow. It was to take part in one of these enterprises that our column was now on the march. The object Colonel St. Arnaud had in view was the capture of the Chief Bou-Maza, and the restoration of tranquillity to the tribes whom the presence of that chief had thrown into agitation. Whilst on our route, General Bourjolly gathered in some taxes which were in arrear, and

we stopped two days in the midst of delightful gardens near the source of the Ain-Tetinguel, the waters of which streamlet springing from a rock, fantastically sown with flowers, ran sparkling along for about a quarter of a league, and then fell into the sea.

But few of us met this evening at Mustapha's. Two of his relations L'hadj Mohamed and Muley Brahim, the companions of all his adventures, were listening to a stranger speaking in a low voice as if he feared being overheard. As soon as we appeared at the entrance of the tent, the stranger stopped, whereupon Mustapha immediately said:

"Speak without fear, these are my friends; I have no secrets from them."

The man addressed turned upon us a look of suspicion, and seemed still to hesitate for a moment. His personal appearance was remarkable. He had a nose like an eagle's beak, a long oval face, and prominent cheek bones. His straight open forehead was marked very peculiarly by a line very precisely drawn a little above the eyelids. Getting rid of his suspicion, for he fancied we did not understand his language, he continued thus:

"By my eyes! Mustapha I tell you I saw

him and a thrill ran through my bones. The Bou-Maza left four days ago just as the sun was setting. One hundred and fifty of his horsemen followed him. Aissa-bel-Djinn, thirsting to revenge by death the injuries he and his have sustained from Ben-Cassem, was their guide. Their hatred, you know, is deep; more than once these brothers of the same tribe have tried their strength against each other. But the Sbéahs * are prompt to anger, and an injury among them always calls for blood. The horsemen marched the whole night, and at break of day the barrels of their guns surrounded the tent of Ben-Cassem. At the barking of the dogs, we seized our arms and ran to the defence; but it was too late. Ben-Cassem, his limbs bound with cords, was already stretched on the ground. In this manner he, whom the French call the Caid, was brought before Bou-Maza. Then I heard and saw what took place."

"It is you, Bel-Cassem, who have sown evil and served the Christian. The hour of retribution has come upon you."

Bel-Cassem, raising his voice, replied,—"I sent

* A very wild tribe, always at strife; half of them are settled on the Darha, and the other half on the other bank of the Cheliff.

a messenger to you yesterday with words of friendship, and you answer them by treason. My hand has struck for my protection, but your people are more numerous than mine."

"'Son of a dog, dare you speak,' replied the Cherif, and rising up in his stirrups, 'Hear all, and let my command be obeyed! I come from on high, and I bring the will of the Powerful. Take this man; let hot iron be thrust into his flesh; let his eyes, plucked out of their sockets, hang by lappets of skin on his cheeks; and let each of his limbs be broken one by one, that each may give him separate agony.'

"Bel-Cassem was seized, I tell you; I saw it. The fire was lighted, the iron heated, and the flesh creaked under the red hot pincers. The chaous was brought in, who thrust his finger into an eye of the victim, pulled it out, and left it hanging by a string of skin on the cheek. The other eye underwent the same operation; then with a yatagan each limb was broken, one by one.

"The executioner looked at the Cherif, awaiting his further orders. Having glutted his eyes with the tortures of his enemy at last he spoke: 'You have all been witnesses of an act of justice, and let all know that every one who serves the Christian,

shall be punished in like manner. Torture in this world, and death, the door to pains, in the next, which will be eternal, will be his inevitable fate.' Then pulling a pistol out of his belt, he broke the head of Bel-Cassem with the butt of it, at a single blow. Truly this man has a *master's arm*, and the commandment speaks by his mouth.

"I thought my last hour was come, and I was resigning myself to the will of God, when one of the Cherif's people recognised me. One day, when pursued by an enemy, I had given him an asylum. He now recompensed me; he allowed me to fly. I came to you at Orleansville, and have told you all. I have letters for the soldiers of Mostaganem, who are ahead on the march to avenge the death of Bel-Cassem. I heard on my way that powder had already spoken, but have since learnt nothing."

"He did all that!" replied Mustapha, with the tone of a man who could not help feeling a certain admiration, and after having reflected he added, "What do people say about Bou-Maza?"

"His name is in the mouth of all. All hearts and hands are for him. Some say he comes from the west, others from the east. But no one knows, and if the blood of Bel-Cassem were not between him and me, I should be in his service, for the

earth cannot produce a man of heaven, and a messenger of God must come from above!"

A smile of contempt curled the lip of Mustapha-ben-dif, for he had been long enough among us to be a sceptic. As he was leaving the tent the Sbéahan stopped him, and fearing that he had compromised himself by speaking too openly, added, with the volubility of an Arab fallen into a snare,

"He is the son of the demon, and full of subtleties; he pretends to be from heaven to deceive the weak-minded, but my heart is upright. Praise be to God, I serve those who know what right and justice are."

Mustapha, cutting short all this babble, which seemed to have no end, continued, without betraying the slightest emotion, to collect all particulars about the Cherif.

"He is young," continued the Sbéahan; "his features are handsome, his look commanding. His forehead is marked with a star. It is said that prayer is constantly in his mouth; sanctity is his companion, and veneration surrounds him. Many have told me that for several months he lived with a poor woman among the Ouled Youness.* There he passed his days in visions of the

* A Kabyle tribe on the sea coast.

Lord. He prayed and waited. The first sign of his power was shown on a creature of God: on a mountain goat, who became his servant, obeying and submitting to his slightest look. Those who encountered him at that time called him in their astonishment Bou-Maza (father of the goat). But their eyes did not yet see, for the *Spirit* ordered him to remain quiet. One day, however, just when the setting sun marked the hour of prayer, the spirit commanded him to quit his retreat. Then, say these children of the subtle one, thunder was heard, and, guided by the lightnings, he went to the tent of El-hadj-Mohamed-el-Jounsi, whom, in a voice louder than the storm, he awoke from his sleep. El-hadj-Mohamed rose, and saw the fire of heaven playing about the extremity of the intruder's hand. When he spoke sparks shot out from each of his fingers. Then he believed, and called his people together, and the words of Bou-Maza won all their hearts. Thus he spoke—'Death goes before me to strike down the enemy, and to be a shield and buckler for my companions. The goods of this world shall be their recompense, and they shall inherit the joys of the next.' But all did not believe. Then, say these sowers of falsehood, a few days afterwards he undertook a razzia, when a shot being fired at him, limpid

water came out of the gun barrel, and fell at his horse's feet. The animal made a bound; the hairs of his tail became flames, and balls flew out by thousands, hitting the fugitives across the rocks. The next month he had numerous horsemen, a chaous, a secretary, a treasurer; and his great red flag was planted near the marabout of Si-Aissa-Ben-Daoud. The cursed children say also, to increase his renown, that a celestial prodigy happened in this place, and this is how they tell it. When conversing in his tent with some of his followers, a mountaineer desired to speak with him. He was invited to enter. Then taking his pistol and pointing it to Bou-Maza: 'I am told,' said the Kabyle, 'that you proclaim yourself a messenger of God. More rapid than a lion in your course you are to gorge vultures with the carcases of Christians, and that a river of blood will then wash them into the sea, whence they came. Is this true? If you come from above this pistol cannot harm you. If you have lied, the ball it contains will unmask your imposition.' Bou-Maza, rising, then said, 'Let the truth be put to the proof you have mentioned.'

"The Kabyle thereupon loaded his pistol and pulled the trigger—in vain: the pistol was mute. Three times the trigger was pulled, each time

without effect. These stories are all over the country. Many believe, and many hope."

Whilst this man was still speaking, the messenger of the Arab bureau came for him; his letters were ready: he was about to start as courier to the Orleansville column. We remained alone in the tent.

"What do you think of all this, Mustapha?" said I.

"Nothing good. I know you too well to doubt of your success; but this man will give you much trouble, for the Arab heart is tortuous. Perhaps you may now succeed in stifling the fire; but I don't think you will. It may remain for a while smouldering underneath; but considering the times that are at hand, it will require blood to quench it. For two years the Arabs have been at peace, and have had abundant harvests. Repose oppresses them, and they will join this prophet."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"But what can urge them to plunge into all these wars and conflicts?"

"You ought to know, for you know their superstitions. For my part, I can hardly help laughing when I hear them. But all have not lived with you, and delusion is their very clothing."

Mustapha was right; and when I quitted him, crossing the bivouac, already buried in sleep, I thought of the difficulties perpetually renewed, which overcome to-day, were sure to spring up under a new form to-morrow, and of our African dominions, which seemed to rest upon a moving sand bank, ever ready to give way under our feet, and swallow up all our labours. We had indeed not only to contend against the instinctive martial propensities of the Arabs, but against their superstitions and the prophecies which make part of their faith; and these were our most formidable foes, for in them they have the most absolute confidence. Some of them had announced our arrival; others had predicted our departure and the apparition of wonderful men to accomplish the regeneration of the world. One of their saints, Si-Akredar, had many years before our conquest of Algiers, announced it in the following verses, which were known all over the country.

"Their arrival is certain; for by the power of God, I know all the matter. The troops of the Christians shall come from all parts. The mountains and the cities shall be too narrow for us. They shall come with their armies from all parts, foot soldiers and horsemen; they shall cross the sea.

"They shall descend with their troops upon the coast like a violent conflagration, like flying sparks.

"The troops of the Christians shall come from their own country. Certainly the kingdom which sends them is a powerful one.

"Verily all France shall come. Thou shalt have no repose, and thy course shall not be a victorious one. They shall come all like a torrent in a dark night, as a sable cloud driven by the winds.

"They shall enter by the eastern wall.

"Thou shalt see the Christians coming all in ships.

"Christian churches shall rise. The thing is certain; and you shall see the spread of their doctrine.

"If thou wilt find protection, go into the land of Kairouan when the Christian troops advance; for the thing is certain. And after the expedition of the Christians against Algiers, they shall come to Kairouan, and spread out afresh. They shall have dominion over the Arabs by order of the most high God; the daughters of the land shall submit to them.

"After them shall appear the powerful one of the golden mountain. He shall reign for many years, according to God's will and ordinance. On all sides, the inhabited places shall be in agony,

from the east to the west. Verily, if thou livest, thou shalt see all this."

Our arrival in the country being predicted, our departure was equally so; and Si Aissa-el-Lagrhouati, another venerated saint, has confirmed the prediction in these terms:—

"Publish, O watchman, publish what I saw yesterday in a dream!

"The calamity to come is an evil which shall surpass all imaginable evils. The eyes of mortals have seen nothing equal to it. Man shall abandon his own child. A Bey in subjection to Christians shall come to us. His heart shall be hard. He shall rise up against his master of noble birth, of tender heart, beautiful and prudent, and just in all his commandments.

"Publish abroad; say, return to your rest; he who has come has dispersed them; they have taken refuge behind the salt lake; they have ascended to the top of Kahars; the Christians have abandoned Oran.

"The sultan shall be just and equitable; the Arabs shall submit to him; he shall be the destroyer of traitors, to them the exterminating sword."

The prophecies also distinctly point out the person who is to accomplish these marvels. He

is Mouley-Sâa, the master of the hour. All is described; his name, the marks which distinguish his person, his character, his features; and wandering poets have kept up this belief in chanting it from *Douar* to *Douar*, all over the country. Sidi-Boukari, the great authority, the father of the church, whose name every good Musselman has continually in his mouth, has also in his book, which contains solely the words of the prophet himself, the following prophecy:

"A man shall come after me; his name shall be like mine, that of his father like that of my father, and the name of his mother like that of mine. He shall resemble me in character, though not in the features of his face. He shall fill the earth with justice and equity."

Si-Lakredar is more explicit still:

"There shall come," he says, "a Cheriff of the race of Hassam. He shall raise himself up behind the river, and shall destroy the French with the soldiers of the Darha."

In these prophecies we have the reason why the Arabs have so little belief in the duration of our authority, and are always so ready to follow those who call themselves the Envoys of God. And this is the reason, too, why all the instigators to revolt call themselves Mohamed-ben-Abdallah, the

name of the Prophet and that of his Father. Such was the origin and the influence of the new Cheriff.

The day after our conversation with Mustapha-ben-dif, the column, on leaving Ain Tetinguel, followed a path traced by a range of hills along the sea. After an hour's march, having crossed a ravine planted with firs and mountain pines to the other side of the river, the frontier between the Orleansville and Mostaganem subdivisions, General Bourjolly established his bivouac at the foot of a cluster of mountains inhabited by the Achachas, Ouled-Ouness, and the Mediounas, tribes against which we were commencing operations. During the whole of this day we had not seen a single Kabyle. The highly cultivated fields, the orchards all in bloom, were quite deserted. The birds alone had not abandoned the country; but solitude did not grieve us, and our spirits were as light as a campaigner's ought to be. Towards noon, however, the soldier seeing great clouds travelling from the west, and overspreading the sky, shook his head very ominously, and presently the rain fell in torrents. By the time the bugle had sounded a halt, we were soaked through to the skin. The men nevertheless were at work at once. In cutting down wood, in pitching tents, in lighting large fires, and in cooking our dinners, which we had well

earned, all found interesting employment. But the resting time had not yet come for the cavalry squadron of the 4th. They had to escort the General to a rendezvous with M. de St. Arnaud, half way between the two camps. For two mortal hours our horses slipped and paddled about ways hardly passable, till we joined the Colonel, who had arrived before us with the chief of his staff, Captain de Courson, and with a squadron of Spahis which Captain de Fleury had just formed at Orleansville.

Whilst our chiefs were conferring about our future operations, the escort fraternised; and narratives of our respective adventures were interchanged. Since the 14th of April, the day in which they quitted Orleansville, Colonel St. Arnaud's division had been more fortunate than ours, for they had had three serious engagements, on the 14th, with Bou-Maza in person. The red flag of the Cheriff had had the temerity to stand a charge of our cavalry. "Woe worth the day" to the Arabs, for their bodies were left thickly strewn over the plain of the Gri, and in the evening our troopers, though fatigued by a march of twenty leagues, were alert enough to bring heaps of spoil to their bivouac. On the 17th they had lost a brave officer, Lieut.

Beatrix, the Chief of the Arab bureau at Tenes, who was cut off with four of his Moghrazenis,* and killed before there was time to rescue him.

The conference was long, and seemed very animated. Colonel St. Arnaud spoke with his usual warmth and conviction, sometimes putting his finger on the particular tracts of country on the map, which were to be the theatre of our operations, and sometimes pointing to the adjacent districts. From the spot where we had halted the view was indeed extensive. From it might be seen the table land of Bâle, one of the most important strategical positions of the whole cluster of mountains. This broad and fertile flat rests on rocky and wooded precipices. Ravines of very difficult access made it impossible to reach it, except by steep and narrow pathways; but this central point once attained, a march of a few hours could bring the troops, at the will of their General, into many different vallies. It was on the sea coast, a glimpse of which might just be caught on the horizon, beyond the steeps to the left, and above the crags and counterforts of the great mountain of Ouled

* The cavalry of Marqhzen, especially attached to the service of the police authority.

Iouness, that the companies of the Orleans chasseurs had had so sharp an engagement the evening before.

"There is, nevertheless," said Louis XIV., hearing that Vendôme, hardly arrived in Spain, had re-established the ascendancy of France in that country, "one man more." In war indeed, a valiant chief, seconded by brave soldiers, is the giant Briarius of the fable, the giant of a hundred arms, the conqueror of all dangers. The chasseurs of Orleans were happy in having for their leader, on the 18th, the commandant Canrobert;* for the rapid *coup d'œil*, his precise

* The commandant Canrobert was especially distinguished for his presence of mind under the most critical circumstances. The following trait is a good example of this. In 1848, then a Colonel of Zouaves, he was marching to Aumale-a-Zaatcha, to take part in the siege of that place. The cholera was decimating the column on the march. It was with difficulty that any advance could be made, and the beasts of burthen were encumbered by the dying, when intelligence was brought that the nomade tribes of the south were about to make an attack. An engagement, however, was to be avoided at any cost, for there were no transports for the wounded. In this dilemma, the Colonel immediately made his dispositions for action, and then, accompanied only by his interpreter, advanced to meet the nomades, addressing them in these words: "Know, all of you, that I carry the plague with me, and if you do not

orders, his energetic enthusiasm, and the confidence with which he had long inspired all, rescued them from very imminent dangers. On the 18th the Orleansville column had taken up a position towards the south of the table land of Bâle. At half-past two o'clock, Colonel St. Arnaud ordered two reconnoisances, one under the orders of Commandant Canrobert, who was to advance in a south-western direction, and in case he should not discover the enemy, to ransack the counterforts of Ouled-Iouness. A few Spahis as scouts, in advance, and three hundred infantry, formed the effective force of this little troop. The carabines of the chasseurs had a long range for the Kabyles at a distance, and their bayonets would be equally effective should they dare approach near. The Spahis sent forward as scouts had not given any notice of having seen the enemy. The Oued-met-Mour was already crossed. The section of the carabineers, who formed the advanced guard, was then slightly attacked on the right flank. All eyes turned

allow me to pass on, I will hurl it upon you." The Arabs, who had for many days traced our progress by graves freshly dug, were seized with terror, dared not attack, and allowed the column to proceed on their march unmolested.

in that direction, when cries and shouts from the narrow hollow of a wooded ravine, on the left, resounded through the air. At the same moment two thousand Kabyles rushed upon the chasseurs, who, nothing daunted by this sudden onset, being as suddenly rallied by their commandant, instantly attacked them; when, surprised at this audacity, the enemy hesitated, and our chasseurs attained the summit of a rocky flat, a good defensive post. There they were to remain till the arrival of a reinforcement, which the discharge of musketry would quickly bring from the camp of Bâle. To retreat, to traverse the ravine was impossible. This would have been devoting half the troop to death, and increasing the confidence of the Kabyles. Riflemen therefore got into ambush, two reserves being kept in readiness to support them. The balls of the Kabyles fell on the flat without effect, whilst the Orleans chasseurs, crouching on the ground, economised their ammunition, only firing when sure of their mark, so that every shot carried death. The commandant was everywhere, encouraging and animating the soldiers by inspiring words and a still more inspiring example. This obstinate defence, however, irritated the Kabyles till they became furious; when, writhing with rage, they rushed upon

their assailants in a man to man, hand to hand struggle. Then came into play the bayonet and the sweeping sabre, decimating the savages. Our ranks were thinned too. Gilmaire and Bommont, two brave officers, both fell. Eight other corpses were stretched on the little flat, and twenty more were wounded. Danger aggrandizes all men. Sergeant Lajus seeing some chasseurs in a difficult pass, sprang forward, rescued them, fell wounded twice, and owed his life to the trumpeter Danot,* whose bayonet killed three Kabyles at his feet. Captains Esmieu, Olagnier, and Choppin, were on every spot of danger; and chiefs and soldiers, confident in their own prowess, avenged their losses in the blood of the enemy. Suddenly, behind the counterfort of the mountain, the trumpet sounding the charge, and repeating the war march of the battalion, was heard. This

* This trumpeter remained with the Orleans chasseurs. On the 4th of December, 1851, on the day of the insurrection, General Canrobert had his old battalion under his command. He sought out Danot, and wishing to get him a decoration, took him to trumpet his orders. Having reached the Boulevard Poissonnière, he stood by the horse of the General at the moment when the fusillade was the sharpest; and this fine soldier, who had escaped all the dangers of Africa, fell struck by a French ball at the foot of his chief, two steps from the house where his family lived.

announced the arrival of the company of Lieutenant Bonnet, supported by Lieutenant-Colonel Claperède's regiment of the line. The lieutenant formed his judgment of the ground at a glance, and without waiting for orders, took the Kabyles, who thought he was followed by the whole French force, in flank. Upon this they hesitated; and Canrobert seeing their indecision, a company took charge of the dead and the wounded on the flat, whilst the rest assuming the offensive, charged with the bayonet, broke and routed the enemy, and rejoined the reinforcement half way down the descent. Then all returned to take up the dead and the wounded; and on falling back upon the camp, a last offensive movement made by Captain Esmieu de Cargouet terminated the combat.

At night-fall the advanced posts saw the Kabyles kindle a great fire at their stockade, on a spot well protected from our balls. The ruddy flames of the pines threw a strong light over the sinister features of the surrounding savages, and the *tam tam* was beaten furiously enough to make one's head spin round with the noise. Our soldiers looked on for a time without understanding what this meant. The ferocious joy of the enemy was, however, presently explained. The bodies of our

unfortunate comrades, two of whom had been carried off in the *melée*, were brought forward; and with shouts and shrieks, having been first hideously profaned and outrageously mutilated, were thrown into the fire. As the human flesh burns slowly, reddening only at first, the heads alone took fire, and from the eyes jets of inflamed gas shot out. This horrid spectacle filled the soldiers with fury; and they pledged themselves to each other to give in future no quarter to such monsters. And may it please you, good philanthropists, who in soft easy chairs, by the corners of good fires, well sheltered from cold rain and danger, discourse so eloquently about humanity—they were right. The soldier willingly stakes his life; he knows that he wears the livery of death, which in the day of repose is his honour and his pride; but the idea of mutilation revolts and enrages him beyond bounds.

Whilst our Orleansville comrades were thus recounting their adventures, the two chiefs had terminated their conference, and had agreed upon an expedition for that very night. On arriving at the camp the necessary orders were issued; but just as we were about to march, an Arab courier brought despatches to the General, informing him that a powerful Kabyle tribe,

the Beni-hidja, inhabiting the neighbourhood of Tenes, had been instigated by its Caid, Mohamed-Ben-hini, a fanatic possessing great influence, to attack a little camp which had been established in a valley near the city. The few Orleans chasseurs of the 5th battalion, who guarded the encampment had been obliged to retreat before an enemy twenty times their number, into a block-house, whence they could keep up a fire on the Kabyles, but could not prevent the pillage of the camp. The little daughter of a canteeneer had been seized by these barbarians, torn to pieces, and her body, bit by bit, thrown against the block-house. The road also connecting Tenes and Orleansville was occupied by the enemy, and it was possible that the insurrection might spread to the west, from Beni-hidja to the Beni-Menacers, and to Mitidja itself, if prompt measures were not taken to suppress it. Colonel St. Arnaud, informing General Bourjolly of these events, announced his intention to march immediately to Tenes, rendering it impossible to carry out the expedition that had been agreed upon for the night. Counter-orders were thereupon given, and the General modified his plan of operations. We were obliged to confine ourselves to maintaining order among the tribes of the Darha, comprised in the subdivision of Mostaganem.

A week afterwards, our column was still at the same bivouac, on the banks of the Oued Khamis, awaiting, in this stony tract—sheltered by magnificent trees, which we felled, according as we needed them, for firing—the termination of the great rains, which are called torrential, from always falling in torrents. But clouds still darkened the sky, and the waters of the Oued Khamis, turbulent, swollen, and dirty, rolled on in increasing volume daily. Our provisions, too, were beginning to diminish, and there was a fear that the great floods, the river having widely overflowed its banks, might prevent the convoy, which was bringing us supplies, from reaching us. Under these circumstances the General thought it would not be prudent to delay passing the river any longer; and a cavalry officer, mounted on one of the best horses of the column, was commissioned to find out the best place for a passage. A small escort was to accompany him, to protect him from straggling marauders, or to rescue him from the water in case of accident, for the enterprise had some danger in it. Four times the poor horse swam the torrent, and four times had to breast its way back, without finding a favourable ford. Everywhere there were large stones, enormous holes, and difficulties insurmountable by infantry. As the officer

was crossing once more, the poor animal stumbled against a rock, and horse and rider rolled in the river. Recovering themselves by a violent effort, they reached, however, the opposite bank, when another attempt had to be made, for the ford was not yet found, and the order to find one was imperative. This time the search was more successful; a place was discovered where the bed of the river was quite even; the infantry, it is true, would have water up to their arm-pits, but they might pass; and our position was becoming too critical to hesitate. Orders were consequently given to strike the tents, and raise the bivouac. Meantime, Mr. Berkheim, who commanded the artillery, invented an apparatus by which the soldiers, in crossing the stream, might be much helped in struggling with its violence; and as soon as this invention, a double rope balustrade, as it were, had been solidly fastened on each side of the river, the infantry were put in movement. The men took off their shoes, placed their cartouches on the tops of their knapsacks, and entered boldly into the iced water, which swelled and bubbled about them whilst they held on by the cord. Most passed without accident; a few, however, lost their presence of mind, let go their hold on the rope, and were carried away for some time by

the flood. Yet happily, though the fatigue and suffering were great, no one perished; only three mules were drowned. The unfortunate little donkeys belonging to the infantry had, however, some comical difficulties to overcome; one especially excited our laughter. This donkey, one of the first spoils of the battle of Isly, the name of which he bore, was of a whitey-grey colour, and remarkably intelligent—I was going to say, proud; a great red bow was always on his head, and he was always at the head of the convoy, for he could not bear to be passed by another. This most respectable ass had so droll a physiognomy, that the whole column knew, loved, and caressed him. As for his habitual conductor, the orderly of an infantry officer, he idolized him; and really the face of this poor soldier moved pity when he saw all the danger to which his innocent friend was about to be exposed. But there is kindness among comrades; two of them came to his help, the ass was unloaded, his load carried between them, and Isly arrived triumphant on the opposite bank of the river.

The gaiety of our soldiers in hardships, the most trying to the temper, is really worthy of all praise. The awkward came in for a good share of mockery and jokes at their expense; but as each man reached *terra firma*, he shook himself like a dog who has

had a swim, and thought no more of his wetting. General Bourjolly, on horseback in the middle of the stream, encouraged the men by his presence, nor did he put foot on land till M. Berkheim had removed the rope balustrade, and the artillerymen had fallen into their places in the column.

The rains were now over; two days afterwards the weather was splendid, and fifteen days more sufficed for the accomplishment of our operations on that part of Darha, which depended on the Mostaganem subdivision. General Bourjolly, called away by other affairs, marched southward towards the confines of the Tell and Sersous. The Orleansville territory continued in full agitation under the influence of the fanatic, Bou-Maza, who constantly escaped us. Orleansville itself had been attacked. Finally, after a steeple chase of three months duration, which left the Cheriff neither truce nor rest, whilst the Mostaganem column, taking a little well-earned repose, reinforced the garrison of Khamis-des-Beni-Ouraghs, the revolt seemed, at the beginning of July, to be suppressed throughout the whole extent of the subdivision. Nevertheless, that deep and dumb disquietude which undermined at that time all our African possessions, and which had hitherto had so many premature eruptions, was on the

point of bursting out from west to east, like a hurricane of fire. Only two months later, towards the end of September, the Mostaganem column had to bear the brunt of the whole Flittas, in insurrection, to shake off the yoke. We learnt at this time of the massacre of our brothers in arms at the marabout of Sidi-Brahim; a name of funereal memory that will never be forgotten by the French soldier. We had then the support of the Orleansville column; but Colonel St. Arnaud's subdivision being seriously menaced, he was very soon obliged to leave us. Marshal Bugeaud, wishing meantime that the Orleansville troops should take part in the operations of Ouar Senis, gave orders to M. Canrobert, now Colonel, to take the command of the city of Tenes, and form besides a column of twelve hundred men; that he might be able to maintain a free communication between the two cities, and so hold in check that difficult and mountainous part of the Darha which had shown itself most prompt to join in a general insurrection. This column was very soon actively employed from the 1st of December 1845, to the 26th May 1846, when a general pacification took place. At this moment my squadron having left Mostaganem in the province of Oran, returned from the Kabyle mountains far beyond Algiers.

Out of six officers and one hundred and twenty

chasseurs, who had passed inspection on our departure, only two officers and seventy men shook the hands of their comrades of the 1st squadron as we passed through Orleansville to return into garrison. Well I remember the evening of our meeting at Captain Fleury's. A bowl of punch blazed upon a large table well furnished with glasses and cigars. Every one took the place he could find, whether on the handsome sofa of red cotton, or on the straw chair, or on cushions, or even on the narrow mattrass covered over with an Arab haic. Amongst us was a brigadier, who had often charmed our leisure moments, awakening the echoes of France in war and love chaunts without number. He had formerly been a pupil of the *Conservatoire*, and sang with a fine tenor voice, in the *Jewess*, *Robert the Devil*, the *Huguenots*, and *Black Domino*. "What is an opera?" said once a man of wit and a critic; and answering himself: "a tenor betrayed by a bass, and a soprano crying out to one, 'I love thee;' and to another, 'oh! kill him not, for my heart is his.' This is fatiguing and wearisome; I will never go to the opera again. A mere look at that perfidious bass makes me yawn." If this critic had been in our room, he would have been reconciled to basses for ever, in listening to the grand bass voice of Biais,

the second Captain of the Spahis. A month before, this worthy had been shot through the thigh, and still limped in his walk; and Fleury, the other Spahi officer, was lame also. A fine horse I had sold him in the course of the winter was killed under him, and in springing off its back, he had sprained his ancle. Both were only the more gay on account of their little mishaps. Biais thundered out songs a thousand years old, fit for all good fellows; and we drank and we talked. Every one told his own particular campaign adventures; all spoke at once, experiencing by anticipation the pleasure of garrulous old veterans recalling the souvenirs of early years. It was here that I learnt the particulars of the various marches of the Tenes column. Whilst we were engaged in the South of Africa, this little corps kept the Darha in obedience. A recital of the expeditions and hardships of this column, lost and forgotten in the greater events of 1846, may not, therefore, be without interest. What efforts, what pains it has cost to weave and knot together each mesh of the net we have had to throw over all Africa before we could subdue it. The six months adventures of the Tenes column during the winter of 1845 and 1846, may help to give an idea of this.

## LIEUT.-COLONEL CANROBERT.

### II.

"If the tooth be small," says the Arab proverb, "may it have the venom of the viper! Death is death, and comes only once, come it from poison or from force." This proverb might well have been the motto of Lieut.-Colonel Canrobert. To strike fast and hard, to be everywhere, to choose commanding military positions, to make activity and constant energy do the work of numbers, was the rule of conduct adopted in this campaign; for the Marshal had, with great difficulty, been able to form the column of twelve hundred men, by taking a small contingent from all the corps of the army. Two hundred Zouaves, five hundred Orleans chasseurs of the 5th battalion, three hundred and fifty men of the 64th line, thirty sappers, fifty men of the 6th light horse, half a section of mountain artillery, a troop of mounted chasseurs, and finally

thirty Arab cavaliers, under the command of Captain Lapasset, constituted the whole force. The hunt began immediately, and the Beni-hidja, a Kabyle tribe, whom a most venerable rogue, Mohamed-Beni-Hini had inspired with fanaticism and courage, were the first to be punished. On the 17th, the column ascended the steep slopes of the hill of Sidi-Bousi. Its arrival threw the whole wild population, which swarmed abroad like a hive of bees that a traveller might have disturbed with the point of his stick, into agitation. All along the heights on the right, the Kabyles climbed, ran, screamed, and shouted. Presently shots were heard; and whilst the beat of the drum was maddening the enemy, three companies of infantry of the 64th line, Zouaves and Orleans chasseurs, under the command of Captain Esmieu, of the latter corps, advanced against them at double quick charge time. Who should most distinguish himself was now the question with all. Musketry and the bayonet having cleared the way, each soldier strove to be in front; and the black tunic of the Orleans chasseurs, the grey coat of the line, and the green turban of the Zouaves, in the race to be first, were like the colours and caps of jockeys at a steeple-chase. As usual, some singular episodes took place. Two Zouaves having turned the

elbow of a thickish jungle, one of them came back and remained motionless, evidently watching something. Believing him wounded, his comrade hastened to his assistance; but no shot except from Cupid's bow had hit him. Our Zouave had caught sight in the wood of a young Kabyle girl, extremely pretty, and had forthwith begun to make love to her with soft words, in the midst of showers of shot, whilst his companion watched over and protected their interesting amours.

At three o'clock the heights were free, and half-an-hour afterwards our troops had established themselves in the valley on the opposite side, between the Jouvees of the Oued-Bou-Cheral, and of the Oued-Bon-Rhazeur. During the night the Kabyles tried another attack, but without success. Our great guards held them in respect.

Passing the night on guard, to one who knows not by experience what war is, especially partizan war, awakens only the idea of a certain number of men sleeping at two or three hundred paces distance, with a small band in advance, one of whom walks up and down with a musket on his shoulder. It is thus we are represented in the theatres at Paris; but in Africa the night guards are as unlike this picture as possible. No one sleeps; every one watches. If the rain fall, if the

north-wind blow ice in your face, there must be no fire to warm the limbs fatigued by the day's march. A fire might betray the post. Every one must be on the alert constantly, close to his arms; and those who are on sentry, crouching like wild beasts among the bushes, spying out the slightest movement, listening to catch the slightest sound, are glad to do all this to keep their eyes, heavy with sleep, from closing. The safety of all may depend on their wakefulness. Further, should the enemy attack, no firing; the bayonet is for defence; no false alarms; the sleep of the bivouac must be on no account disturbed. Such is the point of honour; and this the sergeant of the 64th, who commanded an advanced post on the night in question, well knew. A Kabyle column was stealing along a wooded slope, to capture and carry off the little party. A sentinel seeing them, crept back and announced the fact. The sergeant first ascertained it with his own eyes, for in the night objects seem larger than they are, and the soldier might have been frightened. The report was true; and his party being too weak to offer resistance, he immediately gave orders to retreat; but at fifty paces distance took up a fine defensive position. The enemy arriving immediately afterwards, thought the place abandoned, and quietly estab-

lished themselves in it; whereupon the sergeant, returning suddenly, charged with the bayonet, and they believing the whole camp to be turned out against them, fled in all directions, leaving him master of the post confided to his charge.

The Beni-hidja were just beginning to receive the chastisement due to their revolt, when we were ordered into the neighbourhood of Tenes. Bou-Maza had penetrated into the Darha; and the Colonel, whilst securing the safe arrival of the many convoys for the provisioning of Orleansville, was obliged to be where his presence might be most necessary. Bad weather at this season greatly aggravated the fatigue of our marches. In the early part of January the weather in Algeria is always very rigorous. At Sétif eight hundred men perished in the snow; and many soldiers in the province of Oran had their feet frozen. The little column of Tenes had their share in these sufferings. On the 6th of January, a thick fog, whilst they were on their march, densely enveloped them. Thus they were traversing an enemy's country intersected by ravines and tangled woods; shivering under gusts of wind, and saturated by the rain at each interval between the gusts. Every ten minutes the trumpets in advance sounded; those of every corps

repeated the bray with a roll of drums, and afterwards struck up the regimental march; by which means it was known that the column was advancing in good order, whilst scouts sent out in little groups protected us from ambushes. Besides, as the sun, according to the proverb, shines for all the world, so the cold and the fog were adverse equally to friends and enemies, and the column was not attacked. With that patient resignation which the habit of endurance produces, and with confidence in its leader, it arrived without accident in the centre of those beautiful villages, which their inhabitants, the Larmounas-Baharis, had abandoned.

The Colonel thought it prudent to halt here, as the tempestuous weather, far from abating, seemed to increase. No sooner were their arms piled, than the soldiers invaded the empty houses, and plucking the supports out of their roofs, fine long dry poles that made excellent fire wood, throwing up clear bright flames, ranged these up pyramid-wise, and for eighteen hours whilst the storm lasted, the blazing pyramids were constantly supplied with fuel. Another piece of good luck also befel them. The Kabyles had left provisions in some houses behind them; they did not remain there long; and thus abundant refresh-

ment helped the men to support the cold and rain. At last we could resume our march; or rather one of those hunts after the inhabitants, that gradually brought the population of each separate district under our authority. On the 20th the troops re-entered Tenes, to get new shoes, and have their clothes, almost torn to pieces, repaired; but the repose was only for a moment. On the 21st Colonel St. Arnaud, commanding the subdivision, modified the composition of the column, by sending the 1st battalion of the 36th of the line to relieve the Zouaves; at the same time ordering Lieutenant-Colonel Canrobert, to the west of the circle in order to chastise some rebel tribes, and check the influence of Bou-Maza. The little column thereupon marched to the table-land of Tedjana, one of the strategical positions of the Darha. From this elevated point, it was free to advance in three different directions, and could at the same time strike a blow at the followers of the Cheriff, and at the insurgents on the sea coast. The water here was good, the wood abundant; and provender for the horses easily procurable. It was therefore a good place to wait for the favourable occasion which was not long coming. Spies had informed us that Bou-Maza was among the Mediounas busy in gathering to-

gether his adherents, and that the faction of Sbéahs called Mechaias, were lending him assistance, trusting for their safety solely to their distance from Tenes, and Orleansville.

At nine o'clock, the Lieutenant-Colonel received this information; and at half past eleven, the men roused out of their sleep were under arms. Five hundred picked infantry without knapsacks, some troops of cavalry, and the goum,* composed the force, which at break of day was to fall upon the insurgents. The most perfect order, the profoundest silence, was observed during the march; not a pipe was lighted, for in the dark night the slightest gleam might have betrayed our presence. As the morning twilight came on, we had reached that part of the country where the enemy had taken refuge; and our soldiers could already distinguish their tents in the valley and on the slopes of the hills. The surprise had a perfect success. The instant before the soldiers could hardly put one foot before another; they were now ready for a ten hours' hunt without thinking of fatigue. Orders were rapidly given. The cavalry and the goum were to separate, and to follow along the heights in order to reach a hill

* An irregular Arab cavalry.

which shut up the valley, where alone there was an outlet through which the Arabs, pursued by the infantry, could escape. The cavalry having galloped off, two thirds of the infantry were detached to act as a rifle corps, whom the rest were to support. The first *douars* were soon reached, when cries of alarm and shrieks of terror filled the air, and shots were rapidly exchanged; and the whole valley was in a state of panic, men, women, and children, rushing to the sole issue whence they could escape. There they found the chasseurs and the goum. On this spot, the hissing and whizzing of balls was for a while incessant, and great numbers were cut down by the sabres of the chasseurs A hundred and fifty bodies were in a few minutes strewn over the ground. Flocks, women, and children, with some Kabyles, were driven back in the direction of the infantry, and the whole razzia was soon assembled in the centre of the valley.

The soldiers having well recruited their strength with grilled sheep—for the animals were cooked and consumed entire—the trumpets sounded the march again, and the long convoy returned to the plateau of Tedjana, where the other half of the column awaited them. At half-past nine o'clock, after a chase of twenty-two hours, every one was in his place in the bivouac. Guards were placed

over the prisoners; but the women and children were put under tents, to shelter them from the cold. These poor wretches crouching on the ground, their children tied to their backs like bundles, and covered with rags, dust, and filth, formed a most melancholy and revolting spectacle. In spite, however, of the dirt with which Arab women cover their faces, when by the fortune of war they fall into the hands of enemies, some of our female captives were charming; and these only turned their heads a little aside, allowing their features to be seen. And why not? A pretty woman, even in the wilds of Africa, knows that she is pretty. The kindheartedness of our soldiers on this, as on other like occasions, was really touching. These men, so rough at their war work, who are often represented as famishing and thirsting for blood, the battle once over, might be seen playing with children, tending the wounded, or on the march putting water to their parched lips, through a gourd which every man carried at his belt. Among our prisoners was a little girl of between five and six years of age. Her brown eyes, coaxing smile, ivory teeth, and graceful movements attracted many looks towards her. The poor little thing was walking on alone, large tears falling from her eyes. A

sergeant, who spoke a few Arab words, tried to console her. The poor child then said that her mother had been shot, and her father killed by the sabre of a chasseur, and that she was quite alone, and frightened, showing at the same time her bleeding foot, which she had cut against a stone in attempting to fly. There was something so winning in this child, that the sergeant at once took pity on her. He carried her on his back; and as soon as a mounted chasseur passed by, confided her to his care, that she might finish the march without fatigue. Here then was the little one proudly seated on the front of the saddle, quite cheered up, smiling again, and playing with the beard of the chasseur. On arriving at the bivouac, she was quite fêted. The sergeant sought her out, doctored her foot, and when the column was on its march again, the canteeneer had it in charge, to give her a seat on one of the mules, and to take all possible care of her. In a short time, the gaiety, good humour, and drolleries of the little creature made her the darling of the whole company. The captain resolved to adopt her—a blessing on the brave man! He had a married sister who had no children; and in the following year, on his return to France, he took the child with him, where she

enchanted, as usual, every one. The brother loved her, the sister idolized her; and if I am not misinformed, this daughter of the Darha, educated in a school at Tulle,* is growing up into a beautiful and charming girl. Four years hence she will be sixteen, be modest, wear long dresses, cast down her eyes, dance the polka, and be married perhaps by a mayor: all which things, the age of sixteen excepted, will be completely unknown in the Darha.

Men of science have denied the doctrine of perpetual motion; but certainly if these illustrious persons had made a campaign in Africa, they would not have disputed its truth. One expedition finished, on the same night another commenced. Bou Maza could not see his influence ruined without making an effort to recover it; and on the 28th January, just as we had returned to the plateau of Tedjana—the centre, at that time, of all our operations—the cavaliers of the Cheriff announced his presence in the neighbourhood by the exchange of a few shots between them and our riflemen. On the following day, the 29th, the enemy was seen on the hills, planted with firs and young oaks, on the

* M. Alexis de Valon has often spoken to me of this child and of her adopted mother.

left of the *Oued-Sidi-Salem*, of which one of the valleys open to the north-west of Tedjana. Lieutenant-Colonel Canrobert, wishing to know the amount of his force, sent Captain Lapasset, chief of the Arab bureau, with three companies of infantry, two of the 5th battalion of Orleans chasseurs, and one of the 36th line, on a reconnoitring party. A few Arab groups, from amongst which two or three scouts came forward, were all that for some time were visible, and from the top of their craggy posts the cavaliers on both sides commenced an exchange of insults, their voices, like those of the heroes of the Iliad, carrying menaces and maledictions to almost fabulous distances. Presently, however, the powder spoke in its turn, but only slackly, and the enemy's sharpshooters retreated gradually, hoping to draw our soldiers after them, among a net of ravines and counterforts, whence they might greatly harass the party, and probably cut them off from the camp. Happily the officers, old African foxes, smelt out the trap, and were advancing with the greatest precaution, when suddenly a furious charge debouched from a ravine, led on by Bou Maza in person. Mahomet Ben-Hini, the famous and redoubtable Aga of the Beni-Hidja, and the Aga, *Oulid Derbal*, celebrated also for his bold

onsets, were with him. The little troop, however, closing its ranks, showed a good front, and no shot being fired at hazard, every ball carried death. Nine Orleans chasseurs were killed, and twenty-four non-commissioned officers and soldiers mortally wounded; but the loss of the Kabyles was still greater. Mohamed-Ben-Hini fell, struck by seven balls, and the bayonet of a chasseur poked the eye of *Oulid Derbal* out of his head. On the reconnoitring party falling back upon the camp, the enemy dared not attack it. The next day there was a convoy expected from Orleansville by the Tenes road. The Lieutenant-Colonel feared that the enemy, ambushing in the ravines during the night, might attempt to intercept it. But the scouts perceived no trace of such a design, and when at noon the convoy came in sight, the column was put in movement in the direction of Sidi-Brahim. According to the reports of the spies it was there that Bou Maza was now to be found, and new reinforcements from Colonel St. Arnaud enabled us to carry on the pursuit still more vigorously than before.

The passage, leading from this valley of *Oued Sidi Salem*, to that of *Oued Sidi Brahim*, is high, stony, gravelly ground, quite bare of wood, ravined by the rains, and commanded by lofty crags or piles

of huge rocks. A narrow path winds across its undulations, and debouches on a little flat, whence one might see the river, and, near the opposite counterforts the marabout of Sidi Brahim, where, along the slopes to the river, eighteen hundred Kabyles were now assembled. On their right, at about three hundred paces distance, a group of two or three hundred horsemen surrounded a broad banner, which was at once recognisable as that of the Cheriff. The Lieutenant-Colonel having received intelligence of this assemblage from his scouts, hastened to put himself at the head of the column; and as the soldiers, issuing, one by one, from a narrow defile, formed slowly into rank, he examined the ground, dismounting for the purpose, and gave his orders for the attack. A detachment of the 36th line, and one of the Orleans chasseurs were to guard the convoy. The rest of the infantry, the foreign legion, the 5th battalion of the Orleans chasseurs, under the orders of Commandant Soumain, were to cross the river and assail the enemy in front, whilst the Lieutenant-Colonel, with the cavalry and the goum of Captain Lapasset, was to gain on the left, by an oblique movement, the summit of the hill; and so place the Kabyles between two fires. The signal given, the movement commenced. Ambushed among the rocks and brush-

wood, which gave them good protection, the Cheriff's men commenced a sharp fusillade; but the chasseurs charged them with the bayonet and drove them into their hiding places. The cavalry having surmounted the height to the left appeared at the marabout, and then descended to meet the infantry. The Kabyles, surprised, hesitated, and attempted flight; but our soldiers thirsting for vengeance, pursued them without pity. The whole field of combat was quickly covered with the dead; and Bou Maza, the helpless spectator of the ruin of his followers, not attempting to come to their succour, fled. At two o'clock the attack began; at five it was over; the soldiers wiped the glorious sweat of combat from their brow; and at six the wounded and the survivors were established in their bivouac on the left bank, where the banner of the Cheriff still floated.

This victory, which boldness and decision had gained for our arms, very much altered the aspect of affairs in this part of the country. Bou Maza was obliged to retire into the least ascessible part of the Darha, and many tribes came over to us.

The Orleansville column, which had now a short respite, was joined by that of Tenes; this junction, however, did not last long. The combined force had only made one night march together to chastise the Ouled-Youness, a tribe the very cradle of

revolt, when the Governor-General recalled the Tenes regiments, and Colonel Canrobert was obliged to meet all eventualities with his own insufficient resources. Yet from the marabout Daissa-ben-Daoud, on the brow of the hill which bounds the plain of Metaouri, not far from the valley of the Cheliff, the Lieut.-Colonel, by his rapid and frequent incursions, mantained order throughout the whole country. His great object at present was to deprive the Cheriff of the resources still at his disposal.

On the 15th of February, the *Madiounas*, a powerful tribe of the subdivision of Mostaganem, were paid off, by one blow, all the arrears due to their offences, and rendered quite powerless at least for some time, to succour their chiefs. These poor Madiounas were indeed shorn to the very skin, and the most greedy in pillaging them were their brethren of Mazouna, the habitual concealers of their rapine. As it was most essential to diminish their resources, the Colonel found no measure so effective for this purpose as taking eight hundred Mazouna men into his service. The vultures made short work of it. It was a curious spectacle this wholesale plundering. A part of our soldiers would take post of observation on the heights, keeping off the Kabyles, whilst the rest entered their houses.* Then were all the household

* The Kabyles do not live in tents, but in solid well built houses.

goods of the offending tribe thrown *pêle mêle* out of doors to be afterwards consumed by fire. Some betook themselves to the orchards spreading every where ruin and desolation; and in the midst of the havock, the Jew pursued his calling, loading his mules with spoils, and leaving behind him no utensil, no piece of stuff, that he could lay his hand upon. The work of destruction, the cruel necessity of war, was soon accomplished, and the trumpet sounded the rally. Little by little whilst all this was going on, a stir and agitation was becoming more and more visible among the increasing groups of the enemy; and presently a hoarse buzz of voices and loud mutterings announced an outburst. The moment of our return to the camp was always their signal for an attack. On the right, on the left, on all sides, shouts and shots were heard together. Nevertheless our troops retired in good order, the riflemen repelling every assault. Many of this corps, however, in the ardour of combat had not economised their ammunition; and the Kabyles perceiving the slackness of their fire, and taking fresh courage, rushed to a little plateau before Oued Tancer, where a post was just about to be established, with the purpose of first occupying it. This movement had been foreseen, so that Captain Lapasset, accompanied by some native cavalry, had

orders to gallop round by a deep and narrow ravine that would conceal him from view, to anticipate it. On arriving he fell unexpectedly on the Kabyles and sabred many; but was himself wounded, and we lost some men in repulsing the attempt, which the enemy had no heart to renew.

It was now necessary to return to Tenes to get fresh clothing, new shoes, in fact outwardly to renovate, as it were, the whole column. This done, we had to rejoin Colonel St. Arnaud in all haste.

On the 15th, leaving the camp of Sidi Youssef under the guard of the Malingres, and of a battalion of the 38th of the line, the Colonel paid another visit to the Madiounas, who were ever on the point of revolting. During the march, on reaching the valley of the Oued Morglas, he ordered Colonel Canrobert to follow the heights which bordered the left bank of the little stream, whilst Captain Fleury, with his squadron of Spahis and sixty horse of the 5th chasseurs of France, was to take the middle of the valley, and to sabre such Kabyles as the Zouaves might drive down upon them, announcing every ambuscade or attack to the main column, which followed with Colonel St. Arnaud. At the extremity of the valley, the cavalry, forming a semicircle, were to incline

towards the Zouaves, on the height of the rocky flat already mentioned.

Captain Fleury advanced with great precaution. A few well-mounted Spahis, two hundred yards in advance, explored every creak and crevice of ground: for in Africa nothing is more common than for an enemy to rise, when least expected, up out of the earth. In plains that look to the eye quite level, the heavy rains will often hollow deep ravines, which form safe retreats and admirable hiding-places. In such shelters, Arab warriors, ready to take advantage of the slightest negligence, are sure to establish posts of observation and of surprise. Yet despite this danger of sudden attack, the leaders of the column were frequently obliged to throw out reconnoitring cavalry parties to a great distance, without any support whatever; for to beat the Arabs it was necessary to adopt their special military qualities—mobility, ubiquity. A great responsibility always rests on the officers to whom these exploring missions are confided. They must not embarrass the column; they must evade peril, or face it, and conquer and triumph over all resistance. This is what on this occasion the Spahis and the Chasseurs of France did.

A few Kabyles who followed their march had

been just shot down, when in a deep hollow, in the middle of a garden of fig trees, the scouts discovered about eight hundred horsemen, well mounted, well equipped, surrounding the banner of the Cheriff. To charge so considerable a force with a hundred Spahis and sixty heavy French horse, hard-mouthed, and mounted by men unaccustomed to this species of warfare, would have been an act of unjustifiable rashness. There was only one thing to be done. The heights must be scaled, the horses abandoned, and the party trust to their fusils for defence, till the infantry, which the difficulties of the road had retarded, should come up, and send a battalion to their support. Captain Fleury immediately gave orders accordingly, and his troop pushed on at a trot. The Spahis, more active and better mounted than the Chasseurs of France, formed the rear-guard. This little body was like a tacking vessel, exposed to a flank fire, till it could get to windward and retort by a broadside.

The Arab cavalry at full gallop, with a thundering war shout, pursued, sending a volley of shots before them, and sometimes breaking through the ranks of the sharpshooters. Picked Spahis, however, secured the advance of the troop, which having succeeded in gaining the heights, imme-

diately dismounted, and then, like wild boars at bay, stood firm till the Zouaves summoned by the fusillade, hastened to their rescue. Many in our ranks were badly wounded, and Biais, the second Spahi Captain, was shot through the thigh; yet the squadron fought as the old picked troops, the African chasseurs, would have fought. Captain Fleury, standing upright in his stirrups, had his eye everywhere, posting sure men in the most dangerous spots, and inspiring into each soldier under his command his own collectedness and ardour. The large horse on which he was mounted, a real Colossus, snorted and pawed under the balls, for its rider was the target at which the Arabs especially aimed. The noble animal was at last hit, and fell dead under its master. But this was no time for grief; the blood circulates too quick at such a moment. Ali, the trumpeter, brought his own horse to his chief. At the same instant the Zouaves arrived, and the aspect of the combat changed at once. "Forward! forward!" and the trumpet sounded the charge; the Spahis resuming the offensive, followed their officers into the heart of the melée; the Zouaves supported them at a double quick advance, and the Arabs were dispersed like grasshoppers before the wind.

When next assembled, several of this brave cavalry were missing. Lieut.-Colonel Canrobert, rallying all the troops, took the direction of the column. Dead and wounded were pretty well balanced on the returns, and for the rest of the march the Orleans chasseurs protected the rear guard with their large carbines. But they had little to do; only on one occasion a group of horsemen, prancing about at a little distance, received one of their discharges, and disappeared. In the evening, a deserter brought tidings that Bou-Maza had an arm broken, and cited the names of other chiefs of mark who had been wounded, or cut down by the sabres of the Spahis.

The columns supporting each other, sometimes acted in combination to strike a decisive blow, to break up some nucleus of revolt, or to restore tranquillity to a disturbed district. The end of March, the whole month of April, and the beginning of May were passed in ceaseless marches, surprises, and combats. On the 10th of May, leaving General Pelissier, who had come from Mostaganem, the Lieutenant-Colonel marched upon the Achachas, the only tribe of the Darha, who had not again submitted to the yoke. Twelve companies without knapsacks scaled the wooded slopes of the Achachas, and spreading out like a fan upon the

table land, thickly planted with figtree orchards, marched in the direction of the sea. More than once, the difficulties of the ground, of which the Kabyles took advantage to fire on us from their ambushes, brought us to a stand-still. At last the precipitous heights, enormous rocks, piléd together in chaotic confusion, were surmounted. Among them, running, climbing, scrambling, Kabyles might on all sides be seen; but the soldiers, hot in pursuit of the fanatics, explored their every hiding place, though to them every rock was a rampart, every ravine a shelter. The circle, however, was becoming narrower; the serpent's coil took closer folds. The report and echoes of musketry amidst these rocks, sometimes opening into wide chasms, and again clumped together in immense aggregations, sinking to the depths of the sea, were like the reverberations of distant thunder. Hunted from ambush to ambush, from retreat to retreat, death finally awaited our prey. They contended to the last, but at last the earth, their own native hills, failed them. They had not a foot of ground to stand on, and they flung themselves into the sea. Here the Orleans chasseurs soon made them swim beyond the range of our shot, and carried away by the strong currents, they were seen one by one to sink far out in the open ocean.

This was the last attempt at insurrection in the Darha. On that evening the chiefs of the Achachas implored *aman*, pardon, and a few days afterwards Marshal Bugeaud learnt these good tidings from the mouth of Lieutenant-Colonel Canrobert. By the glorious winter campaign, which was now over, the old Marshal had once again conquered the country. A legitimate pride might well brighten his features, and when the officers of Orleansville were assembled around him on his route to Algiers, he thus addressed them:—

"Gentlemen, an army which knows how to obey, which knows how to suffer, is the hope and strength of a country. You have shown during this winter what you are worth, and the time will surely never come when you will be wanting to France."

Since then, events have proved that the Marshal spoke truth.

# THE KHAMIS OF THE BENI-OURAGH.

## LIFE AT THE OUTPOSTS.

A TROOP of the 4th African chasseurs, who had been for three weeks left by the Mostaganem column at thirty leagues from the coast in the mountains of Beni-Ouragh, had just groomed their horses for the night. They had been posted in this country to reinforce the little garrison of Khamis. That post was so called from a market, where the *Khamis*—a powerful Kabyle tribe of the Beni-Ouragh—came every week to buy and sell at the public mart, to interchange news, and discuss public affairs. It was in July, 1845, on the eve of the great revolt. For two months previously the wild natives of these parts seemed to be deeply moved by some secret agitation. Highway robbers had reappeared, and envoys from the West, carrying letters from the Sultan Hadj-Abd-el-Kader, had spread the spirit of revolt from *gourbi* to *gourbi*. General Bourjolly

thought it, therefore, necessary to strengthen our authority by punishing the fomentors of disorder at the very moment when they were endeavouring to sow discontent through the district. Two hundred picked grenadiers and twenty-five horse had consequently received orders to join at Khamis Major Manselon of the foreign legion, commanding the circle. This force was not large enough to excite suspicion, but was sufficient, with the little garrison, to execute, should the occasion present itself, any night foray, and to chastise those who gave asylum to our enemies.

After many months' campaigning, whilst our comrades on their return from Mostaganem were inhaling the sea breeze, we had stretched the cords of our bivouac to the foot of the walls of the fort of Khamis, on a little flat exposed to the heat of the sun, and to the burning wind that comes from the valley of Oued Riou. A square of walls, surrounded by ditches, having at each angle a bastion, and within, store rooms, constituted the post of Khamis, where three hundred infantry, on guard over a hundred thousand rations, passed a whole year. The Riou, a formidable torrent in winter, in summer a rivulet three inches deep and ten feet wide, watered a fine garden, where the garrison, under the shade of grenadiers, and

fig trees, cultivated cabbages and carrots, for the ordinary consumption of the soldiers. The mountains to the east covered with slender and sickly-looking pines, and to the west hillocks, green in spring, but at present embrowned and split up into innumerable cracks by the heat, offered but a saddening prospect. Towards the south, higher up the valley, nothing arrested the eye but a sweeping curtain of mountains, where, like an eagle's nest, the abode of old Mohamed-Bel-Hadj, a chief respected through the whole country, might be discerned. In the northern direction the view was much more extensive. A gentle slope led from the little fort to an oval plain, where the market was wont to be held. On the right, a streamlet bordered by laurels and roses, coming from a valley stretching towards Orleansville, mixed its waters with those of the Oued Riou. Two leagues further on the river made a bend, and seemed, so close were the hills together, to disappear under an arch. Stupendous earth walls, ascending over each other, looked in the distance like steps up into the sky, which gave back finely from its cloudless blue, that had now lasted three months, the toothed ridges, peaks, and pinnacles of the aspiring mountains.

As soon as the trumpet had sounded the *appel*,

the chasseurs put up their brushes and curry-combs; and whilst the Maréchal de Logis was receiving orders for the next day, a man of each *tribe* (so did the chasseurs call their tent comrades) went to the kitchen to fetch the soup for supper. The place honoured by the name of *kitchen*, was nothing but a hole dug in the earth, where a fire was made, and the cauldron, resting on two stones, kept boiling. This was all the culinary apparatus of our chasseurs. Chevet would have smiled with pity on beholding it; but it sufficed, I assure you, to boil the bit of beef, the rice, and other vegetables which served generally for our morning and evening meals.

"Anything new, Lieutenant?" said the Maréchal de Logis, waiting at attention, according to military usage, till I had communicated my orders.

"To-morrow," I replied, "at the evening muster I will pass a general inspection."

"At what hour?" he rejoined, when he had finished writing the order for forage.

"At the time the posts are visited. The Adjutant of the Legion will inform you at what hour the Commandant has ordered it. A third of the men will remain; take care that the others choose good straw, and fill their sacks well. We must take advantage of this rest to get our horses

into good condition. We have two hundred rations economised during the first two months of the quarter, so that we need not fear being too *heavily taxed.** Get the forage at once, and a quarter of corn additional for those horses, I shall point out to-morrow after the inspection. Who is the brigadier of the day?"

"Jaquet."

"Tell him to make his rounds to-night at one o'clock, and let him wake me to hear his report."

"Have you any other orders, Lieutenant?"

"None."

Putting then his hand to his *phécy*, a little red cap, which the African chasseurs wear instead of the police bonnet, the Maréchal de Logis passed along the tents communicating his information to the chasseurs, that they might, if they thought proper, be getting ready at once. Throwing a last glance at our bivouac, I crossed over the plank that served as a bridge on this side, into the interior of the fort. Round the square court, having the ruin of a Roman column, and a sun-dial in its centre, a sort of barrack had been con-

* The orders which the officers give for forage and rations are brought to account every three months. All over the regimental allowance is charged to the officer, who withholds the overplus from the pay of the soldier.

structed, in which the infantry slept in bad hammocks, and three chambers, or partitions, were reserved for officers. There was besides a little pavilion, composed of two rooms, pompously called the Palace of the Commander-in-Chief. The magazines and the hospital were in another court near the river. The place, as one may see, was far from being a cheerful one. One large tree alone, carefully preserved, which threw its shade over the pavilion of the Commandant, refreshed the eye a little. This tree had become the general rendezvous, the *salon* of the camp. There, while drinking absinthe, a favourite drink of the African army, the officers of the Foreign Legion, the duties of the day being over, would come to interchange news, anecdotes, and also scandal, for at Khamis-de-Beni-Ouragh, as at Paris, the tongue of man has about the same propensities.

As I entered the court, many of these gentlemen were already there: some French officers, others *breveté* with a foreign title—all just as unequal by birth—as mismatched, as the soldiers under their orders. This Foreign Legion formed the strangest and oddest medley in the world, for all countries, all corners of the world might be said to have contributed quotas towards its composition. Some, come no one knew whence,

after having led a life of adventures, wandering like the wandering Jew, had sought at last *repose* in African campaigns, and a great number, well born, well educated, hot-brained, the prodigal sons of all Europe, had, under false names, fled to the flag of France for protection and support against themselves. Often has it happened, that when all family researches to recover a lost member had failed, when the police of all countries had been baffled in the pursuit, an application to the Colonel of the Foreign Legion has discovered the outcast fugitive from his country and his friends. I knew, while I was at Khamis, the son of an Aulic counsellor of the empire, the nephew of a cardinal, and the son of a banker, of Frankfort, all restored to their relatives, nearly at the same time. In this Babel, Chinese alone is not spoken. Italians, Prussians, Portuguese, Russians, and Spaniards, are all therein represented; and it requires, as may well be imagined, a hand of iron to compress all these different elements into one mould. Thus the discipline they are under is rigorous in the extreme. Woe to him who disobeys! for the court martial has no mercy, and justice is prompt.

Of the three officers who were before me under the tree, only one was a Frenchman. This was

M. D—, the brother of a person who has acquired a certain renown by theatrical success, and actions at law; taciturn, rarely good humoured, a brave soldier, and a good comrade I am told. The other came straight from Persia, whence, one fine morning, wearied with the service of the Shah, he started, bringing with him, as his only property, the decoration of the sun. A little man with light hair, scanty beard inclining to red, a big nose, coarse features, and eyes of most puzzling expression was he; but his brain was his oddest peculiarity; he discussed all subjects and disputed every question. His *forte* was politics. He declared himself a republican, and practised with so thorough a conviction the maxims of brothers and friends that, even after the revolution of February, he was requested to take his departure from the legion; though he had rendered services to France in Persia, which had gained him his commission in that corps. The third officer was very different in person and character from the other two. His manners were particularly gentlemanly, and his glossy black hair, clear complexion, straight nose, and liquid brilliant eye, full of intelligence, gave everyone at once a strong impression in his favour. A slight accent betrayed the Irishman. A singular

destiny had this young man, who from England, and from India, where he had been engaged in war, was now, though sprung from a great poet, the godson of Byron, and the son of Thomas Moore, at Khamis-des-Beni-Ouragh, an officer in the Foreign Legion! How could this have happened? I thought I could guess how, for Moore often took the portrait of a beautiful woman from his bosom, and gazed earnestly upon it when he thought himself unobserved; and besides, from certain words which escaped him in our long talks, I conjectured there must be a love story in the back ground. An elopement indeed I imagined was at the bottom of the mystery; and that being obliged to absent himself from his own country, the benevolence of King Louis Philippe had provided for him an asylum in Africa. Lieutenant Moore hoped, however, soon to return, and rejoin her from whom he was separated. Alas! when he spoke to me of his hopes, how animated he became! how his eyes sparkled, whilst I all the time heard with terror the dry cough which his excitement occasioned, and noted the red spots upon his cheeks. We all loved him, and he accommodated himself to all our ways. Since my arrival at Khamis, we had hardly quitted each other. His ready and rapid wit, and his

father's poetry, which he loved to recite, with his old stories of Ireland, had a great charm for us all.

I had hardly got under the tree, when our *maitre d'hotel*, or to speak more truly, the soldier attached to the service of the canteen, announced dinner. A large sheltered partition, the bedroom of three of these gentlemen, served us for our dining hall. Our comrades, who had gone before us, were already seated round roughly squared blocks of wood and biscuit cases, which did duty for our table. But our iron spoons were brilliantly clean; the plates well washed; and the ragouts, in spite of our very slender resources, worthy of Master Cock, a certain Bavarian, formely the first sculleryman in M. de Talleyrand's household. Proud of his noble culinary origin, this great cook, from time to time, tried some new experiments, in order, as he said, to keep his hand in. It is true, that when the wine fell on our plates it left a large stain of admirable indigo blue; but our stomachs and appetites were too young and keen for these little miseries to make much impression on us. In brief, if the dinner was sometimes not quite satisfactory, the coffee always was, the weather just now magnificent, and the Kabyle tobacco, in the enjoyment of which we passed several hours, excellent. Our

Commandant Manselon, a man affable, just, intelligent, and energetic, generally passed the whole evening with us.

Those alone who have sojourned in southern latitudes, can understand the pleasure of the evenings; I allude to the delightful nonchalance, the very happiness of breathing, of existence, in nights so soft and balmy. How pleasant it was to feel ourselves so fully alive, yet so quiet; without care, without disturbance, ineffably contented! How many times, stretched with Moore on a carpet, close to my little tent by the side of my horses, have I allowed hours to slip by in a delicious oblivion; the blue sky studded with millions of stars, the transparent light of the moon shedding calm over valley and mountain, whilst at moments shifting brightnesses, would give to prominent objects the mysterious appearance of phantoms. Everything, even to the measured tread of the sentry, enveloped in his white cloak, induced reverie; and it required a good deal of self-compulsion, I assure you, to break the charm by returning within one's tent.

In the morning, on the contrary, the burning rays of the sun darting through the canvass roused us quickly from the pallets on which we slept; and with daybreak commenced the day's duties,

the thousand little cares of which every one understood the importance, as when critical circumstances occurred they made us fit and effective for action. Besides, in Africa these minute details were by no means so worrying as they would be in France; one even took an interest in them. After breakfast it was our wont, in a beautiful garden under the shade of fig trees, in hammocks suspended to their branches, to enjoy a siesta; and after dinner commenced those charming evenings and nights divine, the whole summer through, of which I have just spoken.

Such was, whilst peace lasted, our manner of life at the post of Khamis. Such a life in a petty fort, whence little else than the sky and the mountains could be seen, may appear no doubt monotonous. Of luxury there was not a single spangle among us. The banner planted on the wall, the custody of which was confided to our honour, alone spoke of France. But in the isolation, the solitude, in Africa itself, there was something that concentrated thought and gave elevation even to common sentiments. The order and the firmness which walled us round was also a source of contentment. Sharing danger with those one commands, conduces to mutual esteem—real attachment. Often have I thought of the story of Samp-

son related in the Bible. This appears to me to be a most beautiful military allegory. Without the head whereon it grew the hair of Sampson was nothing; and without the hair which covered the head Sampson was without strength: the same may be said of the captain and the soldier.

Our bivouac itself was a pleasant sight. Two cords, to each of which fastenings for twelve horses were attached, were stretched in parallel lines to the ditch of the fort. Behind the ranks every cavalry soldier had his chamber; that is to say, a space six feet long by two feet broad, sufficient for a man to sleep on the bare ground. The chasseurs were divided into sections or *tribes* of four men, housed together under cloth tents three feet high. These tents could be divided into four pieces, making it easy to carry them on a march and when pitched, though so exceeding small, they saved the lives of many soldiers by protecting them from night dews, and the heavy winter rains.

Straw or dried leaves often formed on the march the beds of the cavalry, whilst their saddles served them for pillows. Arms piled, tents in line, and the chasseurs always irreproachably clean and smart in their turn-out, gave quite a coquettish air to the bivouac. This smartness was a traditional characteristic of the corps, and it was kept

up most scrupulously from the conviction that nothing demoralizes soldiers so much as slovenliness, or keeps them in better heart than even a somewhat foppish attention to dress.

Thus it was on ordinary days, but on a day of inspection, every soldier was most anxious to appear to the greatest advantage. On the day in which I reviewed the men, in accordance with the order given to the Maréchal De Logis, I had not a single observation to make. Each trooper pleaded only for his horse, that he might obtain for his quadruped friend a supplementary ration. All, even to animals, were in admirable condition.

Another characteristic trait of the men is, I think, worth mentioning. There was not a single troop or company where there was not some pet dog fondled like a child. The one belonging to my troop was about as large as a heavy dragoon's fist. But for one black shot under its left eye, it would have been entirely white. Never did I see so charming a little brute. Its tricks and drolleries had no end, and got *M. Tic Tac* out of every scrape. On a long march the tiny animal would bark and bark, and so effectually louden its little voice, that some trooper would at last stretch down his foot, and in two bounds *Tic Tac* would be in front of his saddle, triumphing with most imper-

tinent aristocratic barks, quite at his ease, over the poor infantry dogs, pattering with weary feet and lolling tongues along the dusty or muddy roads. If neglected in the distribution of provisions he would place himself before the distributor, in the attitude of a soldier presenting arms, and it was impossible to resist his grimaces. Every one gave a bit of his biscuit to that *sacré* Tic Tac. It was thus that the soldiers kept their spirits light and alert. In the evening they would sometimes play together like real school boys, at a game called the cat and mouse. This is how it was played: Two soldiers with bandaged eyes were tied by two cords of equal length, to the same picket, the mouse holding in his hand two bits of wood, rubbing them constantly together, and the cat armed with a tampion, to catch the mouse, if possible. Now the fun was that both being blinded, they would get entangled in the rope, and run against and upset each other, to the huge amusement of the lookers on, holding their sides with laughter. The pantomimes acted at the fairs were also often reproduced at our bivouac, and as, in the foreign legion, we had a great many good singers, who had been formed into a sort of choir, our musical entertainments were really very good. By these amusements,

some of them, doubtless, very childish, *nostalagia*, that formidable disease that so often ravages regiments in far away outposts, was chased away from us. In the summer this was easily done, for the climate helped; but in the winter, during the long months of uninterrupted rain, it was more difficult, and we were obliged to invent a thousand pastimes, and above all, often to exchange garrisons.

To our officers, shooting was a great resource; but besides this, they had another more precious still—reading and writing. By the order of the minister of war, acting on the advice of the military board of health, a military library had been established at every post, composed of about four hundred volumes. There, books on science, literature and the fine arts, with a large number of popular works, were sure to be met with. An admirable effect of these libraries was that they gave many officers a taste for serious works and the cultivation of the mind, to a degree in which it is rarely found among military men. Some pursued scientific researches, studied antiquities, and edited memoirs, whilst others applied themselves to acquiring a knowledge of the language, manners, and habits of the country. It is almost needless to say that at Khamis, these latter—and I was among their number—had old Mohamed-bel-Hadj,

the subtle old mountaineer, who under the authority of France commanded the whole country, for their friend and instructor.

For many years Mohamed-bel-Hadj had led his people to war against us; but finally towards 1843, wearied with the vain struggle, he came, surrounded by the elders of his tribe, to make his submission to Marshal Bugeaud. "I have been your most determined enemy; you have conquered me," said he. "I now submit to you freely *my Lord Marshal*, and you may rely upon it, I shall be as faithful to my word to you, as I have been to Abd-el-Kader. If you act humanely towards the tribes who obey me, I shall always be for you. Know that the word of a Beni Ouragh is proverbial; all Arabs know how to value it. I shall tell Abd-el-Kader that I have sacrificed to him six sons, killed in battle, that the whole tribe has sacrificed all it possessed, and that now we can do nothing for him, as he cannot protect us against you; that we have pledged our word to you, and will be faithful to it."

Mohamed-bel-Hadj lied with the impudence of a Beni Ouragh in uttering these words, for the bad faith of this tribe is as notorious in the plain, as the mission of the prophet. Yet in spite of his lies, I took a great fancy to him. His grey eye,

half veiled, and his good humoured knowing smile, put one in mind of our Norman peasants. Greedy, subtle, tortuous, courageous too, even bold at an extremity, rapacious, sometimes prodigal, cloaking all his vices under a semblance of the most candid simplicity, laden with crimes and years, this hoary old double-dealer was particularly amusing when he began his lamentations; and spoke of the grief which two of his sons (he had three left) caused him. The eldest was strikingly like the Emir. He was the right arm of Bel-Hadj, his rest, his hope, the consolation of his declining years; but Djilali, ever in opposition to his father, and Caddour, the youngest, had been conceived in a day of misfortune; they were the disgrace of his family, the worm-wood of his life, and I know-not what besides. Now the fact was Djilali played by the paternal order, the game of hereditary princes in Europe. In the event of a change of fortune Bel-Hadj thought it would be prudent to remain on good terms with our enemies, and that he might, should need be, employ Djilali as a mediator. As for Caddour he really did throw the old dodger sometimes into a rage, although he as often made him laugh, for Caddour was a *mauvais sujet*, a wild fellow, always in want of money, rapping incessantly at the money box,

then selling horses, mules, and all that he could dispose of, which it was necessary to replace, for the son of Bel-Hadj, the *Montmorency* of the Beni Ouragh, could not be allowed to go on foot like a beggar.

One morning I observed Caddour loitering and making turns about my tent. "He is coming for something," said I to myself, and I waited for him, without seeming to notice him. A minute afterwards Caddour was seated close by me, asking for fire to light his pipe, which being handed to him, he remained silent. At last:

"Your father has fine horses in your country?"

"Yes."

"Finer than ours?"

"They are of another race."

"Why does he not send you one?"

"It would have to cross the sea."

"That's true."

Then there was silence again. Now from his very first word I saw from his circumlocutions (for an Arab would almost think himself dishonoured if he should speak straight out what he may want to say), that he wished to sell me a horse, and as his animal was an excellent one, I resolved to buy it. When he had taken about a dozen puffs of his pipe, he resumed, pointing

with his finger to one of my horses at picket close to us.

"Where did you get your grey horse?"

"From Chéliff."

"The horses of Chéliff are good, but those of the mountain are better. They are more active and adroit."

"That is true."

"Why do you not buy one?"

"Those which are brought to the market are bad."

"Would you like me to look out for one for you?"

"No, I am in no hurry."

There was then another silence, and Caddour seemed more and more occupied with his pipe; finally, as I also seemed to be thinking of something else, he was obliged to speak.

"If I found you a horse like mine, would you give two hundred douros for him?" *

"Why, your horse and your mule together are not worth more than a hundred-and-twenty douros, and your horse alone is not worth more than eighty."

"What! by my head! your eye for horse-flesh

* A douro is worth five francs, forty centimes.

has a veil on it. The mare of the prophet never foaled a more sure-footed animal. He can wait for water whole days. He is one of the race that can say to the eagle, 'Descend or I will mount up to you.' "

Whilst pretending to defend the honour of his horse, he indulged in those oriental hyperboles, I made a sign to my orderly to bring me a bag of money which I had destined for the purchase of a horse. As the chasseur gave it me, I let it fall seemingly unintentionally, and the douros rolled on the carpet. The eyes of Caddour sparkled.

"You have a great deal of money; what do you intend to do with it?"

"You are mistaken, there is not much. I was sending this bag full to the commandant, but thanks to my awkwardness, there it is on the carpet." Then seeming to reflect, half laughing, half serious. "Faith, if you wish I will take your horse and your mule, and you shall take this money."

"How much is there?"

"Count if you like. I know how much there is."

Caddour began counting the pieces, one by one, fingering each of them with delight. When

he had finished, he murmured between his lips "One hundred and twenty douros," and added, "My horse and my mule are worth two hundred and fifty douros."

"Do you think so, I do not; but if so, you will do wrong to sell them. It's quite the same to me; I do not want them. Let's change the subject."

I then told the chasseur to take away the money; Caddour, following it with his eyes, when he saw the bag really disappear, took me by the arm, and looking me in the face—

"I will give the horse and mule on your own terms; let the money be brought back."

"Be it so. Send for the animals, and if after examining them, I am content, I will pay you."

"They are there."

One of his servants indeed had them in waiting at a few paces distant. They were in capital condition, I paid for them, and had them picketted to the cord of my tent at once. An hour had not elapsed after the bargain had been concluded when Mohamed-bel-Hadj arrived himself, in a state of ludicrous agitation.

"What have you done?" said he; "you whom I took for my friend. You have bought the horse

of my son Caddour, the best horse in all Ouled Rhouidem."

"If the horse of Caddour be the best of all Ouled Rhouidem, I am particularly glad to have him. Do not annoy me. Caddour is old enough to buy and sell horses at his pleasure. I am not in a good humour, so do not worry me with your lamentations."

He to whom I thus spoke was the chief, who by holding up his finger could call the whole country to arms, to whom all the Kabyles lowered their burnous. As he remained silent:—"Here," resumed I, "take these two handkerchiefs; I sent for them to Mostaganem for you."

This mode of dealing with him was infallible. I might, at this price, have bought all the horses of Caddour, for Bel-Hadj, in spite of his age, had just married a second time. He was madly in love with Aicha, his young wife, and always in quest of agreeable surprises for her; and these handkerchiefs would deck the person of her he loved. For a handkerchief more I believe he would have taken a blow. He, whom I had seen three weeks before, so superb at the head of his tribe, bringing the *diffa* to the column at Khamis, was almost ready to kiss my hand. On the occasion I allude to, Bel-Hadj was on horseback accompanied by

his *chaous*, and followed first by three hundred footmen carrying, spitted on long poles, sheep roasted entire, then by three hundred more bearing dishes filled with *couscouss*, steamed through by the vapours of the meat; and lastly, by a long procession of ragouts and pastry of all sorts. Since the famous dinner given in the Alleys of the *Champs Elysées* to eight hundred regiments passing through Paris, on their return from Jena, never had soldiers better cheer. There was not, it is true, as at Paris, Palu, the celebrated *Maitre d'Hotel* with his twenty *aides de camps*, galloping up and down the *chaussée*, superintending all, and supplying every want; but the *chaous* of the Arab bureau with their batons succeeded very well, and to every corps distributed the delicacies intended for it, whilst Bel-Hadj, his sons and their tribe, rendered homage to the sovereignty of France.

## II.

The influence of Mohamed over the Beni Ouragh, was as much owing to politic conduct as to the *prestige* and *souvenirs* of his race. On the Thursday of every week especially, the power of this chief had, under the superintendence of the French authority, its fullest display, and an attentive observer might, on this market-day, whilst witnessing one of the most curious episodes of Arab life, understand the double object attained by the establishment of post magazines. The little fort of Khamis, a depot of ammunition and provisions, situated as were all our forts in the interior of Africa, on a line parallel with the sea, allowed our columns to advance, in war time, without the encumbrance of a heavy convoy; thus rendering them as light and ubiquitous as the enemy. Under the command of picked officers these posts were also in peace, loopholes, or eyes of observation, whence every movement of the

Arab populations might be noted. Being in the very centre of news and reports, with a special police, the officers had to give an account of the slightest symptoms of agitation that might appear in the mountains. The posts had each also been established near a market, for in Africa the market is not only a place of traffic, it is likewise a bazaar of news; and not an Arab or a Kabyle ever fails to be present at this resort of all. On the market day, throngs arrived from all sides, from the mountains, from the vallies, crowding every pathway, some driving before them sheep, others oxen and horses, many in charge of loads of corn and beans, or of bales of wool, or printed cottons, but all armed, several bringing with them nothing but their firelocks, and a knotty stick, one blow of which would suffice to break the hardest head. The Jew, with his dirty turban and his wretched skeleton mule, would be also there, unpacking his cases at the place pointed out by the Caid, and setting up his little cotton tent to protect him from pillage. The first few hours were almost always devoted to commercial transactions. One might then see the butchers skinning their sheep, just slaughtered, pronouncing the formulary of the Koran, *Besmelah*—praise be to God—hanging them up afterwards on hooks, and sitting

down underneath them, awaiting a purchaser; the venders of fowls, corn, barley, beans, and salt too, chattering, screaming, and disputing for a sous; but above, and the busiest of all, the Jew, whose voice and lamentations would be heard loudest all over the market. The middle-man in all transactions, the Jew, here as elsewhere, over-reached, sold, and stole. In Algeria, the Jew deals in cotton, pepper, cloves, sugar, and coffee; he vends the antimony black with which the women encircle their eyes, and the henna leaf with which they redden their finger nails. As blacksmith, he repairs arms; he resolders rings, polishes and sets jewels; and by him also the plates of silver suspended to the saddles of the chiefs are fabricated. No traffic comes amiss to him, and he wriggles about in every sort of gain. See him there, pressing forward, gesticulating, holding constantly out his dirty and greedy hand, quarrelling, maltreated, beaten, but returning perseveringly to the chaffer, or if the dispute becomes serious, going for justice to the Cadi, whose tribunal is on the spot, to give instant decision and cut short all difficulties. The Caid, responsible for order in the market, keeps usually close to the Cadi, to give him assistance in case of need. But respect for authority is so

great among men, that a verdict once pronounced is generally accepted without a word of objection. A minute or two before, two barristers, pleading against each other, would have been beaten in volubility, in eloquence, in exclamatory invectives, by the disputants of the Khamis market-place; but now, the Cadi having spoken, they walk away without a murmur.

The first few hours over, and commercial matters nearly finished, the confused clamour, like the hoarse murmur of the sea, of all these talkers together, would grow louder; and the groups would close in and comment on, and discuss, either acts of authority which the public crier had just proclaimed, the chances of peace or war —the great question with all—or the disputes of tribes, and the quarrels of individuals. The envoys of the Emir would often glide among the crowd, scattering words of encouragement and hope; and the brothers of religious orders known to each other by mysterious signs, whisper fanatic messages into the ears of their more credulous votaries.

There are seven religious associations in Algeria; but though Islamism came from the East, these orders, with one single exception, originated in Morocco. However different they may be with

respect to their rules and tendencies, they have all the same source: the love of the marvellous and religious enthusiasm. In almost every instance the founder of each order is said to have been visited in a dream by a messenger from the prophet, showing him the path in which he should lead the faithful. According to popular tradition the greater part of these founders were *gouths*, that is men become powerful through suffering. The *Zaouias* institutions—half-collegiate, half monastic,—maintained by the donations of the pious, and by a tax on the faithful, are most of them dependant on these orders. All, however, are not; there are secular Zaouias, if the expression may be allowed. But secular or religious, they all give refuge to the destitute, the infirm, the sick and the wounded; and in all of them, three great books on which the faith of all good Mussulmen is founded, are alone studied: the Koran, Sidi Boukari, and Sidi Krelil.*

* The Koran, a work of inspiration, communicated to the prophet by the angel Gabriel, is to all Musselmen the book of books, the complete code of all the duties of man towards God and towards his neighbour. In every line therein may be found hatred to the Christian, and the exaltation of a glorious death in battle against the Infidel. The most meritorious work except one, says the prophet, is a pilgrimage to Mecca;—the one which surpasses it in merit is death in a

It is easy to understand that the Zaouias authorities, combining the characters of judges and of men of God, and having under them numerous subalterns ready to execute their orders, must be a very dangerous body. Whenever circumstances favoured an insurrection they were sure to be seen in the markets, animating the lukewarm and maddening fanatics. One of these orders, however—that most in honour in the mountains of Beni-Ouragh and throughout the whole province of Oran, the order of Mouley Taieb,—preserving very cordially its hatred to Christians, was very busy at the same time in undermining the power

holy war. Thus among Musselmen, images of war are to be found everywhere; there is no fête among them without powder, for their paradise is *under the shade of swords*. The work of Sidi Boukari known under the name of *Words of our Lord Mohamed*, contains the sayings and proverbs of the prophet. Every good believer holds all these for true, and when Sidi Boukari is cited, it is just the same as if the prophet himself had spoken. Sidi Krelil is a commentator. He may be called a father of the Church. He explains the obscure passages, both of the Koran and of Sidi Boukari. His authority is considered conclusive in all religious questions. Thus a Zaouia man has always a citation of Sidi Krelil, of Sidi Boukari, or of the Koran in his mouth, and as this book contains, according to Musselman creed, all human law, the religious doctor, and the lawyer, and the judge, are all united in the same person.

of the Emir. Si-el-Aribi, of the royal race of Morocco, was its chief. The founder, one of his ancestors, had left this prediction, which had been transmitted to all his disciples, behind him: "You shall one day have dominion over all the country of the East; the whole kingdom of Algiers shall belong to you; but before this comes to pass the country must have been possessed by the *Beni-el-Cefeur*—the yellow children. (It is thus that Musselmen call the French.) If you seize on it at present they will wrench your conquest from you, but if they take it first, the hour will come when you will break their yoke from off your neck." This prediction explains well the confidence of the Marocains at the time of the battle of Isly, and also the opposition of the Mouley Taieb order, under the influence of the reigning family of Morocco, to Hadj Abd-el-Kader. It was to this belief that Ben Marabet, their venerated chief, owed the repose we left him in his retreat, which he never quitted, at four leagues distance from our post; and by it may be explained the fact that Mohamed Bel-Hadj, who did not deign to disturb himself, when the *Zaza* broke out among the thousands of Kabyles who covered the market place, thought himself obliged to pay his respects to this holy man by a personal visit.

*Zaza* signifies, in Arabic, a tumult raised by robbers when they would make a good hit and pillage a Jew, for the Jew is generally the one to be shorn on these occasions. To carry out a *zaza* the robbers pretend to have a quarrel among themselves; some take part with one, some with the other; a crowd having gathered together, one tent is first upset, then another. The Kabyles protect their fowls and sheep as best they can, by standing before them; whilst the Jew, beaten, kicked, and roaring, sees the plunder of all his goods, and roars the louder; the troop of the caid of the market, having good reasons for their delay, arriving always too late, and then increasing only the confusion by distributing blows to the right and left, without the slightest discrimination. When thoroughly fatigued by this agreeable exercise, it is the wont of these functionaries to resume their place by the side of the caid, who has remained all the time quite an indifferent spectator of the scene. But these *Marghzen* police are a singular militia. They strongly resemble sheep-dogs; but dogs who bite, mind you, and carry off good bits of flesh in their mouths: for they live fatly. As to Bel-Hadj, if the noise of one of these tumults, in which men are often killed, should reach his ears when seated in his little house, about eight

hundred paces from the market, and holding there a full court, he would turn perhaps towards one of his chaous, and ask negligently, "*Ouachta hada?*" ("What is that?") to which the chaous would reply, after having looked out at the door: "*Atta hadja, loud i zegou.*" ("Nothing at all—only the screams of a Jew!") What was it to Bel-Hadj whether there was a life more or less? The long train of those who attended on him would not be less numerous, however many might be killed in a *zaza*. Though his political authority was exercised under our superintendence, all decisions with reference to questions between the Kabyles and the government came ostensibly from him. Thus though the hall where he gave audience had but small resemblance to the cabinet of a minister of state, as many intrigues took place in it as were ever hatched in former times at Cardinal Mazarin's—with this difference, that the cardinal bought consciences, whilst Bel-Hadj sold his.

One market-day I went with Moore to Mohamed's. It was somewhat late. The old man had passed the whole day seated at the bottom of the room he was in, his legs crossed under him on a mat, his back against the wall, mechanically counting his string of beads, whilst gravely listening to words whispered in his ear by people

stooping and crouching about him. When we entered, there were but few groups left, and the valley had resumed its usual silence. As soon as Bel-Hadj saw us he dismissed his attendants, and calling for coffee, made us take a place on his mat.

"Who is this trooper?" said I, pointing to the man who had handed me coffee, a tall bony fellow, who had lost three fingers from his left hand "Was he not wounded two years ago, when the Algiers column came first into your country?"

"Yes," he replied; "on the day of the encounter with the Marshal a ball smashed his hand. The chaous of my son Ahmet was killed the next day."

After remaining silent for a moment, Mohamed resumed: "Youth is still yours, and happiness is your shadow. Recollect the words of an old man; drive away all chagrin; it consumes more than a fever!"

"Fly it!" added the *Khodja* (secretary), who was seated beside him, "as the bite of a serpent, and carry a talisman in your bosom always against it."

Seeing a smile upon our lips, the Khodja replied, fixing his glance upon us:

"You, ye sons of Error, you know nothing but doubt, and that because our Lord Mahomed has

not given you his light. The true believer is he who, like the traveller, finds out the source of a rivulet by following its thread of water. Thanks be to holy words, we know the origin of things, and the way to avoid evil."

"Can you tell me the origin of grief?"

"Yes; for the *taleb*, my master, has told me."

"And what, then, is its origin?"

"The genii," replied the *Khodja*, with a grave and emphatic air, "are the fathers of grief. They send it for revenge sake. Listen, and recollect my words. When the Powerful launched our race into space, Eve, our common mother, being for the first time with child, fell into melancholy, for curiosity devoured her, and she wished to read in her own bosom. She then called for a demon named Aret, who promised her that if the creature she bore within her should receive the name of *servant of Aret*, he should be like her; but God, to punish Eve for having believed the demon, made her give birth to a fairy (geni). And, as genii, or fairies, are related to the demon, they are full of malice; their whole joy consists in doing evil. So they began to torment man by prompting the woman, his companion, to coquetry, to the rending of his heart. They laugh when the husband can find no rest. Thus, spirits of all the

nooks of the Earth, they have invented costumes which make the lover hidden by God under the form of a woman, more powerful still. They make the stone, the tear of the sun, whose brilliancy intoxicates, sparkle in his eyes. These cursed spirits are always laying ambushes for us, but their malice has no force against the *Sourate* of the prophet.* The moment you have uttered it, the demon will fly away faster than a thief in the night when he hears the voice of the master."

"So, then, you really believe in genii?"

"How can I doubt of what I have seen? Genii have struck me. One day when I had forgotten

* This is the way in which the *Sourate*, a form of exorcism, was revealed to the prophet. A cursed Jew, named Labeid, having by magic art bound him with a cord formed of eleven knots, God commanded the prophet to repeat the following words: "Say—I put my confidence in the master of men, king of men, God of men, against the malignity of the perfidious whisperer who whispers into the hearts of men, and against the malignity of genii and of men. Say—I appeal to the master of the wicked one against the malignity of the beings he has created, against the malignity of the moon, against its power of darkness, against the malignity of women who make vows in mockery, and against the malignity of the envious when they wish to injure."

At every verse of this exorcism a knot became detached, and the prophet having repeated them all, was freed from the attacks of the genii.

my talisman, and had not time to repeat the *Sourate*, I was struck down suddenly; and if it had not been for Hamed-ben-Hameur, to whom God has given a knowledge of secret things, and who is powerful in the science of marvels, I should have remained under the yoke of the demon to this day. Praise be to God, who has delivered his servant from evil!"

"It is curious," said Moore, when the *Khodja* had ceased speaking, "that we should find in places so wide apart the same craving for the marvellous; the same belief in intermediate beings; the same faith in enchantments. I recollect having heard stories of genii in Ireland, but there it is not on land, but at sea, that they have their habitations. There is a tradition that the isles inhabited by these mysterious beings appear, from time to time, on the surface of the water. Sometimes, when the atmosphere was clear, they might be seen from Dublin; but no one had ever disembarked on them, till, on the 2nd March, 1674, a certain John Nisbett, the ancestor of the person who told me the story, was suddenly enveloped, when at sea, in a thick fog. The fog lasted many hours, and when it disappeared the mariners found themselves close to an unknown land. As there were but four fathoms of water, they determined on casting

anchor, and half the crew were sent to reconnoitre the island. At about a mile from the coast, after having traversed a little wood they found herds, horses, and sheep pasturing tranquilly on the green sward. From this point they saw also a grand castle, but no one replied to their calls. As it was blowing rather sharply, the mariners took shelter under an old oak, and made a great fire. They were chatting peaceably together, when suddenly a tremendous noise rent the air, rolling over the whole island. In the greatest terror they fled to their ship, but dared not, in such shallow water, make sail that night. The next day, the sun had hardly risen when they saw advancing towards the coast an old gentleman and ten men following him with uncovered heads, as though they were his servants. Addressing the master of the vessel, the old man asked him whence he came, where he was going, and if he knew where he was? Then he who seemed to be the master invited the mariners to come ashore; and having dispelled their fears by encouraging words, conducted them to his castle, and made them a great feast. There they learnt that the island had been for many centuries under a powerful enchantment, which was never to be broken till a good Christian should light a fire upon it; that on the evening before,

just as the flames began to ascend, the wicked genii being vanquished, had fled away with the terrible noise they had heard; and that, thanks to the arrival of the mariners, the inhabitants of the island were at last delivered from their dreadful prison. They then gave to the Irish handsfull of gold pieces, with which they returned home. The same crew afterwards revisited the country where they had been so hospitably entertained. On the third voyage, however, they sought for the island in vain; it had disappeared."

Bel Hadj was all ears to hear this story, and when Moore had finished, said:

"The earth is a book more plain to read than the books of the learned. Every country has its signs which preserve the *souvenir* of past events. You know the great mountain, Ouar Senis, its long crest of pointed rocks, and the pinnacle that crowns them all. Among the *Beni Boukanous* who live at its base, there is a popular tradition to this effect. Weary of the crimes of men, God, who had not yet sent his prophet, withdrew his presence from the world, and allowed the genii of heaven and the earth to wage war with each other. The genii of heaven being conquered in one of their battles, regained the stars, their citadels; the genii of the sea pursuing them,

drew the waters from their depths, and on the tops of the waves sought to overtake their enemies. The ocean rose, and rose continually, covering the earth and swallowing up its inhabitants, for God interposed not, as the people were cursed till the prayer of a servant, the only one who had remained faithful among men, had reached his ears. Then looking down upon the earth he ordered that part of it where the family of his servant dwelt to ascend, and this just man felt the rock rising and lifting him above the billows. When the predestined work of destruction was accomplished, the genii of the sea finding it impossible to swell the sea up to the sky, fell down with all the corpses of the destroyed into the abyss below. The just one alone survived, and he raised a marabout on the summit of the rock, whence water falls to this day, drop by drop, recording perpetually the power of the Lord."

"I have a better story than that," resumed Moore. "That of the Devil's bite at Cashel. This bite, a huge mouthful of rock, rises like a tooth in the middle of the city, and bears on its top the ruins of an ancient abbey. In the blue mountains in the distance, a cavity may be discerned, which every good Irishman believes to be of the same dimensions as the rock. And the story is, that

Satan one day being in a bad humour, bit out the monstrous piece, spat it out upon Cashel, and flying away, conferred upon it diabolical power, which would have ruined the city, had not St. Keven driven away the evil spirits. This is the St. Keven whose virtue was put to so severe a test, as recorded in one of my father's ballads."

Moore then recited some of the most charming verses of this Irish melody.

Absorbed in souvenirs of Ireland, I forgot the presence of Bel Hadj. The Arab chief, whilst we were speaking French, had commenced a conversation with two mountaineers in rags who had just arrived. Suddenly I heard him call for his negro Embarek, and give orders for his horse to be brought round.

"Where are you going" said I; "you do not usually leave till nightfall."

"These men have brought me news that the blessing of God has sent guests to my door, and I am going to receive them."

"In that case, farewell; good fortune attend you." Then rising, we touched the extremity of his fingers, putting afterwards the hand to the mouth, according to the formulary of Arab politeness.

"I will lay a wager," said I to Moore, "that the old rogue has just received some news which will make it disagreeable to him to meet the commandant. He is off to avoid him."

"I should not be surprised," he replied. "One of those ragamuffins is a Sbéahs man, whom I have often seen with him."

I questioned him then about this man, whose large black eyes and aquiline nose had struck me. But the orderly on service summoning me to the presence of the commandant, interrupted us, and I went away without satisfying my curiosity.

"How many horses have you ready for service?" said he, the moment he saw me.

"There has been no accident since this morning," I replied; "twenty-five men and horses are both ready for a march."

"Let your troop be ready at half-past ten, taking only corn and provisions for one meal. My spies inform me that Bou Maza is this evening but six leagues from hence, among the Sbéahs, who give him the *diffa*. This impudence is rather too much. I shall wish him good morning myself to-morrow at sunrise. If we cannot capture him we may at least chastise these vagabonds. Have you seen Mohamed-Bel-Hadj?"

"He has this moment returned to his own home.

I suspect that the arrival of a Sbéah man, with whom he had some conversation, made him leave earlier than usual."

"He will be always the same, the trimmer, swimming between two streams. Fearing that I might ask him to accompany me, if decided on a march, he has gone off without informing me that Bou Maza is so near. All the better, for he is quite capable of double dealing, and might at least have lamed our enterprise, so anxious is he to stand well with every party. Do not say a word to your chasseurs till twenty minutes before you start. There may be spies about the camp, and not the slightest movement should be visible. When you are ready to mount come to me for your last orders."

I took my leave, rejoiced at the idea of escaping, even for a short interval, from our monotonous repose, experiencing the delight of an amateur of theatrical entertainments, who receives, after he has given up all hope of it, a ticket for a new melo-drama.

At the retreat, when the brigadier on duty distributed provender to the horses, I betook myself to the bivouac to see myself that the rations were abundant, for experience had proved to me the truth of the Arab saying: "If I had not seen the

stallion engender the colt, I would swear that corn was his father," or, as the soldier knows when he starts, but never when he is to return, it was necessary that our horses for the night should be prepared for every fatigue. The evening was fine, the silence profound; not a breath was stirring; nothing was heard but the sound so agreeable to the ears of those about to put their steeds to the test, that of the jaws of the horses masticating their corn; whilst the soldiers slipped gradually one or two at a time under their little tents, where they slept as soundly as young girls. At ten o'clock, when the sentinels were relieved, I called the Maréchal de Logis.

"In half an hour all will be on horseback. Every man must take three *jointées* * of corn and biscuit for one meal, and the camp sacks be carried into the interior of the post in case of accidents."

In a twinkling, the Maréchal de Logis and Brigadiers had roused up the whole camp. The tents were taken down, the bedding folded up, horses saddled, arms loaded, and at twenty minutes past ten, it was difficult to believe that for three weeks twenty-five horses, and twenty-five chasseurs had

* The quantity of corn contained in two hands held together is so called. It is a bivouac measure.

occupied the place. Five minutes afterwards the troop, making the tour of the walls, took their place behind three hundred infantry, who suddenly, at the word of command, had sprung out of their hammocks, and were now waiting patiently the will of their chief.

"The infantry will pass on first," said the commandant to me; "you will follow, and when we are on the point of arriving, I will give you my instructions, according to the reports of the spies."

The Commandant Manselon marched at the head of this little force, with two Arab guides. We first traversed the market-place, then turning to the left, followed a valley in the direction of the country of the Sbéahs. This valley, or more correctly speaking, narrow and wooded gorge, allowed us to advance, sheltered from all observation. The road, for an African road, was broad; it was four feet wide. Three leagues further on it terminated at a vast semicircle of mountains, which seemed to shut in the whole country. Then inclining to the north, the little column ascended steep hills, halting every ten minutes, to allow the infantry to take breath. Woods covered the sides of the mountain, but its summit was quite bare. To the right the eye plunged down into the gorge, which

the night and the moon-light made appear even deeper than it was; on the left, naked hillocks rose in vast undulations like those great billows of the ocean, which coming from Newfoundland, break against the coast of Brittany. We moved on in the most perfect silence; not a pipe, not a segar was lighted; after some hours, however, fatigue began to gain heavily upon us, and the cold of the morning just before dawn, benumbed our hands, and even our feet, despite their constant motion. Whilst the morning star was still visible, we halted in a little hollow, awaiting the return of our *trackers (limiers)* whom the commandant had sent to reconnoitre in advance. As day broke they rejoined us.

"In ten minutes more, we shall be at the *Douars*," said the Commandant. "The guests' horses are still all at picket. There is no suspicion whatever of our expedition. The chasseurs must take the lead, and as soon as the *Douars* are in sight, break into a gallop, to cut off all retreat."

All lassitude now disappeared, as usual, on the immediate prospect of action. Every one was on the alert, and anxious to arrive first. But just at the moment when we were all on the look-out for the Arabs, an infantry soldier, stumbling against a stone, fell, and his piece went off.

"Cursed brute!" cried the Commandant; "he has spoilt all; the alarm is given. But away, Sir," he added to me, "we will follow you at double quick. We must try to repair the damage this fellow has done."

In three minutes, the chasseurs were on the *Douar*, but the shot had betrayed us. To Arabs accustomed to surprises, three minutes, in such a case, is life. By the time we had arrived, they were already out of their tents, unpicketting their horses, springing on their backs, flying and exchanging pistol shots. On our first rush into the *melée*, two of our horses were hit, and two chasseurs seriously wounded. Our *coup de main* had nevertheless succeeded, and whilst the infantry drove the captured flocks and our few prisoners together, our chasseurs continued the hunt, pursuing the fugitives through the ravines, attacking the tents on the second range of hills, or galloping down its steep sides after Arab horsemen flying before them. The trumpeters sounded the retreat in vain; it was only on sounding the rally that the little troop returned, and took up their position in good order behind the infantry,

The firing had caused a great number of Sbéah horsemen to mount. They might be seen hurrying hither and thither on all sides. From the

little elevation on which we stood, their shadows in profile on the large naked hills, a good way off, had quite a fantastic appearance. While the wounded were being dressed, the Commandant questioned the prisoners. By their answers, he learnt that Bou-Maza had the evening before received the *Diffa* in the Douars; that towards eleven o'clock he had left, intending to cross the valley of the Cheliff that night and regain the Dahra; and that he had been accompanied only by his horsemen, having ordered the Sbéahs, who had formed his guard of honour, to remain behind.

The Sbéah tribe has always been known as a body of about the boldest reprobates in Africa. Even in the time of the Turks there were no miscreants like them. No debt was ever paid by them till the Bey passed through the valley of the Cheliff to carry tribute to the Pasha of Algiers; and never did he pass without leaving cavalry behind him to settle accounts. Under French rule it has been found necessary to *grind* the Sbéahs—if I may use the expression—in order a little to mollify them. Repeated razzias could alone effect this.

On our way back to Khamis with our prisoners, these fellows showed us that they knew well the use of arms, for many balls from their horse

pistols fell among us. To avoid useless wounds, the Commandant, taking advantage of the undulating nature of the ground, sent a party from the foreign legion to keep up a scouting watch behind the rear guard, and the chasseurs, forming the line of sharpshooters in front and on our flanks, kept the enemy at a respectful distance. They watched our march it is true, and made many attempts at attack, but were always checked by the balls of the chasseurs, though we advanced but slowly, as it was excessively hot. On reaching the territory of the Beni-Ouragh, the Kabyles, at enmity with the Sbéahs, commenced a fire upon them. Not judging it altogether prudent, however, to join battle with the men of Beni-Ouragh in the gorge, the Sbéahs retreated, and at half-past three o'clock our horses were picketted, our wounded carried to hospital, and the whole camp of Khamis had resumed its usual aspect.

Five days afterwards, another troop arrived from Mostaganem. We had now our full compliment, and were obliged to follow the two companies of infantry, who had come for the flocks we had taken in the razzias. After having shaken hands with our comrades we set out; our rest had not been of long duration. A month later our squadron joined the column commanded by

General Bourjolly, whose purpose it was to gather in some taxes in arrear, when the great revolt suddenly broke out. From this moment, privations, fatigues, and danger became too habitual to be thought of. We lost many at first—many who fell, sustaining the honour of their regiment, in hand-to-hand fights with the enemy. On one occasion when Lieutenant Colonel Berthier was clearing the way, he was struck by a cannon ball, and fell dead from his horse. After two months of ceaseless combats and marches, we had, however, gained the ascendancy. Tracked and hunted through their ravines, the Kabyles had again recourse to flight, hoping that the rains and heavy falls of snow would hinder our pursuit; but the campaign was to be continued during the whole winter; while an enemy dared raise his head, there was to be no repose for us. About the 15th of November, two thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry were stationed at Dar-Ben-Abdallah, a good military position, situated in the Flittas country, at twelve post leagues from Khamis. This force beat up the woods of oak and mastic trees, where Arab bands were wont to take refuge, destroyed all their hiding places, and let no opportunity of attacking them occur in vain.

From Dar-Ben-Abdallah, the General sent fresh troops to replace the soldiers of the legion at Khamis, which had been blockaded since the commencement of the insurrection. Thomas Moore came with his regiment, but he no longer commanded his company. Swung in a hammock on one side of a mule, he could hardly raise himself into a sitting position. Disease had made such frightful ravages on his face and person, that it gave one the heart-ache to look at him. He had become as decrepid as an old man. His clear bright eye had an unnatural diseased brilliancy; he was almost bent double; and then that slight dry cough, which was nevertheless delving death in his lungs! Day and night he was near us, and we nursed him with all the affection we felt for him. Alas! on our frequent daily visits, he could talk of nothing but his projects and his hopes. After a few days rest at Algeria, he was to embark for France; he was to return to England; all his troubles vanished; the future smiled upon him, and the cough only interrupted his castle-buildings. We were witnessing his agony, we were seeing him die, whilst he spoke only of life, and of a life filled with happiness. The spectacle was a grievous one,—shocking especially to soldiers. Sudden death has nothing melancholy in it, the

soldier braves it often; he looks upon it as his probable destiny; but to see a comrade, a friend, expire, little by little—to fear every moment that the features on which you look so sadly may be then contemplated for the last time, whilst you dare not say—"you are deceiving yourself, you are dying;" even in pressing his hand, to hide your emotion. No! Arab ambushes, incessant combats, and marches, the dangers of every day and night in Africa, are nothing to this!

On the day on which our poor friend was to leave us with a convoy of sick and wounded, we were all about him. We saw him lifted on the mule that was to carry him away to die further on. Every one brought him some little token of his affection, something that might alleviate the fatigue of the march, and we remained with him till the convoy had set out. Two hours afterwards we quitted Dar-Ben-Abdallah to penetrate further into the country, and for four months no news reached the column, till as we were approaching Boghar, at eighty leagues distance, we received intelligence that Thomas Moore was dead.

# A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

## I.

THE Autumn of 1845 was close at hand. A slight fermentation had been for some time visible among the Flittas;* taxes had been collected with difficulty; assassinations had been perpetrated; and many reports spoke of the constant plots of the Cherif, Bou-Maza, to insurrectionise the country. General Bourjolly, commanding the subdivision of Mostaganem, thought it therefore necessary to take up a temporary position in the centre of this district; in order to check at the commencement

* The Flittas are a numerous and powerful tribe. Their territory begins at about fifteen miles south of Mostaganem. It touches on one side on the plain of Mina, and on the other on the frontiers of Tell. The Flittas are divided into many fractions, one of which, the Cheurfas, inhabiting a part of very difficult access, exercises, by its fanaticism, great influence over the rest of the tribe.

these symptoms of revolt. There was no apprehension, however, of the slightest resistance. Those who pretended to be best informed felt confident, they said, that a few fines and the presence of the troops, would at once restore order, and that we should return to Mostaganem without firing a shot.

Twelve hundred infantry, and a hundred and forty cavalry of the 4th African chasseurs, having with them two mountain pieces of artillery, bivouacked on the 18th of September, 1845, on the territory of the Beni-Dergoun, at the foot of the table lands of the Flittas, in a valley known by the name of Touiza, of which on the next day all the echoes were awakened, at four o'clock in the morning, by four bugles and trumpets sounding the reveillies. At the first blast and bray of these martial chanticleers, all were at once stirring. The foot soldier rolled up his little tent on the top of his knapsack, already packed and strapped, whilst the African chasseur, responding to the joyous neighs of his horse, took his morning provender to the faithful companion of his campaigns; and the patient mules gravely suffered themselves to be loaded. In a few moments more, the nomade city was to disappear. The mornings were already cold, but not very keenly so. Seated by a fire, which

had been lit in haste, we were grumbling at the General for rousing us up so early, and yet giving no orders for a march, when Colonel Berthier returned from the head quarters. "Gentlemen," said he, "load your arms; I know not exactly what the news is, but it appears that the Flittas, instigated by Bou-Maza, are determined to dispute our passage through the defile of Tifour. The column is to follow that road, whilst the cavalry and the *goum* of Sidi-el-Aribi will pass by Zamora. The troop of Messrs. Paulz and Yvoie will alone remain with the General, as his escort. Quick, gentlemen, quick; in ten minutes we march, and without beat of drum."

Those of us who knew the history of this part of Africa, were not surprised at this menacing attitude of the Flittas. Turbulent, agitated, indocile, even in the time of the Turks, this tribe had never more than half-acknowledged the French authority. Their love of war and hatred to Christians, both fanned into flame by the fanatic exhortations of the Cheurfas, were also further encouraged by the natural defences of their country; for to reach the high lands, a large part of their territory, endless successions of hills and hillocks, beautiful and fertile beyond description, wooded defiles of most difficult access, thick clumps of the oak and

mastick tree, affording every where shelter and ambushes, and ravines and chasms where the enemy by thousands might be hidden, had to be traversed. You have seen those clipped trees at Versailles, cut out into bellying shapes by the scissors of the gardener. Well! in the Flittas country, Nature is the only gardener; and for the embarrassment and torment of our Generals and their columns, she has given to the mastick trees the form of the thickest quinconces of the gardens of Louis XIV. On the east, a part of this district, called Guerboussa, is nearly impenetrable. The Flittas, incorrigible rebels, for a long time found here a safe refuge. Mountains frightfully torn and ragged, ravines succeeding ravines, thick jungles, caverns with the narrowest entrances, concealed in the midst of thickets and waste rocky soils, may give some idea of this tract.

The Arabs have a saying, "When the horses cock their tails, they smell powder." On the evening before, we had jokingly made this remark, and to day the proverb was realized; but battle and action were our delight. We were all soon ready, and with hearts gay and alert, following the *goum* of Sidi-el-Aribi, we struck into the road to Zamora. At a fountain, so called also, during a moment's

halt, every officer inspected his troop. The girths were tightened, the priming of the fusils examined, and when all was right, the advance was sounded. Seventy horses to each squadron, neither more nor less, composed our regular force; but they were good horses, and true soldiers, led on by a valiant captain, Colonel Berthier.

In the direction taken by the column, shots were heard, at first rare and irregular, then more frequent, and then in volleys; and then a bomb burst, drowning their deadly pops and whizzes in its loud shattering report. On our side every part of the wood we traversed had a delicious morning freshness. The birds above, frightened by the tramp of our horses, uttered little cries of alarm, and flew away with their songs and their gaiety, out of our hearing. Towards Tifour, the fusillade kept on increasing, and despite the tranquil aspect of the wood, we were on our guard, apprehending a surprise, and not unnecessarily so; for suddenly an *aide-de-camp* of Sidi-el-Aribi galloped up to us, announcing that the enemy was before us. We broke thereupon into a trot, and running a muck into the midst of them, dispersed a part of the two hundred horsemen, who had come from Calah to rejoin Bou-Maza. Our march, more rapid than that of the

column, which had been obliged to protect its advance by throwing out all around parties of sharp-shooters, brought us soon on the heights leading to Dar-ben-Abdallah.* A magnificent spectacle here awaited us.

Drawn up in battle array, we had now a full view of the column advancing calmly and in good order, in the midst of enemies harassing it on all sides. The wood swarmed with them: horsemen running, galloping, gesticulating, and naked armed Kabyles, gliding from thicket to thicket, to take nearer and surer aims; whilst their shouts and screams, like the mingling cries, wailings, and roarings of wild beasts, filled the air. The smell of the powder was now mounting with an intoxicating effect to our heads; and the sun, adding by its beams a splendour to the effect, glittered on the arms of the soldiery, and shone brightly over masses of verdure. The column having halted on a height, the General, who could be recognised by his pennon at a distance, was seen forming a battery of two pieces of artillery, and we saw bombs trace their fiery circle in the air, and carry death into the depths of the ravines.

* The name of Dar-ben-Abdallah indicates the place occupied formerly by a house, of which only a few stones remained. In Africa a tree, or a field, often has a particular name, although there may not be the slightest vestige of a permanent habitation about it.

By order of Colonel Berthier, we started at a trot to rejoin the General; but hardly had we formed into rank for this purpose, when the troop of Paulz d'Yvoie, who had just made a vigorous charge on the enemy, supported by a body of riflemen, joined us. The thirty men, led valiantly on by Paulz Yvoie, had worthily maintained the honour of the 4th chasseurs in this charge; and the devotion and courage of that brave fellow, Geffines, will not be soon forgotten. After having, under a shower of shot, disengaged the Brigadier Parizot from his fallen horse, this man saved, at the peril of his life, another of his comrades, the chasseur Mazères; and then, having after an obstinate struggle wrenched a banner from an Arab horseman, fell covered with wounds, pressing the banner—the trophy of his glory—to his heart.

The vigorous resistance of our chasseurs gave a little breathing time to our column, of which advantage was taken to remove the killed and wounded to the *ambulance*. The chasseur Mazères, one of the brave companions of Geffines, refused on this occasion to be put on his mule till he had inquired after his horse, and had placed him under the care of one of his comrades; but he alone can know the value of a good horse, who has watched and fought on his back, and has often said to himself: "Without

those four strong legs, which gallop at my command, where should I be now?"

Of the killed and wounded, only one wounded man now remained on the field. He was a native soldier and a Turk. Doctor Lefebre bent over his wound and carefully examined it, without interruption from the balls, which flew pretty sharply about him. To save the man's life, immediate amputation was necessary. The General, therefore, gave orders for the rear-guard to halt; and the soldier being carried under a spreading oak on the left, the operation was performed under its shade, amidst showers of shot from the enemy. Two pieces of artillery keeping up a constant fire, drowned the groans of the wounded man, whilst a line of riflemen in ambush, in a narrow creek of land close by, were ready for a charge in case of need. In less than five minutes the limb was amputated, the man in a litter, and we on our march in advance.

The ardour of the enemy had by this time somewhat relaxed. As soon as we got into open spaces, their horsemen alone fired at a distance on our men, and we were able to establish our bivouac on the banks of the Menasfa, the cavalry being in the centre and the infantry forming four fronts. The wounded at first occupied all our

attention. Blankets spread out under tents were all the beds we could give them, and very hard ones they were. War is a rude trade; he whose body or limbs may be torn or riddled by shots can often expect no other bed than the bare earth. Double guards were by three o'clock posted on all sides. Those not on duty passed the remainder of the day, which had no morrow for many, as gaily as possible; where in a campaign there is no personal responsibility, there is no care.

The General, doubtless, was far from being so tranquil. The column had only provisions and ammunition for a few days, for no one had expected to be attacked by a whole population fanaticised by the presence of the Cherif. Our position was in the highest degree critical. The attack of the morning, and the fires which one saw on all sides lighted on the hills, gave every reason to believe that we should have the entire country up in revolt against us, and that we should be obliged to make a perilous retreat to the camp of Bel-Assel for provisions, ammunition, and the necessary reinforcements. But that which most distressed the General was the order he had given to the Commandant, Manselon, to quit Khamis, and to join him with a battalion and fifty horse. These troops, however, had to cross a part

of the Guerboussa, and it became therefore necessary to rescue them from the dangers of an ambush. The order was consequently given, on the next day, that the half of our force should remain at the camp, whilst seventy horse and the rest of the infantry should, with the General at their head, set out to meet the commandant Manselon.

Our camp was established at a distance of five hundred paces from the Menasfa, on a little hill, in a good military position. All around us nothing but the grey horizon; not a tree, not a rush, for the hills now hid the woods we had just traversed. Nothing but enormous scorched thistles grew out of the ground, cracked, and almost chasmed by the sun. On the banks of a rivulet alone there were thickets of laurel roses, which winded with the winding of the stream, and looked like a river of flowers.

The little column that had left with the General crossed the Menasfa, ascended the hill, and was quickly out of sight. A few minutes afterwards firing was heard, which soon died away in the distance. Meantime the heights about us were becoming menacing; new enemies every moment assailed us. The tumultuous noise of the multitude was like hoarse murmurs of the sea, with shrill cries intermixed. Or imagine the grand

swellings and tremblings of the ocean under a heavy gale, and its waves breaking violently against rocks. Whilst our guards were unremittingly on the keenest alert, repelling every attack, we abandoned ourselves, quiet and confident, to the charm of the country and the beauty of the day. Our wounded were going on well. They received our first visit. Mazères, who had lost a limb, was calm and composed; in his smile, however, there was an expression of nobleness and sadness, which showed how much he suffered. Seated near Geffines, he from time to time held water to his comrade's lips. It is a melancholy spectacle, that of a field hospital. Nothing so depresses the spirits. That streaming blood, those worn and haggard faces, that revolt of youth against pain, these dressings of wounds in the midst of arms, that mixture of war and the hospital, give even to glory an inexpressible aspect of sadness and mourning. This display of military suffering has, nevertheless, its grandeur. You will hear but a few groans, and these half suppressed with virile dignity; the soldier dies in silence far from his family, patient and resigned.

The noise and agitation augmented every moment. The cries of the enemy became more and more insolent; the *tam-tam* was heard, and our

guards were exchanging shots with their assailants very sharply, when the head of the column that had left in the morning was seen on the heights of Menasfa. In half an hour more they were in the camp, having brought back with them a few killed, a greater number of wounded, and, happily, the Khamis detachment.

Our dinner was a gay one, if it could be called a dinner. We drank to the health of the comrades who had joined us, and were telling a thousand-and-one of those stories which enliven a halt, when Colonel Berthier made one of our party. It was near six o'clock, the sun had disappeared, and the brown hot tint of Africa had begun to spread over the earth and the sky. The Colonel neither partook of our security nor of our gaiety. He seemed pre-occupied and disturbed. He made an effort, however, to appear lively, was so occasionally for a moment, but sunk again into sadness. On quitting us, he left a painful impression behind him. At night-fall the orders were given out. Our departure was fixed for the next day. One of the squadrons was, with the Orleans chasseurs, to form the rear guard; the rest of the column was to march according to the instructions each regiment received; and then every one separated for the night.

The camp was buried in sleep. The fitful flames of fires half extinct flickered occasionally on the sentinels, whose measured tread alone broke the silence of the night, except, when now and then the wind hurried by, some vague, fluctuating murmur, and all was still again. One light alone was visible in the tent of the Arab bureau. I entered, and sat down in a corner. The *Chef du Bureau* had just done writing a letter. Old Aga Djelloul, with his white beard, colourless complexion, and eyes bright with fever, was half reclining at the bottom of the tent, counting his chaplet, or passing his fingers through its beads, muttering the while indistinct monotonous sounds. He looked like a solitary of the Christian Thébaide. Two intelligent-looking youths stood waiting the orders of the Chief. They were the messengers about to carry a dispatch to Mostaganem. This was rolled up, almost imperceptibly, in the numerous folds of the coarse *haiks* which enveloped their heads; at the same time they received their instructions. They were to wait till the moon had disappeared, to gain the wood. Once there, it would be easy for them to evade the enemy. If they arrived early in the morning at Bel-Assel, a large recompense was promised them. They were going out, and were already at the door of the

tent, when they suddenly returned, and in an attitude full of modest dignity: "Father," said they to the Aga, bending their bodies, "this is our first enterprise; we are risking our lives; give us your benediction; it will support and strengthen us." They then knelt down, and the old man, laying his hands on their heads, invoked the blessing of God upon them.

I left the bureau, and returned to my tent, much moved with religious emotions. On the next day, at daybreak, the column marched in the direction of the Lower Mina. The Orleans chasseurs, under the orders of the Commandant Clerc, and a squadron of the African chasseurs formed the rear guard. Colonel Berthier remained with this squadron. The morning haze had not yet broken when we were saluted by the enemy's balls. As the day advanced, the Arabs pressed upon us in great numbers. They came from the hills and from their openings, by a multitude of paths and byways, from all sides, in such throngs, that by the time we had reached the entrance of the wood, we had fifteen hundred horsemen and six thousand Kabyles to deal with. Two vigorous charges, well headed, held them in check for a while; but presently the attack was renewed more obstinately. The Arabs might be

seen leaping over the há-hás like goats. The horsemen fired at full gallop, then disappeared with all the speed with which their horses could carry them. The Kabyles shouting and screaming, maddened themselves with a clamour which the report of our musketry could not drown. Nevertheless, we marched on at slow time, quite collected, and ready for every emergency.

There was a table-land on our road, about two hundred feet high, three sides of which were covered with wood. The road crossed a wooden ravine, about a thousand paces in length, at the end of which was another height, very like the first. The column had nearly passed the ravine, and was getting into rank on the opposite side, when unfortunately the squadron of chasseurs, by a misinterpretation of orders, got engaged in a hollow way, and the rear guard had thus only two companies of Orleans chasseurs under the orders of Commandant Clerc. We were half-way over when we heard discharges from the troop, and afterwards, at rare intervals, musketry shots. At this moment we were joined by Captain Guyot. "Colonel," said he to Colonel Berthier, "lose not a moment. Commandant Clerc is surrounded, and his men have used all their cartouches; you must send him a reinforcement." Whilst he was

speaking, all sabres were out; and at the same moment Colonel Berthier, not far from the issue of the wood, followed by Doctor Bécœur and three chasseurs, had turned two clumps of mastic trees, hastening towards the head of the column. Hardly had he disappeared behind these trees, when cries were heard: "*au Colonel! au Colonel!*" on which a troop darted forward, followed by the rest of the squadron, headed by Paulz d'Yvoie. Unhappily it was too late. By the side of the road was an officer stretched on the ground, supported by Dr. Bécœur. Brigadier Vincent and two chasseurs defended it. Around them lay the corpses of five Arabs. Colonel Berthier had been shot right through the breast, at the moment when he was sabreing a Kabyle ambushed behind a thicket. He had fallen from his horse, and the contest was now for his body. The corpses stretched on the sand gave evidence of the exasperation of the combat. The troops pressed on and repulsed the enemy, hurrying in great numbers to the spot. Thus was the capture of the Colonel prevented, and he was carried, still breathing, to the *ambulance*.

This sad duty accomplished, we hastened to join the squadron of Paulz d'Yvoie, who had pushed on to the succour of the rear guard. They

also had been witnesses of this terrible spectacle. The Orleans chasseurs, their lips black with powder, their bayonets red with blood, still held their ground, though surrounded by twenty of their comrades, who had fallen under the enemies' balls. Here was a frightful *pêle mêle* of broken arms, dead horses, and wounded and dying Arabs and Frenchmen, stretched on the same spot, and soaked in blood. The chasseurs, shoulder to shoulder, in serried rank, presented an immoveable front to the frenzied assaults of the Arab horsemen. They seemed to have borrowed the serenity and *sang froid* of their worthy commandant. Paulz d'Yvoie and his troop soon rescued them from their perilous position, when they took up a post about thirty yards distant, where they formed themselves into a line of riflemen, and awaited a reinforcement. Certainly, none but old soldiers could have stood thus calm and collected in the midst of a hail of balls. Where they were now, constantly in motion, it was less easy to hit them. The wounded being conveyed away, the rest remained firm. Each man felt that his own life and his own honour depended on the courage of all, and every one was ambitious to add another glorious page to the history of the 4th. For ten minutes the chasseurs had already

borne the brunt of the storm, such minutes as may count for hours, when finally the General, informed by Lieut. Dariule, who had traversed the ravine occupied by the enemy alone, of what was going on, arrived himself, with a battalion, to their aid. It was the native battalion, commanded by M. Valicon. We then fell back upon the columns, carrying with us the dead, the wounded, and the scattered arms. Then only was it known that a ball had shattered the knee of Commandant Clerc. He had been twenty minutes since on horseback, without uttering a complaint; for he feared that the slightest hesitation in the moment of peril might have been fatal, so suppressed every expression of pain.

As soon as we had joined the column, our first inquiries were after our Colonel. He had been placed on a litter under the shade of bushes to protect him from the heat of the sun. We arrived in time only to hear the death-rattles in his throat. Dr. Bécœur and the surgeons could give us no hope, and the brave man in a few minutes breathed his last. There was no time for lamenting. Hardly was he dead, when his litter was placed on one side of a mule; on the other side was a chasseur, with a broken thigh. The trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the

column resumed its march. As we were entering the defile of Tifour, the native battalion in its turn supported the burthen of the day.

Captain Valicon, mounted on a white horse, and constantly at the head of the riflemen, when he commanded, seemed to have fascinated the balls. Opposing stratagem to stratagem, thicket to thicket, ambush to ambush, our native sharpshooters glided like serpents among the bushes, and retorted vigorously their own mode of warfare on the Arabs. The officers, always first in danger, set them the example. One of these sharpshooters slipped behind a great clump of mastic trees; a Kabyle approached, a ball whizzed, the Arab fell dead. The sharpshooter reloaded and waited. Another Arab, looking carefully about him, advanced with cautious steps, to carry off the body. A second shot stretched him a corpse. Four of the enemy in this way were by a single rifleman killed, who then, proud of his address and his *sang froid*, returned to the column.

We were now at Touiza, the place whence we had marched so gaily three days before. Here we bivouacked again. It was three o'clock when we took up our ground. The Arabs had taken up their position on an opposite hill, their multitudinous buzz, and the noise of their *tam tam*

reached our camp. We each occupied the same place as before our departure. The tent of Colonel Berthier was pitched also in the same spot as before. Silence and respect surrounded it; and two sentinels watched day and night over the bed of death. Six large tents were filled with the wounded; others with the bodies of those who had fallen. At night graves were dug within the camp wherein to bury them. Alas! they were numerous. Great fires were then lit over the graves, that the corpses might escape the profanation of the Arabs; and this duty accomplished, every one returned to his tent.

The next day was a day of rest. The little barley that remained in the sacks was given to the horses, and this was all the food they had, till we should discover some provender in the surrounding country. The body of Colonel Berthier was to be conveyed to Mostaganem, that his tomb might be near his regiment, or rather, for so it might be called, his family. For this purpose it was necessary to embalm it, as the sun of September would have otherwise produced speedy decomposition. Fortunately, therefore, the rivulet near the bivouac was full of aromatic herbs, and with these, in the course of the day, the embalming was performed. The Colonel, dressed in his uniform,

enveloped in his cloak, rolled up in his tent, a fitting coffin, was placed on a strong mule, which travelled twenty-five leagues a day, and thus was transported to Mostaganem.

Not to be quite idle, the Arabs kept up a pastoral fire on our guards; and the day after our departure all their horsemen followed us, but at a respectful distance. From Touiza the valley widens up to the last hills, which gradually decline into the great plain of the Mina. This plain derives its name from a river which takes its source on the high lands of the Sersous, traverses the country of the Sdamas, sweeps round the Flittas, and debouches on the south east of the plain, running nearly in a straight line, for three leagues and a half, to the mountains of Bel-Assel, then bending to the right, it follows for three leagues this new direction, till it forms a junction with the Chelif, that runs from an opposite quarter, the east, when the joint stream, fifteen miles further on, falls into the sea. On this immense plain neither tree nor shelter is to be met with; here and there only are some bushes of the wild jujube, occasionally a slight unduction of earth, and a salt lake. This dead passage is, so to speak, set in the frame of a naked and vapoury horizon. Parts of the plain are so

ravined by rains as to be impassable in the winter. The Mina itself runs between steep banks twenty-five feet deep. The fertility of that portion of the plain called the lower Mina is proverbial. Its alluvial soil may be partly watered by a river lock which the Turks had constructed at Relizann, but which the French have removed. One day this tract will be covered with rich harvests, but in 1845 it echoed only with the musket shots of our Arab enemies. Our rebounding bombs, however, kept them off, and whilst our wounded were conveyed to Bel-Assel, the column, inclining to the left, reached Relizann.

END OF VOL. I.

London: M. S. Myers, 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
JANUARY, 1853.

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

## SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN,

WILL PUBLISH DURING THE PRESENT SEASON

## The following New Works.

---

MEMOIRS OF THE

## COURT AND CABINETS

OF

## GEORGE THE THIRD,

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c.

2 vols. 8vo.

---

## A TOUR OF INQUIRY

THROUGH

## FRANCE AND ITALY,

ILLUSTRATING THEIR PRESENT

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,

Author of "Travels in European Turkey," "Circassia," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. (*Now Ready.*)

## MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.

BY THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

---

## TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR.

BY BARON SCHONBERG.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

---

## WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

---

## FAMILY ROMANCE;

OR, EPISODES IN

THE DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. B. BURKE, ESQ.

Author of "The Peerage," "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

# MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.,

WITH A VIEW OF

HIS WRITINGS, LECTURES, AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S.,

Author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

---

NARRATIVE OF A FIVE YEARS'

# JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,

FROM 1847 TO 1852.

BY F. GERSTAUKER.

3 vols. post 8vo.

---

# A NEW WORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EMILIA WYNDHAM."

In 1 volume.

---

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

# AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

## The following Are Lately Published.

# LORD GEORGE BENTINCK:

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

FIFTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

---

MEMOIRS OF THE

# BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF

THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTBRISON.

3 Vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

---

# THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS,

QUEEN OF FRANCE,

CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII.

BY MISS PARDOE,

Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the 17th Century," &c.

SECOND EDITION. 3 large vols. 8vo., with Fine Portraits, 42s.

---

ADVENTURES OF

# THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Second Series.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.,

LATE LIEUTENANT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

## The following Are Lately Published.

# AUSTRALIA AS IT IS:

ITS SETTLEMENTS, FARMS, AND GOLD FIELDS.

BY F. LANCELOTT, ESQ.,

MINERALOGICAL SURVEYOR IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

---

# THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE,

AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT;

A POPULAR MANUAL OF THE SCIENCES.

BY S. W. FULLOM, ESQ.,

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE KING OF HANOVER.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

---

# REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.

BY A BANISHED LADY.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo., 21s.

---

# THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN EUROPE:

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF SWEDEN, DENMARK, NORWAY, AND ICELAND, WITH COPIOUS SPECIMENS.

BY WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

# New Works of Fiction

## By Distinguished Writers.

## THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

BY LADY CATHARINE LONG,

AUTHOR OF "SIR ROLAND ASHTON," &c.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)

## THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. GORE.

3 vols.

## HARRY MUIR;

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND," "ADAM GRAEME," &c.

3 vols.

## A NEW NOVEL.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

3 vols.

# New Works of Fiction

## By Distinguished Writers.

## THE JEALOUS WIFE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

3 vols.

## CASTLE AVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EMILIA WYNDHAM," &c.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)

## THE LONGWOODS

OF THE GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADELAIDE LINDSAY."

3 vols.

## BROOMHILL;

OR, THE COUNTY BEAUTIES.

3 vols. (*Now Ready.*)

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Published on the 1st of every Month, Price 3s. 6d.

# COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE,

AND

# NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL.

This popular periodical, which has now been established a quarter of a century, embraces subjects of such extensive variety and powerful interest as must render it scarcely less acceptable to readers in general than to the members of those professions for whose use it is more particularly intended. Independently of a succession of Original Papers on innumerable interesting subjects, Personal Narratives, Historical Incidents, Correspondence, &c., each number comprises Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Officers of all branches of service, Reviews of New Publications, either immediately relating to the Army or Navy, or involving subjects of utility or interest to the members of either, Full Reports of Trials by Courts Martial, Distribution of the Army and Navy, General Orders, Circulars, Promotions, Appointments, Births, Marriages, Obituary, &c., with all the Naval and Military Intelligence of the Month.

"This is confessedly one of the ablest and most attractive periodicals of which the British press can boast, presenting a wide field of entertainment to the general as well as professional reader. The suggestions for the benefit of the two services are distinguished by vigour of sense, acute and practical observation, an ardent love of discipline, tempered by a high sense of justice, honour, and a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of our soldiers and seamen."—*Globe.*

"At the head of those periodicals which furnish useful and valuable information to their peculiar classes of readers, as well as amusement to the general body of the public, must be placed the 'United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal.' It numbers among its contributors almost all those gallant spirits who have done no less honour to their country by their swords than by their pens, and abounds with the most interesting discussions on naval and military affairs, and stirring narratives of deeds of arms in all parts of the world. Every information of value and interest to both the Services is culled with the greatest diligence from every available source, and the correspondence of various distinguished officers which enrich its pages is a feature of great attraction. In short, the 'United Service Magazine' can be recommended to every reader who possesses that attachment to his country which should make him look with the deepest interest on its naval and military resources."—*Sun.*

"This truly national periodical is always full of the most valuable matter for professional men."—*Morning Herald.*

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

# INTERESTING WORKS

## PUBLISHED FOR HENRY COLBURN

BY HIS SUCCESSORS, HURST AND BLACKETT,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

---

**NEW EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS.**

*Now complete, in Eight Octavo Volumes (comprising from 600 to 700 pages), price 4l. 4s., elegantly bound,*

# LIVES

OF THE

# QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

## BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

**A New, Revised, and Cheaper Edition,**

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF EVERY QUEEN.

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

---

*** This Edition is also now in course of Monthly Issue, at 10s. 6d. each volume.

---

In announcing the publication of the new, revised, and greatly augmented Edition of this important and interesting work, which has been considered unique in biographical literature, the publishers beg to direct attention to the following extract from the author's preface:—"A revised edition of the 'Lives of the Queens of England,' embodying the important collections which have been brought to light since the appearance of earlier impressions, is now offered to the world, embellished with Portraits of every Queen, from authentic and properly verified sources. The series, commencing with the consort of William the Conqueror, occupies that most interesting and important period of our national chronology, from the death of the last monarch of the Anglo-Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, to the demise of the last sovereign of the royal house of Stuart, Queen Anne, and comprises therein thirty queens who have worn the crown-matrimonial, and four the regal diadem of this realm. We have related the parentage of every queen, described her education, traced the influence of family connexions and national habits on her conduct, both public and private, and given a concise outline of the domestic, as well

as the general history of her times, and its effects on her character, and we have done so with singleness of heart, unbiassed by selfish interests or narrow views. Such as they were in life we have endeavoured to portray them, both in good and ill, without regard to any other considerations than the development of the *facts*. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their costume, will be found faithfully chronicled in this work, which also includes the most interesting of their letters. The hope that the 'Lives of the Queens of England' might be regarded as a national work, honourable to the female character, and generally useful to society, has encouraged us to the completion of the task."

---

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

"These volumes have the fascination of romance united to the integrity of history. The work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."—*Times.*

"A remarkable and truly great historical work. In this series of biographies, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, it is the singular merit of Miss Strickland that her research has enabled her to throw new light on many doubtful passages, to bring forth fresh facts, and to render every portion of our annals which she has described an interesting and valuable study. She has given a most valuable contribution to the history of England, and we have no hesitation in affirming that no one can be said to possess an accurate knowledge of the history of the country who has not studied this truly national work, which, in this new edition, has received all the aids that further research on the part of the author, and of embellishment on the part of the publishers, could tend to make it still more valuable, and still more attractive, than it had been in its original form."—*Morning Herald.*

"A most valuable and entertaining work. There is certainly no lady of our day who has devoted her pen to so beneficial a purpose as Miss Strickland. Nor is there any other whose works possess a deeper or more enduring interest. Miss Strickland is to our mind the first literary lady of the age."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose."—*Morning Post.*

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived *much* entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum.*

# BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

## FOR 1853.—IN THE PRESS.

### NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED THROUGHOUT FROM THE PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS OF THE NOBILITY, &c.

With the ARMS (1500 in number) accurately engraved, and incorporated with the Text.
In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter as twenty ordinary volumes), 38s. bound.

The following is a List of the Principal Contents of this Standard Work:—

I. A full and interesting history of each order of the English Nobility, showing its origin, rise, titles, immunities, privileges, &c.

II. A complete Memoir of the Queen and Royal Family, forming a brief genealogical History of the Sovereign of this country, and deducing the descent of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, through their various ramifications. To this section is appended a list of those Peers who inherit the distinguished honour of Quartering the Royal Arms of Plantagenet.

III. An Authentic table of Precedence.

IV. A perfect HISTORY OF ALL THE PEERS AND BARONETS, with the fullest details of their ancestors and descendants, and particulars respecting every collateral member of each family, and all intermarriages, &c.

V. The Spiritual Lords.

VI. Foreign Noblemen, subjects by birth of the British Crown.

VII. Peerages claimed.

VIII. Surnames of Peers and Peeresses, with Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.

IX. Courtesy titles of Eldest Sons.

X. Peerages of the Three Kingdoms in order of Precedence.

XI. Baronets in order of Precedence.

XII. Privy Councillors of England and Ireland.

XIII. Daughters of Peers married to Commoners.

XIV. ALL THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, with every Knight and all the Knights Bachelors.

XV. Mottoes translated, with poetical illustrations.

"The most complete, the most convenient, and the cheapest work of the kind ever given to the public."—*Sun.*

"The best genealogical and heraldic dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage, and the first authority on all questions affecting the aristocracy."—*Globe.*

"For the amazing quantity of personal and family history, admirable arrangement of details, and accuracy of information, this genealogical and heraldic dictionary is without a rival. It is now the standard and acknowledged book of reference upon all questions touching pedigree, and direct or collateral affinity with the titled aristocracy. The lineage of each distinguished house is deduced through all the various ramifications. Every collateral branch, however remotely connected, is introduced; and the alliances are so carefully inserted, as to show, in all instances, the connexion which so intimately exists between the titled and untitled aristocracy. We have also much most entertaining historical matter, and many very curious and interesting family traditions. The work is, in fact, a complete cyclopædia of the whole titled classes of the empire, supplying all the information that can possibly be desired on the subject."—*Morning Post.*

"The 'Peerage' and the 'Landed Gentry' of Mr. Burke are two works of public utility—constantly referred to by all classes of society, and rarely opened without being found to supply the information sought. They are accessions of value to our books of reference, and few who write or talk much about English Peers and English Landed Gentry, can well be looked on as safe authorities without a knowledge of the contents of Mr. Burke's careful compilations."—*Athenæum.*

# BURKE'S HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY

## A Genealogical Dictionary

### OF THE WHOLE OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND:

**Comprising Particulars of 100,000 Individuals connected with them.**

In 2 volumes, royal 8vo, including the Supplement, beautifully printed in double columns, comprising more matter than 30 ordinary volumes, price only 2*l.* 2s., elegantly bound,

## WITH A SEPARATE INDEX, GRATIS.

**CONTAINING REFERENCES TO THE NAMES OF EVERY PERSON MENTIONED.**

---

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom as has never before been attempted to be brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman. The great cost attending the production of this National Work, the first of its kind, induces the publisher to hope that the heads of all families recorded in its pages will supply themselves with copies.

---

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it. The untitled aristocracy have in this great work as perfect a dictionary of their genealogical history, family connexions, and heraldic rights, as the peerage and baronetage. It will be an enduring and trustworthy record."—*Morning Post.*

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origin,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions. It cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to professional men in their researches respecting the members of different families, heirs to property, &c. Indeed, it will become as necessary as a Directory in every office."—*Bell's Messenger.*

# DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
# JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.,

Author of "Sylva," &c.

## A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED, WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONAL LETTERS NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

UNIFORM WITH THE NEW EDITION OF PEPYS' DIARY:

In 4 vols., post 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each.

N.B.—Vols. III. and IV., containing "The Correspondence," may be had separately, to complete sets.

---

The Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn has long been regarded as an invaluable record of opinions and events, as well as the most interesting exposition we possess of the manners, taste, learning, and religion of this country, during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The Diary comprises observations on the politics, literature, and science of his age, during his travels in France and Italy; his residence in England towards the latter part of the Protectorate, and his connexion with the Courts of Charles II. and the two subsequent reigns, interspersed with a vast number of original anecdotes of the most celebrated persons of that period. To the Diary is subjoined the Correspondence of Evelyn with many of his distinguished contemporaries; also Original Letters from Sir Edward Nicholas, private secretary to King Charles I., during some important periods of that reign, with the King's answers; and numerous letters from Sir Edward Hyde (Lord Clarendon) to Sir Edward Nicholas, and to Sir Richard Brown, Ambassador to France, during the exile of the British Court.

A New Edition of this interesting work having been long demanded, the greatest pains have been taken to render it as complete as possible, by a careful re-examination of the original Manuscript, and by illustrating it with such annotations as will make the reader more conversant with the numerous subjects referred to by the Diarist.

"It has been justly observed that as long as Virtue and Science hold their abode in this island, the memory of Evelyn will be held in the utmost veneration. Indeed, no change of fashion, no alteration of taste, no revolution of science, have impaired, or can impair, his celebrity. The youth who looks forward to an inheritance which he is under no temptation to increase, will do well to bear the example of Evelyn in his mind, as containing nothing but what is imitable, and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something for imitation, but for an English gentleman he is the perfect model."—*Quarterly Review.*

# LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.

## By MRS EVERETT GREEN,

EDITOR OF THE "LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES."

4 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each, bound.

---

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A most agreeable book. The authoress, already favourably known to the learned world by her excellent collection of 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies," has executed her task with great skill and fidelity. Every page displays careful research and accuracy. There is a graceful combination of sound, historical erudition, with an air of romance and adventure that is highly pleasing, and renders the work at once an agreeable companion of the boudoir, and a valuable addition to the historical library. Mrs. Green has entered upon an untrodden path, and gives to her biographies an air of freshness and novelty very alluring. The first two volumes (including the Lives of twenty-five Princesses) carry us from the daughters of the Conqueror to the family of Edward I.—a highly interesting period, replete with curious illustrations of the genius and manners of the Middle Ages. Such works, from the truthfulness of their spirit, furnish a more lively picture of the times than even the graphic, though delusive, pencil of Scott and James."—*Britannia.*

"The vast utility of the task undertaken by the gifted author of this interesting book can only be equalled by the skill, ingenuity, and research displayed in its accomplishment. The field Mrs. Green has selected is an untrodden one. Mrs. Green, on giving to the world a work which will enable us to arrive at a correct idea of the private histories and personal characters of the royal ladies of England, has done sufficient to entitle her to the respect and gratitude of the country. The labour of her task was exceedingly great, involving researches, not only into English records and chronicles, but into those of almost every civilised country in Europe. The style of Mrs. Green is admirable. She has a fine perception of character and manners, a penetrating spirit of observation, and singular exactness of judgment. The memoirs are richly fraught with the spirit of romantic adventure."—*Morning Post.*

"This work is a worthy companion to Miss Strickland's admirable 'Queens of England.' In one respect the subject-matter of these volumes is more interesting, because it is more diversified than that of the 'Queens of England.' That celebrated work, although its heroines were, for the most part, foreign Princesses, related almost entirely to the history of this country. The Princesses of England, on the contrary, are themselves English, but their lives are nearly all connected with foreign nations. Their biographies, consequently, afford us a glimpse of the manners and customs of the chief European kingdoms, a circumstance which not only gives to the work the charm of variety, but which is likely to render it peculiarly useful to the general reader, as it links together by association the contemporaneous history of various nations. The histories are related with an earnest simplicity and copious explicitness. The reader is informed without being wearied, and alternately enlivened by some spirited description, or touched by some pathetic or tender episode. We cordially commend Mrs. Everett Green's production to general attention; it is (necessarily) as useful as history, and fully as entertaining as romance."—*Sun.*

# THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES I.

## By I. DISRAELI.

A NEW EDITION. REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, AND EDITED BY HIS SON, THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

2 vols., 8vo, uniform with the "Curiosities of Literature," 28s. bound.

"By far the most important work on the important age of Charles I. that modern times have produced."—*Quarterly Review.*

---

# MEMOIRS OF HORACE WALPOLE

## AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES,

INCLUDING NUMEROUS ORIGINAL LETTERS, FROM STRAWBERRY HILL.

EDITED BY

## ELIOT WARBURTON.

2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 16s. bound.

Perhaps no name of modern times is productive of so many pleasant associations as that of "Horace Walpole," and certainly no name was ever more intimately connected with so many different subjects of importance in connexion with Literature, Art, Fashion, and Politics. The position of various members of his family connecting Horace Walpole with the Cabinet, the Court, and the Legislature—his own intercourse with those characters who became remarkable for brilliant social and intellectual qualities—and his reputation as a Wit, a Scholar, and a Virtuoso, cannot fail to render his Memoirs equally amusing and instructive. They nearly complete the chain of mixed personal, political, and literary history, commencing with "Evelyn" and "Pepys," carried forward by "Swift's Journal and Correspondence," and ending almost in our own day with the histories of Mr. Macaulay and Lord Mahon.

"These Memoirs form a necessary addition to the library of every English gentleman. Besides its historical value, which is very considerable, the work cannot be estimated too highly as a book of mere amusement."—*Standard.*

---

# MADAME PULSZKY'S MEMOIRS.

Comprising Full and Interesting Details of

## THE LATE EVENTS IN HUNGARY.

With an Historical Introduction by FRANCIS PULSZKY, late Under-Secretary of State to Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

---

## THE DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE

# EARLS OF CLARENDON AND ROCHESTER;

Comprising important Particulars of the Revolution, &c.

Published from the Original MSS. With Notes. 2 vols., with fine Portraits and Plates, bound, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

# BURKE'S DICTIONARY OF THE EXTINCT, DORMANT, & ABEYANT PEERAGES

## OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Beautifully printed, in 1 vol. 8vo, containing 800 double-column pages, 21s. bound.

This work, formed on a plan precisely similar to that of Mr. Burke's popular Dictionary of the present Peerage and Baronetage, comprises those peerages which have been suspended or extinguished since the Conquest, particularising the members of each family in each generation, and bringing the lineage, in all possible cases, through either collaterals or females, down to existing houses. It connects, in many instances, the new with the old nobility, and it will in all cases show the cause which has influenced the revival of an extinct dignity in a new creation. It should be particularly noticed, that this new work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

CONTENTS.

1. Peerages of England extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.
2. Baronies by Writ—England—in abeyance, and still vested probably in existing heirs.
3. Extinct and Abeyant Peerages of England, according to titles.
4. Charters of Freedom—Magna Charta—Charter of Forests.
5. Roll of Battel Abbey.
6. Peerages of Ireland, extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.
7. Baronies by Writ—Ireland—in abeyance.
8. Peerages of Ireland, extinct and abeyant, alphabetically, according to Titles.
9. Peerages of Scotland, extinct by failure of issue, attainder, &c., alphabetically, according to Surnames.
10. Extinct Peerages of Scotland, alphabetically, according to Titles.

# MEMOIRS OF SCIPIO DE RICCI,

LATE BISHOP OF PISTOIA AND PRATO;

## REFORMER OF CATHOLICISM IN TUSCANY.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, 12s. bound.

The leading feature of this important work is its application to the great question now at issue between our Protestant and Catholic fellow-subjects. It contains a complete *exposé* of the Romish Church Establishment during the eighteenth century, and of the abuses of the Jesuits throughout the greater part of Europe. Many particulars of the most thrilling kind are brought to light.

# MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS

## OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, price only 12s.—The same in French, 7s.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work. It is as a mirror of the most splendid Court in Europe, at a time when the monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of attention."—*Chronicle.*

# LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOCKE.

By LORD KING. 2 vols. 16s.

# HISTORIC SCENES.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. 1 vol., post 8vo, elegantly bound, with Portrait of the Author, 10s. 6d.

"This attractive volume is replete with interest. Like Miss Strickland's former works, it will be found, we doubt not, in the hands of youthful branches of a family, as well as in those of their parents, to all and each of whom it cannot fail to be alike amusing and instructive."—*Britannia.*

---

# LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Now first published from the Originals, with Historical Notices.

By MRS. EVERETT GREEN,

Author of "Lives of the Princesses of England."

Cheaper Edition, 3 vols., with Facsimile Autographs, &c., 15s. bound.

---

# GENERAL PEPE'S NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN ITALY,

FROM 1847 to 1850; INCLUDING THE SIEGE OF VENICE.

Now first published from the original Italian Manuscript.
Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

"We predict that posterity will accept General Pepe as the historian of the great Italian movement of the nineteenth century. His work is worthy of all commendation."—*Standard.*

---

THE

# REV. R. MILMAN'S LIFE OF TASSO.

Cheaper Edition in 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

"Mr. Milman's book has considerable merit. He has evidently, in his interesting biography of Tasso, undertaken a labour of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well-arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes."—*Edinburgh Review.*

---

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

# SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B.,

*Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from* 1769 *to* 1793*; with Biographical Memoirs of*

# QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA, SISTER OF GEORGE III.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 21s. bound.

"A large portion of this important and highly interesting work consists of letters, that we venture to say will bear a comparison for sterling wit, lively humour, entertaining gossip, piquant personal anecdotes, and brilliant pictures of social life, in its highest phases, both at home and abroad, with those of Horace Walpole himself."—*Court Journal.*

# CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S REMINISCENCES

## OF ADMIRALS SIR E. OWEN, SIR B. HALLOWELL CAREW, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s. bound.

"A work which cannot fail of being popular in every portion of our sea-girt isle, and of being read with delight by all who feel interested in the right hand of our country—its Navy."—*Plymouth Herald.*

# REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

## By M. COLMACHE,

THE PRINCE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Second Edition, 1 volume, post 8vo, with Portrait, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We have perused this work with extreme interest. It is a portrait of Talleyrand drawn by his own hand."—*Morning Post.*

"A more interesting work has not issued from the press for many years. It is in truth a complete Boswell sketch of the greatest diplomatist of the age."—*Sunday Times.*

# HISTORY OF THE WAR IN GERMANY AND FRANCE IN 1813 & 1814.

By Lieut.-Gen. the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, G.C.B., &c. &c., 21s.

Now ready, VOLUME XI., price 5s., of

# M. A. THIERS' HISTORY OF FRANCE,

## FROM THE PERIOD OF THE CONSULATE IN 1800, TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

A SEQUEL TO HIS HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Having filled at different times the high offices of Minister of the Interior, of Finance, of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, M. Thiers has enjoyed facilities beyond the reach of every other biographer of Napoleon for procuring, from exclusive and authentic sources, the choicest materials for his present work. As guardian to the archives of the state, he had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few, and the publication of which cannot fail to produce a great sensation. From private sources, M. Thiers, it appears, has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print, and the accuracy and value of which may be inferred from the fact of these parties having been themselves eye-witnesses of, or actors in, the great events of the period.

*** To prevent disappointment, the public are requested to be particular in giving their orders for "COLBURN'S AUTHORISED TRANSLATION."

# HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS;

FROM THE CONVENTION PARLIAMENT OF 1688-9, TO THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL IN 1832.

By WM. CHARLES TOWNSEND, ESQ., M.A. 2 vols. 8vo, 12s. bound.

"We have here a collection of biographical notices of all the Speakers who have presided during the hundred and forty-four years above defined, and of several Members of Parliament the most distinguished in that period. Much useful and curious information is scattered throughout the volumes."—*Quarterly Review.*

# DIARY AND MEMOIRS OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA,

CONSORT OF GEORGE I.

Now first published from the Originals.
Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., 8vo, with Portrait, 12s. bound.

"A book of marvellous revelations, establishing beyond all doubt the perfect innocence of the beautiful, highly-gifted, and inhumanly-treated Sophia Dorothea."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

# LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Illustrative of Her Personal History.
Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes,
By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Cheaper Edition, with numerous Additions, uniform with Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait, &c., 12s. bound.

"The best collection of authentic memorials relative to the Queen of Scots that has ever appeared."—*Morning Chronicle.*

# MEMOIRS OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER.

Written by HERSELF. 3 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait.

"One of the most delightful and deeply-interesting works we have read for a long time."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

# LADY BLESSINGTON'S JOURNAL

OF

# HER CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

Cheaper Edition, in 8vo, embellished with
Portraits of Lady Blessington and Lord Byron, price only 7s. bound.

"The best thing that has been written on Lord Byron."—*Spectator.*
"Universally acknowledged to be delightful."—*Athenæum.*

# ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER,

Being the Memoirs of EDWARD COSTELLO, of the Rifle Brigade, late Captain in the British Legion;

Comprising Narratives of the Campaigns in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington, and the Civil War in Spain.

New and Cheaper Edition, with Portrait of the Author, 3s. 6d. bound.

# ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY,

AND

## EPISODES IN ANCESTRAL STORY.

By J. BERNARD BURKE, Esq.,

Author of "The History of the Landed Gentry," "The Peerage and Baronetage,"

SECOND AND CHEAPER EDITION, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"Mr. Burke has here given us the most curious incidents, the most stirring tales, the most remarkable circumstances connected with the histories, public and private, of noble houses and aristocratic families, and has put them into a shape which will pres them in the library, and render them the favourite study of those who are intereste the romance of real life. These stories, with all the reality of established fact, read as much spirit as the tales of Boccacio, and are as full of strange matter for reflection amazement."—*Britannia.*

"We cannot estimate too highly the interest of Mr. Burke's entertaining and instru work. For the curious nature of the details, the extraordinary anecdotes related, strange scenes described, it would be difficult to find a parallel for it. It will be rea every one."—*Sunday Times.*

---

# ROMANTIC RECORDS OF DISTINGUISHE FAMILIES.

BEING THE SECOND SERIES OF "ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY

By J. B. BURKE, Esq.

2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"From the copious materials afforded by the history of the English Aristocracy, Burke has made another and a most happy selection, adding a second wing to his inte ing picture-gallery. Some of the most striking incidents on record in the annals of and noble families are here presented to view."—*John Bull.*

---

# MR. DISRAELI'S CONINGSBY.

CHEAP STANDARD EDITION, WITH A NEW PREFACE.
In 1 vol., with Portrait, 6s. bound.

"We are glad to see that the finest work of Disraeli has been sent out in the same s as those of Dickens, Bulwer, and other of our best novelists, at such a price as to them within the reach of the most moderate means. 'Coningsby' has passed from the p larity of a season to an enduring reputation as a standard work. It is a valuable co bution to popular literature."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

---

# WORKS OF LADY MORGAN.

1. WOMAN AND HER MASTER. A History of the Fem Sex from the earliest Period. 2 vols., 12s.
2. THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR. 2 vols., 10s.
3. LIFE AND TIMES OF SALVATOR ROSA. 2 vols., 1
4. THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTYS. 4 vols.,

## JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE,

Comprising the Narrative of

## A THREE YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN;

With an Account of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo, 10s. bound.

"No European has been able, from personal observation and experience, to communicate a tenth part of the intelligence furnished by this writer."—*British Review.*

NARRATIVE OF THE

## TEN YEARS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY ROUND THE WORLD

Of H.M.S. "ADVENTURE" and "BEAGLE," under the command of Captains KING and FITZROY.

Cheaper Edition. 2 large vols., 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists, bound, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

## ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, & RUSSIA.

By Lieutenant-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, bound, 12s.

## NARRATIVE OF A TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NINEVEH;

AND TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA, ASSYRIA, AND SYRIA,

With Remarks on the Chaldeans, Nestorians, Yezidees, &c.

By the Rev. J. P. FLETCHER. Two vols., post 8vo, 21s. bound.

## TRAVELS IN ALGERIA.

By VISCOUNT FEILDING and CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, bound, 12s.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE

## COURTS OF VIENNA, CONSTANTINOPLE,

ATHENS, NAPLES, &c. &c.

By the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

8vo, with Portrait, bound, 10s. 6d.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS IN

## BABYLONIA, ASSYRIA, MEDIA, AND SCYTHIA.

By the Hon. COLONEL KEPPEL (now Lord Albemarle).

Third Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Portrait and Plates, 12s.

## TRAVELS IN KASHMERE, &c.

By G. T. VIGNE, Esq., F.G.S. Cheaper Edition. 2 vols., 8vo, with a valuable Map, and 22 Illustrations, bound, 1*l.* 1s.

# GERMANY;
## ITS COURTS AND PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED VERNON."

Second and Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s. bound.

"An important, yet most amusing work, throwing much and richly-coloured light on matters with which every one desires to be informed. All the courts and people of Germany are passed in vivid review before us. The account of the Austrians, Magyars, and Croats, will be found especially interesting. In many of its lighter passages the work may bear a comparison with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters."—*Morning Chronicle.*

---

## LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.

FOURTH EDITION, Revised and Corrected, 1 vol., post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review.*

---

## THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST.

By D. URQUHART, Esq., M.P. 2 vols., 16s.

---

## SIR HENRY WARD'S ACCOUNT OF MEXICO, THE MINING COMPANIES, &c.

2 vols., with Plates and Maps, 21s.

---

## THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;

OR,

## ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.

NINTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

---

## HOCHELAGA;

OR,

## ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq.,

Author of "The Crescent and the Cross."

FOURTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, 2 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. bound.

"*We recommend* 'Hochelaga' most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be *unacquainted* with it."—*Quarterly Review.*

# LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MILITARY LIFE.

Edited by Lieut.-Gen. Sir CHARLES NAPIER, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in India, &c. 1 vol., 8vo, 10s. 6d. bound.

"A narrative of stirring interest, which should be in the hands of every officer in her Majesty's service."—*Globe.*

# SIR JAMES ALEXANDER'S ACADIE;

## OR, SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATION IN CANADA, &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. bound.

"Replete with valuable information on Canada for the English settler, the English soldier, and the English Government; with various charms of adventure and description for the desultory reader."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"No other writer on Canada can compare with the gallant author of the present volumes in the variety and interest of his narrative."—*John Bull.*

# STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

## A COMPANION VOLUME TO MR. GLEIG'S "STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."

With six Portraits and Map, 5s. bound.

"Every page of this work is fraught with undying interest. We needed such a book as this; one that could give to the rising generation of soldiers a clear notion of the events which led to the expulsion of the French from the Peninsular."—*United Service Gazette.*

# LADY LISTER KAYE'S BRITISH HOMES AND FOREIGN WANDERINGS.

2 vols., post 8vo, 10s. bound.

"Unrivalled as these volumes are, considered as portfolios of aristocratic sketches, they are not less interesting on account of the romantic history with which the sketches are interwoven."—*John Bull.*

# THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;

COMPRISING A COMPLETE

## HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY;

From Notes of Captain W. H. HALL, R.N.

1 vol., Plates, 6s. bound.

"Capt. Hall's narrative of the services of the *Nemesis* is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valuable hereafter, as affording most curious materials for the history of steam navigation."—*Quarterly Review.*

"A work which will take its place beside that of Captain Cook."—*Weekly Chronicle.*

# ADVENTURES OF A LADY DURING HER TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

2 vols., 10s.

# POETICAL WORKS OF BARRY CORNWALL,

Cheaper Edition, 6s.

---

# ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

By W. J. BRODERIP, Esq., F.R.S.

CHEAPER EDITION, 1 vol., post 8vo, 6s. bound.

"We believe we do not exaggerate in saying that, since the publication of White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' by Kirby and Spence, no work in our language is better calculated than the 'Zoological Recreations' to fulfil the avowed aim of its author—to furnish a hand-book which may cherish or awaken a love for natural history."—*Quarterly Review.*

---

# THE WANDERER IN ITALY, SWITZERLAND,

FRANCE, AND SPAIN.

By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Esq. 1 vol., 6s. bound.

---

# ADVENTURES OF A GREEK LADY,

**The Adopted Daughter of the late Queen Caroline.**

WRITTEN BY HERSERF,

2 volumes, post 8vo, price 12s. bound.

---

## POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION.

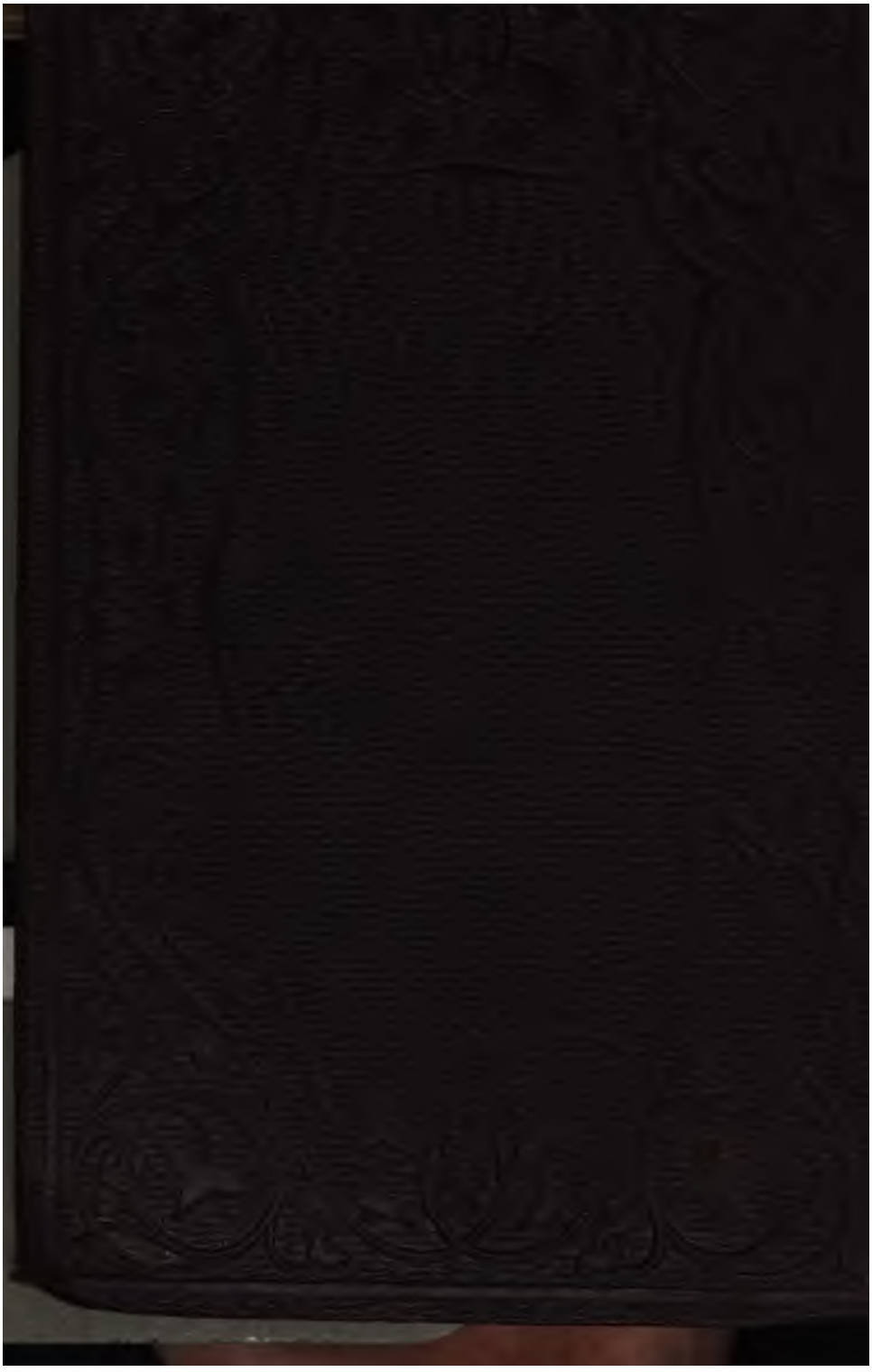
MERKLAND. By the Author of "MARGARET MAITLAND." 3 v., 31s. 6d.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND, OF SUNNYSIDE. Written by HERSELF. New and Cheaper Edition. 1 v., 10s. 6d.

MR. WARBURTON'S REGINALD HASTINGS. Third and Cheaper Edition. 1 v., 10s. 6d.

NATHALIE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Woman in France," 3 v., 15s.

FALKLAND. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. 1 v., 5s.

VIOLET; OR, THE DANSEUSE. 3 v., 10s.

ANNE DYSART; OR, THE SCOTCH MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. 3 v., 15s.